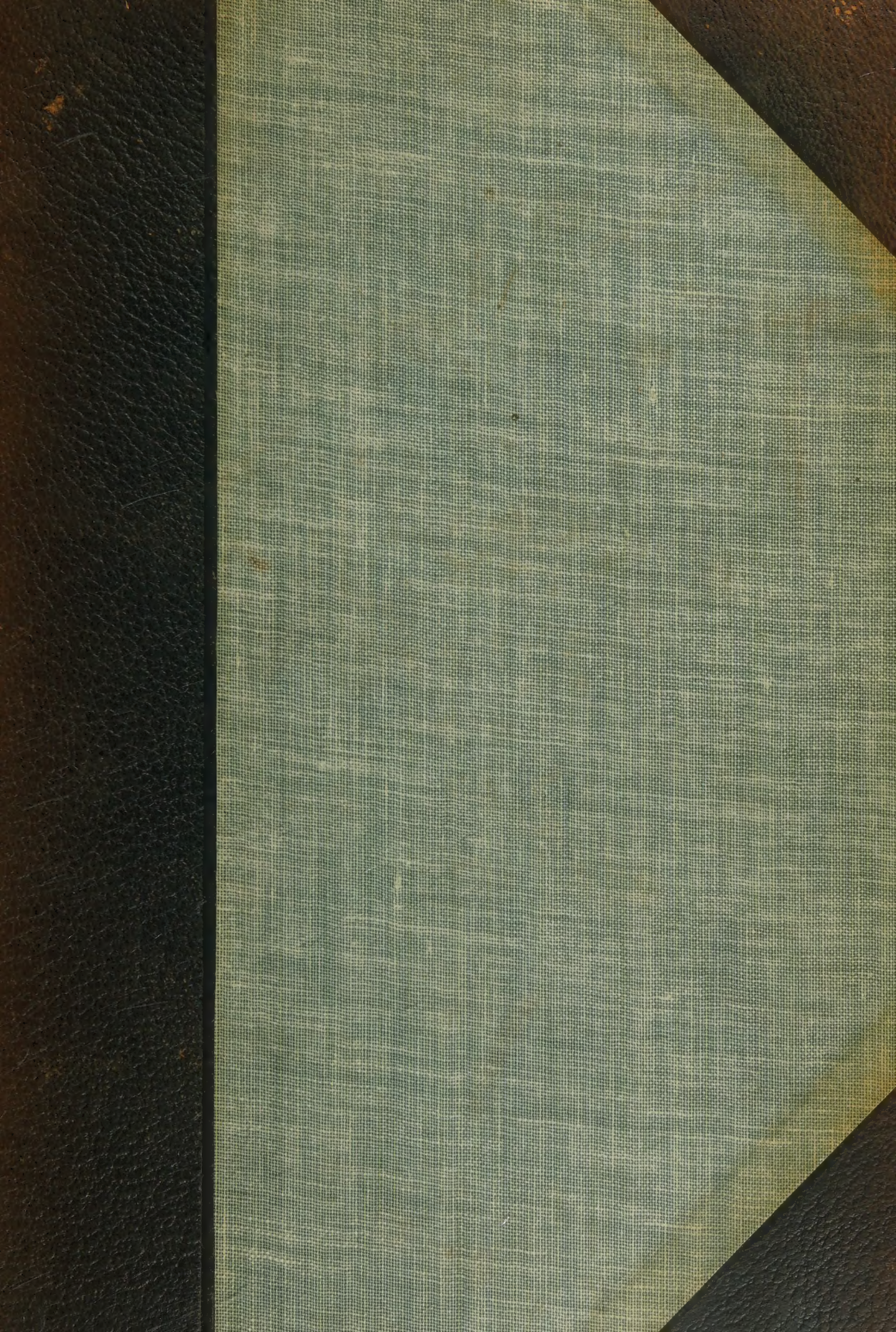
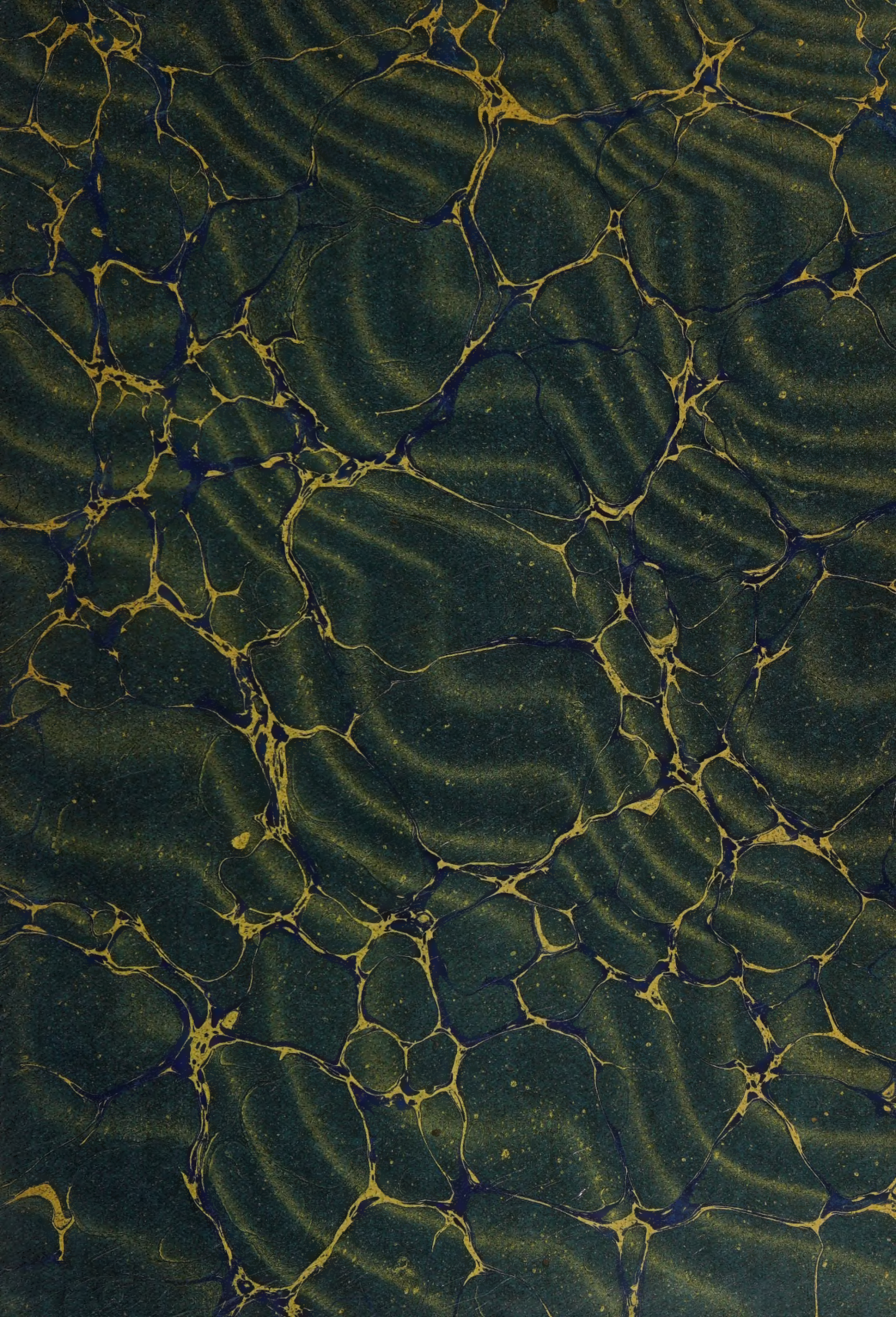






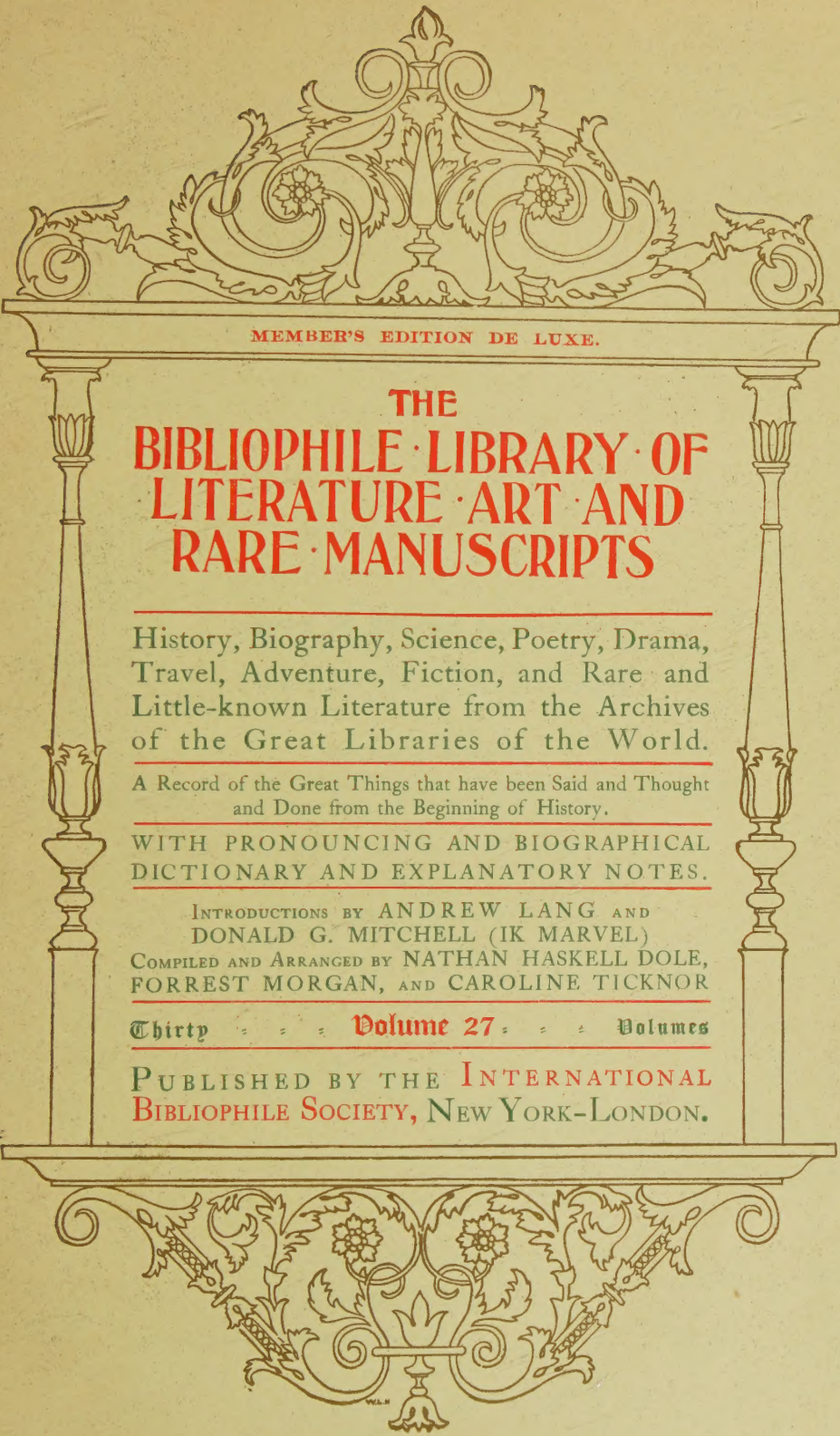
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INTRODUCTIONS BY ANDREW LANG AND
DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
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COLONEL BRERETON'S AUNTY.¹

By H. C. BUNNER.

("Short Sixes.")

[HENRY CUYLER BUNNER: An American poet, story writer, and humorist; born in Oswego, N.Y., 1855. He was the editor of *Puck* from its inception down to the time of his death at Nutley, N.J., in 1896. Aside from his editorials, which were noteworthy for their pungency and literary form and for their sanity, he published among others, "A Woman of Honor" (1883), "Airs from Arcady" (1884), "The Midge: a Story of New York Life" (1886), "The Story of a New York House" (1887), "Short Sixes," which first appeared serially in *Puck*, etc. "The Lost Child" and "My Aromatic Uncle" are among his numerous articles written for the magazines, and he also wrote, in collaboration with Brander Matthews, "In Partnership," in 1883.]

It was pleasant enough inside the Justice's front parlor,—with its bright ingrain carpet and its marble-topped center table. But the Justice and the five gentlemen who were paying him a business call—although it was Sunday morning—looked, the whole half-dozen of them, ill in accord with the spirit of the spring day. The Justice looked annoyed. The five assembled gentlemen looked stern.

"Well, as you say," remarked the fat little Justice, who was an Irishman, "if this divilment goes on——"

"It's not a question of going on, Mr. O'Brien," broke in Alfred Winthrop; "it has gone on too long."

Alfred is a little inclined to be arrogant with the unwinthropian world; and, moreover, he was rushing the season in a very grand suit of white flannels. He looked rather too much of a lord of creation for a democratic community. Antagonism lit the Justice's eye.

"I'm afraid we've got to do it, O'Brien," I interposed

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hastily. The Justice and I are strong political allies. He was mollified.

"Well, well," he assented; "let's have him up and see what he's got to say for himself. Mike!" he shouted out the window, "bring up Colonel Brereton!"

Colonel Brereton had appeared in our village about a year before that Sunday. Why he came, whence he came, he never deigned to say. But he made no secret of the fact that he was an unreconstructed Southron. He had a little money when he arrived—enough to buy a tiny one-story house on the outskirts of the town. By vocation he was a lawyer, and, somehow or other, he managed to pick up enough to support him in his avocation, which, we soon found out, was that of village drunkard. In this capacity he was a glorious, picturesque, and startling success. Saturated with cheap whisky, he sat all day long in the barroom or on the porch of the village grogery, discoursing to the neighborhood loafers of the days befo' the wah, when he had a vast plantation in "Firginia"—"and five hundred niggehs, seh."

So long as the Colonel's excesses threatened only his own liver, no one interfered with him. But on the night before we called upon the Justice, the Colonel, having brooded long over his wrongs at the hands of the Yankees, and having made himself a reservoir of cocktails, decided to enter his protest against the whole system of free colored labor by cutting the liver out of every negro in the town; and he had slightly lacerated Winthrop's mulatto coachman before a delegation of citizens fell upon him, and finding him unwilling to relinquish his plan, placed him for the night in the lockup in Squire O'Brien's cellar.

We waited for the Colonel. From under our feet suddenly arose a sound of scuffling and smothered imprecations. A minute later, Mike, the herculean son of the Justice, appeared in the doorway, bearing a very small man hugged to his breast as a baby hugs a doll.

"Let me down, seh!" shouted the Colonel. Mike set him down, and he marched proudly into the room, and seated himself with dignity and firmness on the extreme edge of a chair.

The Colonel was very small indeed for a man of so much dignity. He could not have been more than five foot one or two; he was slender—but his figure was shapely and supple. He was unquestionably a handsome man, with fine, thin features

and an aquiline profile—like a miniature Henry Clay. His hair was snow white—prematurely, no doubt—and at the first glance you thought he was clean shaven. Then you saw that there was scarcely a hair on his cheeks, and that only the finest imaginable line of snowy white mustaches curled down his upper lip. His skin was smooth as a baby's and of the color of old ivory. His teeth, which he was just then exhibiting in a sardonic smile, were white, small, even. But if he was small, his carriage was large and military. There was something military, too, about his attire. He wore a high collar, a long blue frock coat, and tight, light gray trousers with straps. That is, the coat had once been blue, the trousers once light gray, but they were now of many tints and tones, and, at that exact moment, they had here and there certain peculiar high lights of whitewash.

The Colonel did not wait to be arraigned. Sweeping his black piercing eye over our little group, he arraigned *us*.

"Well, *gentlemen*," with keen irony in his tone, "I reckon you think you've done a right smart thing, getting the Southern gentleman in a hole? A *pro-dee-gious* fine thing, I reckon, since it's kept you away from chu'ch. *Baptis'* church, I believe?" This was to poor Canfield, who was suspected of having been of that communion in his youth, and of being much ashamed of it after his marriage to an aristocratic Episcopalian. "Nice Sunday mo'ning to worry a Southern gentleman! Gentleman who's owned a plantation that you could stick this hyeh picayune town into one co'neh of! Owned mo' niggehs than you eveh saw. Robbed of his land and his niggehs by you Yankee gentlemen. Drinks a little wine to make him fo'get what he's suffehed. Gets ovehtaken. Tries to avenge an insult to his honah. Put him in a felon's cell and whitewash his gyarments. And now you come hyeh—you come hyeh—" here his eye fell with deep disapproval upon Winthrop's white flannels—"you come hyeh in youh underclothes, and you want to have him held fo' Special Sessions."

"You are mistaken, Colonel Brereton," Winthrop interposed; "if we can have your promise——"

"I will promise you nothing, seh!" thundered the Colonel, who had a voice like a church organ, whenever he chose to use it; "I will make no conventions with you! I will put no restrictions on my right to defend my honah. Put me in youh

felon's cell. I will rot in youh infehnal dungeons ; but I will make no conventions with you. You can put me in striped breeches, but you cyan't put my honah in striped breeches ! ”

“ That settles it,” said the Justice.

“ And all,” continued the Colonel, oratorically, “ and all this hyeh fuss and neglect of youh religious duties, fo' one of the cheapest and most o'nery niggehs I eveh laid eyes on. Why, I wouldn't have given one hundred dollahs fo' that niggeh befo' the wah. No, seh, I give you my wo'd, that niggeh ain't wo'th ninety dollahs ! ”

“ Mike ! ” said the Justice, significantly. The Colonel arose promptly, to insure a voluntary exit. He bowed low to Winthrop.

“ Allow me to hope, seh,” he said, “ that you won't catch cold.” And with one lofty and comprehensive salute he marched haughtily back to his dungeon, followed by the towering Mike.

The Justice sighed. An elective judiciary has its trials, like the rest of us. It is hard to commit a voter of your own party for Special Sessions. However — “ I'll drive him over to Court in the morning,” said the little Justice.

* * * * *

I was sitting on my veranda that afternoon, reading. Hearing my name softly spoken, I looked up and saw the largest and oldest negress I had ever met. She was at least six feet tall, well built but not fat, full black, with carefully dressed gray hair. I knew at once from her neat dress, her well-trained manner, the easy deference of the courtesy she dropped me, that she belonged to the class that used to be known as “ house darkies ” — in contradistinction to the field hands.

“ I understand, seh,” she said in a gentle, low voice, “ that you gentlemen have got Cunnle Bre'eton jailed ? ”

She had evidently been brought up among educated Southerners, for her grammar was good and her pronunciation correct, according to Southern standards. Only once or twice did she drop into negro talk.

I assented.

“ How much will it be, seh, to get him out ? ” She produced a fat roll of twenty and fifty dollar bills. “ I do fo' Cunnle Bre'eton,” she explained ; “ I have always done fo' him. I was his Mammy when he was a baby.”

I made her sit down — when she did there was modest deprecation in her attitude — and I tried to explain the situation to her.

“You may go surety for Colonel Brereton,” I said; “but he is certain to repeat the offense.”

“No, seh,” she replied in her quiet, firm tone; “the Cunnle won’t make any trouble when I’m here to do fo’ him.”

“You were one of his slaves?”

“No, seh. Cunnle Bre’eton neveh had any slaves, seh. His father, Majah Bre’eton, he had slaves one time, I guess, but when the Cunnle was bo’n, he was playing kyards fo’ a living, and he had only me. When the Cunnle’s mother died, Majah Bre’eton he went to Mizzoura, and he put the baby in my ahms, and he said to me, ‘Sabrine,’ he sez, ‘you do fo’ him.’ And I’ve done fo’ him eveh since. Sometimes he gets away from me, and then he gets kind o’ wild. He was in Sandusky a year, and in Chillicothe six months, and he was in Tiffin once, and one time in a place in the state of Massachusetts — I disremembek the name. This is the longest time he eveh got away from me. But I always find him, and then he’s all right.”

“But you have to deal with a violent man.”

“The Cunnle won’t be violent with me, seh.”

“But you’re getting old, Auntie — how old?”

“I kind o’ lost count since I was seventy-one, seh. But I’m right spry yet.”

“Well, my good woman,” I said decisively, “I can’t take the responsibility of letting the Colonel go at large unless you give me some better guarantee of your ability to restrain him. What means have you of keeping him in hand?”

She hesitated a long time, smoothing the folds of her neat alpaca skirt with her strong hands. Then she said: —

“Well, seh, I wouldn’t have you say anything about it, fo’ feah of huhting Cunnle Bre’eton’s feelings; but when he gets that way, I jes’ nachully tuhn him up and spank him. I’ve done it eveh since he was a baby,” she continued apologetically, “and it’s the only way. But you won’t say anything about it, seh? The Cunnle’s powerful sensitive.”

I wrote a brief note to the Justice. I do not know what legal formalities he dispensed with; but that afternoon the Colonel was free. Aunt Sabrine took him home, and he went to bed for two days while she washed his clothes. The next

week he appeared in a complete new outfit — in cut and color the counterpart of its predecessor.

* * * * * *

Here began a new era for the Colonel. He was no longer the town drunkard. Aunty Sabine "allowanced" him — one cocktail in the "mo'ning"; a "ho'n" at noon, and one at night. On this diet he was a model of temperance. If occasionally he essayed a drinking bout, Aunty Sabine came after him at eve, and led him home. From my window I sometimes saw the steady big figure and the wavering little one going home over the crest of the hill, equally black in their silhouettes against the sunset sky.

What happened to the Colonel we knew not. No man saw him for two days. Then he emerged — with unruffled dignity. The two always maintained genuine Southern relations. He called her his damn black nigger — and would have killed any man who spoke ill of her. She treated him with the humble and deferential familiarity of a "mammy" toward "young mahse."

For herself, Aunty Sabine won the hearts of the town. She was an ideal washerwoman, an able temporary cook in domestic *interregna*, a tender and wise nurse, and a genius at jam and jellies. The Colonel, too, made money in his line, and put it faithfully into the common fund.

In March of the next year, I was one of a Reform Town Committee, elected to oust the usual local ring. We discharged the inefficient Town Counsel, who had neglected our interests in a lot of suits brought by swindling road contractors. Aunty Sabine came to me, and solemnly nominated Colonel Brereton for the post. "He is sho'ly a fine loyyeh," she said.

I know not whether it was the Great American sense of humor, or the Great American sense of fairness, but we engaged the Colonel, conditionally.

He was a positive, a marvelous, an incredible success, and he won every suit. Perhaps he did not know much law; but he was the man of men for country judges and juries. Nothing like his eloquence had ever before been heard in the county. He argued, he cajoled, he threatened, he pleaded, he thundered, he exploded, he confused, he blazed, he fairly dazzled — for silence stunned you when the Colonel ceased to speak, as the lightning blinds your eyes long after it has vanished.

The Colonel was utterly incapable of seeing any but his

own side of the case. I remember a few of his remarks concerning Finnegan, the contractor, who was suing for \$31.27 payments withheld.

"Fohty yahds!" the Colonel roared: "fohty yahds! This hyeh man Finnegan, this hyeh cock-a-doodle-doo, he goes along this hyeh road, and he casts his eye oveh this hyeh excavation, and he comes hyeh and sweahs it's fohty yahds good measure. Does he take a tape measure and measure it? NO! Does he even pace it off with those hyeh corkscrew legs of his that he's trying to hide under his chaiah? NO!! He says, 'I'm Finnegan, and this hyeh's fohty yahds,' and off he sashays up the hill, wondering wheah Finnegan's going to bring up when he's walked off the topmost peak of the snow-clad Himalayas of human omniscience! And this hyeh man, this hyeh insult to humanity in a papeh collah, he comes hyeh, to this august tribunal, and he asks you, gentlemen of the jury, to let him rob you of the money you have earned in the sweat of youh brows, to take the bread out of the mouths of the children whom youh patient and devoted wives have bohne to you in pain and anguish — but I say to you, *gen—tel—men* — (*suddenly exploding*) HIS PAPEH COLLAH SHALL ROAST IN HADES BEFO' I WILL BE A PAHTY TO THIS HYEY INFAMY!"

Finnegan was found in hiding in his cellar when his counsel came to tell him that he could not collect his \$31.27. "Bedad, is *that* all?" he gasped; "I t'ought I'd get six mont's."

People flocked from miles about to hear the Colonel. Recalcitrant jurymen were bribed to service by the promise of a Brereton case on the docket. His performances were regarded in the light of a free show, and a verdict in his favor was looked upon as a graceful gratuity.

He made money — and he gave it meekly to Aunty Sabine.

* * * * *

It was the night of the great blizzard; but there was no sign of cold or wind when I looked out, half an hour after midnight, before closing my front door. I heard the drip of water from the trees, I saw a faint mist rising from the melting snow. At the foot of my lawn I dimly saw the Colonel's familiar figure marching homeward from some political meeting preliminary to Tuesday's election. His form was erect, his step steady. He swung his little cane and whistled as he walked. I was proud of the Colonel.

An hour later the storm was upon us. By noon of Monday Alfred Winthrop's house, two hundred yards away, might as well have been two thousand, so far as getting to it, or even seeing it, was concerned. Tuesday morning the snow had stopped, and we looked out over a still and shining deluge with sparkling fringes above the blue hollows of its frozen waves. Across it roared an icy wind, bearing almost invisible diamond dust to fill irritated eyes and throats. The election was held that day. The result was to be expected. All the "hard" citizens were at the polls. Most of the reformers were stalled in railroad trains. The Reform Ticket failed of reëlection, and Colonel Brereton's term of office was practically at an end.

I was outdoors most of the day, and that night, when I awoke about three o'clock, suddenly and with a shock, thinking I had heard Aunty Sabine's voice crying: "Cunnle! wheah are you, Cunnle?" my exhausted brain took it for the echo of a dream. I must have dozed for an hour before I sprang up with a certainty in my mind that I had heard her voice in very truth. Then I hurried on my clothes, and ran to Alfred Winthrop's. He looked incredulous; but he got into his boots like a man. We found Aunty Sabine, alive but unconscious, on the crest of the hill. When we had secured an asylum for her, we searched for the Colonel. The next day we learned that he had heard the news of the election and had boarded a snow-clearing train that was returning to the Junction.

It was a week before Aunty Sabine recovered. When I asked her if she was going to look for the Colonel, she answered with gentle resignation:—

"No, seh. I'm 'most too old. I'll stay hyeh, wheah he knows wheah to find me. He'll come afteh me, sho'."

* * * * *

Sixteen months passed and he did not come. Then, one evening, a summer walk took me by the little house. I heard a voice I could not forget.

"Hyeh, you black niggeh, get along with that suppeh, or I come in theah and cut youh damn haid off!"

Looking up, I saw Colonel Brereton, a little the worse for wear, seated on the snake fence. No . . . he was not seated; he was hitched on by the crook of his knees, his toes braced against the inside of the lower rail. His coat tails hung in the vacant air.

He descended, a little stiffly, I thought, and greeted me cordially, with affable dignity. His manner somehow implied that it was *I* who had been away.

He insisted on my coming into his front yard and sitting down on the bench by the house, while he condescendingly and courteously inquired after the health of his old friends and neighbors. I stayed until supper was announced. The Colonel was always the soul of hospitality ; but on this occasion he did not ask me to join him. And I reflected, as I went away, that although he had punctiliously insisted on my sitting down, the Colonel had remained standing during our somewhat protracted conversation.

JIM BLUDSO.¹

BY JOHN HAY.

[1838-.]

WALL, no ! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Because he don't live, you see ;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the "Prairie Belle" ?

He weren't no saint, — them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike, —
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
 And another one here, in Pike ;
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
 But he never flunked, and he never lied, —
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —
 To treat his engine well ;
 Never be passed on the river
 To mind the pilot's bell ;

¹ Published by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,—
 A thousand times he swore,
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
 And her day come at last,—
 The "Movastar" was a better boat,
 But the "Belle" she *wouldn't* be passed.
 And so she come tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell,—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He weren't no saint,— but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

THE ARMENIAN HORRORS.¹

By WILLIAM WATSON.

(From "The Purple East.")

[1856-.]

NEVER, O craven England, nevermore
 Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
 Betrayer of a People, know thy shame!
 Summer hath passed, and Autumn's threshing floor
 Been winnowed; Winter at Armenia's door
 Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and flame
 Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and the same
 Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
 And the red stream thou mightst have stanch'd yet runs;
 And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's tone
 To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;
 But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
 Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,
 Abdul the Damned, on his infernal throne.

You in high places; you that drive the steeds
 Of empire; you that say unto our hosts
 "Go thither," and they go; and from our coasts
 Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
 Shaking the world: lo! from the land that pleads
 For mercy where no mercy is, the ghosts
 Look in upon you faltering at your posts—
 Upbraid you parleying while a People bleeds
 To death. What stays the thunder in your hand?
 A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
 Only on faith forsworn securely stand?

On faith forsworn that murders babes and men?
 Are such the terms of glory's tenure? Then
 Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!
 Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the breeze
 Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait
 For burial; and the butchers keep high state
 In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
 The panther of the desert, matched with these,
 Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate,
 Fire and plague wind are compassionate,

¹ By permission of Mr. John Lane. (Fcap. 8vo. Price 1s. net.)

And soft the deadliest fangs of ravening seas.
 How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
 Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
 Some consummating crown, that we hold back
 The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them room?
 How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
 Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!



MIRZA-SCHAFFY, THE WISE MAN OF GJÄNDSHA.

BY FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT.

(From "A Thousand and One Days in the East": translated by Richard Waddington.)

[FRIEDRICH MARTIN VON BODENSTEDT: A German poet; born at Peine in Hanover, April 22, 1819; died at Wiesbaden, April 18, 1892. He studied at Göttingen, Munich, and Berlin; was a tutor at Moscow, where he made a study of Slav languages; traveled in the Crimea, Turkey, Greece, and Asia Minor; was professor of Slav languages and Old English in the University of Munich, and meanwhile published many translations from Slavonic poets. His most popular work, "Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," was published in 1851, and reached its 143d edition in 1893. It was for some time supposed to be a translation from the Tartar, but was in reality original with Bodenstedt. The greater part of his works consists of translations, but he also wrote several volumes of poetry, including dramas and romances. Among his writings are: "Thousand and One Days in the East" (1850), "From the Posthumous Works of Mirza-Schaffy" (1874), "From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean" (1882), and "Recollections of my Life."]

SOME Moscow friends, who had followed the new Governor into Georgia, paid me the compliment of celebrating my arrival at the old town of the Kyros, by a cheerful banquet. And by way of giving me a foretaste of Georgian life, all the arrangements of the table were made in the Asiatic style.

Young Georgians, in picturesque costume, served the viands; a slender Armenian presented, in gigantic buffalo horns embellished with silver, the fiery, blood-red wine of Kachetos; a Persian minstrel in blue Talar and lofty pyramidal cap, with a shrewd and finely molded face, and the tips of his fingers painted blue, played on the Tshengjir, and sang to it the lovely odes of Hafiz.

On whatever side I turned my astonished eye, I discovered

something new and surprising. I really lived through one of the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights," which I had so often read and dreamed over in my childhood. In exhilarating succession we were entertained with eating, laughing, narrating, playing, and singing, but most of all — drinking.

Wonderfully did the love-inspiring songs of the bard of Shiraz entrance us with their minstrel tones; brighter and brighter beamed from within the reflection of the blood-red Kachetish wine in the faces of the guests; its fire had also its effect on me, but my exhausted frame longed for repose. For a fortnight I had not seen a bed, and had spent the damp nights partly on the saddle, partly on miserable carpets in more miserable mountain huts. Tired out with travel, my eyes closed again and again; and when I could no longer resist the inroads of sleep, I left the company in order to retire to my dwelling.

It was only when I rose to depart that I felt the full influence of the wine, and this in my legs more than in my head; for the Kachetish wine has the peculiarity of never producing headache, whereas it oppresses the lower part of the body with singular heaviness. I certainly should never have reached my destination, had not some of the gentlemen taken me under their friendly care, and led me through the unpaved, dog-howling streets of Tiflis, in safety to my dwelling.

It was a moonlight, fragrant night; one of those magical nights that are only to be seen under a Georgian sky, where the moon shines so clear, its luster seems more like a sunlight softened down by some mystic fairy-woven veil.

The long walk through the cool night air had somewhat refreshed and revived me; with ineffable alluringness did the stars twinkle down from the crystal sky; in the distance the crescent-shaped summit of Kasbék rose upwards like a spirit into the night; deep lay the city beneath me in legendary beauty; and between them the Kyros rolled his glancing waves.

A strong temptation offered itself to me of enjoying the lovely landscape before my windows for a moment longer; a door led out of my chamber to a high gallery running round the house. I had not observed that the gallery, quite a new erection, was only partially completed, whilst in several places the boards lay unjoined and unfastened on the beams that formed the basis of the superstructure. After considerable

exertion I opened the door leading to the gallery — the verses of Pushkin were humming in my head : —

On Grusia's hilltops nightly darkness lies,
Before me Kyros' waves are foaming, etc.

I stepped out, the board on which I trod tottered beneath my feet — a shock — a shriek — and bleeding and moaning, I lay in the court below.

Of the immediate consequences of this fall, which had nearly cost me my life, I will be silent ; for to keep a journal of one's sufferings is to suffer doubly. Suffice it to say that I was dangerously injured in several parts of my body, and that it required a painful cure and careful nursing, before I was again sufficiently recovered to divert myself with reading and study.

My first object in Georgia was to secure an instructor in Tartar, that I might learn as quickly as possible a language so indispensably necessary in the countries of the Caucasus.

Accident favored my choice, for my learned teacher, Mirza-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, as he styles himself, is, according to his own opinion, the wisest withal of men.

Properly, with the modesty peculiar to his nation, he only calls himself the first wise man of the East ; but as, according to his estimation the children of the West are yet living in darkness and unbelief, it is a matter of course with him that he soars above us in wisdom and knowledge. Moreover, he indulges the hope that, thanks to his endeavors, the illumination and wisdom of the East will also in the progress of years actually spread amongst us. I am already the fifth scholar, he tells me, who has made a pilgrimage to him, for the purpose of participating in his instructions. He argues from this that the need of traveling to Tiflis and listening to Mirza-Schaffy's sayings of wisdom is ever becoming more vividly felt by us. My four predecessors, he is further of opinion, have since their return into the West promoted, to the best of their ability, the extension of oriental civilization amongst their races. But of me he formed quite peculiar hopes ; very likely because I paid him a silver ruble for each lesson, which I understand is an unusually high premium for the Wise Man of Gjändsha.

It was always most incomprehensible to him, how *we* can call ourselves wise or learned, and travel over the world with these titles, before we even understand the sacred languages.

Nevertheless he very readily excused these pretensions in me, inasmuch as I was at least ardently endeavoring to acquire these languages, but above all because I had made the lucky hit of choosing him for my teacher.

The advantages of this lucky hit he had his own peculiar way of making intelligible to me. "I, Mirza-Schaffy," said he, "am the first wise man of the East! consequently thou, as my disciple, art the second. But thou must not misunderstand me; I have a friend, Omar-Effendi, a very wise man, who is certainly not the third among the learned of the land.

"If I were not alive, and Omar-Effendi were thy teacher, then he would be the first, and thou, as his disciple, the second wise man!" After such an effusion, it was always the custom of Mirza-Schaffy to point with his forefinger to the forehead, at the same time giving me a sly look, whereupon, according to rule, I nodded knowingly to him in mute reciprocation.

That the Wise Man of Gjändsha knew how to render his vast superiority in the highest degree palpable to any one who might have any misgiving on the point, he once showed me by a striking example.

Among the many learned rivals who envied the lessons of Mirza-Schaffy, the most conspicuous was Mirza-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad. He named himself after this city, because he had there pursued his studies in Arabic; from which he inferred that he must possess more profound accomplishments than Mirza-Schaffy, whom he told me he considered a Jschekj, an ass among the bearers of wisdom. "The fellow cannot even write decently," Jussuf informed me of my reverend Mirza, "and he cannot sing at all! Now I ask thee: What is knowledge without writing? What is wisdom without song? What is Mirza-Schaffy in comparison with me?"

In this way he was continually plying me with perorations of confounding force, wherein he gave especial prominence to the beauty of his name Jussuf, which Moses of old had celebrated, and Hafiz sung of in lovely strains; he exerted all his acuteness to evince to me that a name is not an empty sound, but that the significance attached to a great or beautiful name is inherited in more or less distinction by the latest bearers of this name. He, Jussuf, for example, was a perfect model of the Jussuf of the land of Egypt, who walked in chastity before Potiphar, and in wisdom before the Lord.

On one of these occasions, as he was about to furnish me

with new proofs of his excellence, a measured clatter of slippers in the anteroom announced the arrival of my reverend teacher. He left the high slippers behind at the door according to the custom of the country, and with neat stockings, worked of various colors, stepped into the room.

He appeared to comprehend the cause of my visitor's presence, for with a contemptuous glance, at which Jussuf suddenly became quite timid, he surveyed the latter from head to foot, and was about to give expression to his feelings, when I interrupted him with the words : —

“Mirza-Schaffy, Wise Man of Gjändsha, what have my ears heard ! Thou undertakest to teach me, and canst neither write nor sing ; thou art a Jschekj among the bearers of wisdom, — so says Mirza-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad ! ”

The indignation of Mirza-Schaffy's countenance acquired by degrees an expression of perfect scorn ; he clapped his hands — a sign at which my servant usually brought him a fresh pipe ; but this time Mirza-Schaffy asked for his thick-soled slippers. His request being immediately obeyed, he took one of them, and with it so unmercifully belabored the Wise Man of Bagdad, that the latter vainly sought to avoid his punishment by the most suppliant actions and entreaties. Mirza-Schaffy was inexorable.

“What, — thou wilt be wiser than I ? I cannot sing, dost thou say ? Wait — I will make music for thee ! And I cannot write either ? Thy head shall answer for it ! ”

And a blow on the head followed the word. Whimpering and wailing, the Wise Man of Bagdad staggered beneath the strokes of the Wise Man of Gjändsha, and stumbled through the anteroom, and down the staircase.

From the contest of wisdom, which he had conducted to so triumphant an issue, Mirza-Schaffy turned away in greater tranquillity than I had expected. He exhorted me to continue faithfully under his instruction, and to lend no ear to such false teachers as Jussuf and his fellows.

“There will more of them come yet,” he continued, “but thou must turn thy face away from them, for thou art wiser than they all. What says the Poet : ‘He who cannot read would become Grand Vizier !’ So it is with these people, who can neither read nor sing. Their covetousness is greater than their wisdom ; they do not care to teach thee, but to rob thee. Appetite is behind their teeth.”

And therewith he showed me his white teeth, and turned his high Phrygian cap on one side, as he usually does when his head is fresh shaved ; for then he considers himself irresistible, and believes he awakens love in all women, and satisfaction in all men.

I knew his weakness, and every time he showed me his fresh-shaved head, I exclaimed : —

“How beautiful thou art, Mirza-Schaffy!”

This evening, notwithstanding the vehement affair of the slipper, he appeared to be in an unusually tender mood, and for the first time since our acquaintance he allowed himself to be prevailed on to take wine with me — a temptation he had hitherto carefully avoided on every occasion ; not so much perhaps out of overgreat scrupulousness, as because he was afraid I might afterwards relate it among the people of the West, and so his reputation as a teacher of wisdom be slightly endangered. But in the throng of emotions, he was unable to resist the entreaty ; he drank a glass, and then a second, and after that a third ; and the wine loosened his tongue, and he became so affable and confiding as I had never seen him before.

“What says Hafiz ?” he cried, with a smirky look : —

“The drink of the wise is wine,
All goodness and virtue unfolding,
For round it circle and shine
Spirits of highest molding!

“In fact,” he continued, “the pleasure of wine is a stone of stumbling only to the dull crowd. We, as philosophers, what need have we to trouble ourselves about the Koran ? All wise men and poets have praised wine — are we to bring shame on their words ?”

And to prove to me that his philosophy did not date from yesterday, he favored me with a song, which he asserted he had sent ten years ago to the house of a pious Mullah, who had derided him on account of his love for wine : —

“Mullah ! wine is pure,
To revile it's a sin —
Shouldst thou censure my word,
Mayst thou see truth therein!

"No devotion has me
To the mosque led to pray;
But drunken and free
I have erred from the way!"

Glass followed glass, and song, song; but all at once, to my astonishment, the eye of the Mirza grew dim; he fell into a reverie, and stared sadly before him. He sat so for a long while, and I did not venture to disturb his silent contemplation. It was only when again he opened his mouth, and sang these words in a plaintive tone:—

"Oh, me! my heart Love's anguish has riven,
Ask not: for whom?
To me the pain of parting was given,
Ask not: by whom?"

that I interrupted him with the sympathizing question:—

"Art thou in love, Mirza-Schaffy?"

He looked at me, sorrowfully shaking his head; and then began to sing another song, I think of Hafiz:—

"Art thou treading Love's pathway, the sad and unending,
Hoping only in Death, in the all-comprehending!" etc.

He hummed the song through, and then turned to me and said:—

"No, I am not in love now, but I was in love once, as never man has been!"



THE SPECTER CARAVAN.

By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

(Translated by James Clarence Mangan.)

[FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, noted German lyric poet, was born at Detmold, June 17, 1810. He was destined for a mercantile life, but the success of his first volume of poems induced him to take up literature as a profession. In consequence of the political sentiments expressed in "Mein Glaubensbekenntniss" ("My Creed"), he was forced to leave the country, and went first to Belgium, and then to Switzerland and England. He returned to Germany in 1848, but again fled to London, where he remained until 1865. He eventually settled at

Stuttgart, and died at Cannstatt, March 18, 1876. Chief amongst his poems are: "The Revolution," "Ça Ira!" "Political and Social Poems"; besides translations of Burns, of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and many English poems.]

'Twas midnight in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping and their steeds were stretched
around;

In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,
And the camel bones that strewed the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,
While beside me, as the Kapitan and watchman of my band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold! — a sudden sandquake, — and between the earth and
moon
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon;
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook every man;
And the cry was — "Allah Akbar! 'tis the Specter Caravan!"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,
Guides, and merchants, youthful maidens bearing pitchers in their
hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sunless as the
sands!

More and more! the phantom pageant overshadowed all the plains;
Yea! the ghastly camel bones arose, and grew to camel trains;
And the whirling column clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs, —
Here afoot as Hadjee pilgrims, there as warriors on their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had
sought and found,
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more, and more forever! — still they swept in pomp along
Till I asked me, — Can the Desert hold so vast a muster throng?

Lo! the Dead are here in myriads; the whole World of Hades
waits,
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandeb Straits!

Then I spake: "Our steeds are frantic: To your saddles, every one!
Never quail before these Shadows! You are children of the Sun!
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,
Cry Bismillah! and that mighty Name shall banish every fear.

"Courage comrades! Even now the moon is waning far a-west, —
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies, in gold and crimson
vest, —

And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odor winds of Morn!"



PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS.

[OTTO EDOUARD LEOPOLD, PRINCE VON BISMARCK: A famous Prussian statesman and diplomat; born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815. In 1847 he entered the Prussian Landtag. In 1851 he was Prussian ambassador at Frankfort; in 1859 ambassador to Russia; in 1862 ambassador to France. In 1862 he became Prussian minister of foreign affairs. In 1867 he was made chancellor of the North German Confederation, and in 1871 the first chancellor of the German empire. On March 18, 1890, soon after the accession of William II., he resigned from office and thereafter lived in retirement until his death, July 30, 1898. A collection of his letters was published during his lifetime. His memoirs were announced, in August, 1898, for simultaneous publication in the German, English, and French languages.]

TO FREIHERR VON SCHLEINITZ.

PETERSBURG, May 12, 1859.

I HAVE brought away, as the result of my experience, from the eight years of my official life at Frankfort, the conviction that the present arrangements of the Bund form for Prussia an oppressive and, in critical times, a perilous tie, without affording us in exchange the same equivalents which Austria derives from them, while she retains at the same time a much greater freedom of separate action. The two Powers are not measured by the princes and governments of the smaller states with the same measure; the interpretation of the objects and laws of the Bund are modified according to the requirements of the Austrian policy. . . . *Invariably we found ourselves confronted by the same compact majority, the same demand on Prussia's compliance.* In the Eastern question, Austria's spe-



BISMARCK AT VERSAILLES
From a painting by Carl Wagner

cific weight proved itself so superior to ours that even the union of the wishes and inclinations of the allied governments, with the endeavors of Prussia, could only oppose to her a temporarily resisting dam. Almost without exception, our allies gave us then to understand, or even openly declared, that they were powerless to uphold the Bund with us, if Austria meant to go her own way, although it is indubitable that the laws of the Bund and true German interests were on the side of our peaceful policy ; this was, at any rate at that time, the opinion of almost all the allied princes. Would these ever in a similar manner sacrifice their own inclinations and interests to the needs or even to the security of Prussia? Certainly not, since their attachment to Austria rests predominantly on false interests, which dictate to both sides a united front against Prussia, the repression of all progressive development of Prussia's power and influence as a lasting basis of their common policy. The completion of the present formation of the Bund, by placing Austria at its head, is the natural aim of the policy of the German princes and their ministers. This can only be achieved in their sense at the expense of Prussia, and is necessarily directed against her alone, as long as Prussia will not limit herself to the useful task of insuring her allies, who have an equal interest and duty in the matter as herself, against too great a preponderance on the part of Austria, and to bear, with never-failing complacency and devotion to the wishes of the majority, the disproportion of her duties to her rights in the Bund. This tendency of the policy of the middle States will reappear with the constancy of the magnet after every transitory oscillation, because it represents no arbitrary product of single circumstances or persons, but forms for the smaller States a natural and necessary result of the conditions of the Bund. We have no means of coming to a satisfactory and reliable arrangement with her within the circle of the present Diet treaties.

Since the time our allies in the Bund, nine years ago, commenced, under Austria's leadership, to bring to the light of day, from the hitherto disregarded arsenal of the fundamental laws of the Bund, such principles as can promote their system ; and since the time the resolutions, which could only have significance in the sense of their originators, so far as they were supported by the agreement of Prussia and Austria, were attempted to be worked with the object of keeping Prussian policy in a state of tutelage, we have had to experience unin-

terruptedly the pressure of the situation in which we have been placed by the conditions of the Bund and its eventual historical development. We had to tell ourselves, however, that in quiet and regular times we might indeed, with able management, weaken the evil in its consequences, though we could do nothing to effect a cure; while, in dangerous times like the present, it is only too natural that the other side, which finds itself in possession of all the advantages of the arrangements, willingly admits that much irregularity has occurred, but declares, "in the general interest," the present moment utterly unsuited to bring bygone matters and "internal" disputes into discussion. For us, however, an opportunity, if we leave the present one unused, will perhaps not turn up again so soon, and we must afterwards once more resignedly confine ourselves to the fact that in more orderly times the matter admits of no alteration.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has taken up a position which has the undivided applause of all those who are capable of entertaining any judgment concerning Prussian policy, and who do not allow their view of it to be dimmed by party passions. With respect to this position, a part of our allies of the Bund seek by inconsiderate and fanatical endeavors to lead us astray. If the statesmen of Bamberg are so wantonly ready to follow the first impulse of the war cry of the indiscriminating and changeable opinion of the hour, they do so perhaps not without the secret thought of the facility with which a small State can, in case of need, change its colors. But when they want, at the same time, to avail themselves of the arrangements of the Bund to send a power like Prussia under fire, if we are expected to stake our lives and property for the political wisdom and thirst for action of governments to whose existence our protection is indispensable; if these States want to give us the directing impulse, and if, as a means to this end, they contemplate *theories of the rights of the Bund, the recognition of which would put an end to all independence of Prussian policy*; then, in my judgment, if we do not want to surrender altogether, it will be time to remember that the leaders who expect us to follow them serve other interests than those of Prussia, and that they so understand the cause of Germany, which they are always talking about, that it cannot, at the same time, be the cause of Prussia.

I am going, perhaps, too far in expressing the view that we

ought to seize upon every legitimate occasion which our allies offer us, to attain that revision of our mutual relations which Prussia needs that she may be able to live permanently in orderly relations with the smaller German States. I think we should readily take up the gauntlet, and should look upon it as no misfortune, but as an improving step of the crisis toward convalescence, were a majority in Frankfort to arrive at a resolution in which we perceive an overstepping of its competency, an arbitrary alteration of the object for which the Bund exists, and a breach of the treatise in connection with the Bund. *The more unequivocally such a violation comes to light the better.* In Austria, France, Russia, we shall not easily find the conditions again so favorable for allowing us an improvement of our position in Germany, and our allies of the Bund are on the best road to afford us a perfectly just occasion for it, and without even our aiding their arrogance. Even the *Kreutz Zeitung*, as I see by last Sunday's copy, is startled at the idea that a Frankfort majority could without further ado dispose of the Prussian army. *Not only in this paper* have I hitherto observed with apprehension what supremacy Austria has created for herself in the German press by the cleverly laid net of her influence, and how well she knows how to wield this weapon. Without this, the so-called public opinion would hardly have got up to such a height; I say "the so-called," for the real mass of the population is never inclined to war, if the actual sufferings of heavy oppression have not provoked them. It has come to such a pitch that under the cloak of general German sentiment hardly a Prussian paper dares to avow Prussian patriotism. The general "cant" plays a great part in this; not less the florins, which never fail Austria for such a purpose. The majority of newspaper contributors write for their livelihood, the majority of papers have income for their main object; and in some of our papers, and others, an experienced reader may easily discover whether they have again received a subvention from Austria, are soon expecting it, or by threatening hints want to bring it about.

I think we could cause an important change in the tone of public feeling if, in answer to the arrogance of our German brethren of the Bund, we were to touch in the press the chords of independent policy. Perhaps things are going on in Frankfort which will afford us the most ample occasion for doing so.

In these eventualities the wisdom of our precautionary mili-

tary measures may be turned to account towards other points of the compass, and thereby give emphasis to our position. Then will Prussia's self-reliance sound a louder, and perhaps more successful, tone than the present daily one of the Bund. *The word "German," instead of "Prussian," I would fain see inscribed upon our flag when first we are united with the rest of our countrymen in a closer and more efficient bond than hitherto ; the magic of it is lost if one wastes it on the present daily tangle of the affairs of the Bund.*

I fear that your — at this epistolary inroad on the field of my former activity will mentally give me a *ne sutor ultra crepidam* reminder ; but I never intended making an official *exposé*, rather merely to lay before you the evidence of a person, well acquainted with the subject, against the Bund.

I see in our relation with the Bund an error of Prussia's, which, sooner or later, we shall have to repair "ferro et igni," unless we take advantage betimes of a favorable season to employ a healing remedy against it. If the Bund were simply abolished to-day, without putting anything in its stead, I believe that by virtue of this negative acquisition better and more natural relations than heretofore would be formed between Prussia and her German neighbors.

BISMARCK.

TO HIS WIFE.

Moscow, June 6, 1859.

I will send you at least a sign of life from here, while I am waiting for the Samovar, and a young Russian in a red shirt is exerting himself behind me with vain attempts to light a fire — he puffs and blows, but it will not burn. After having complained so much about the scorching heat lately, I awoke to-day between Twer and here, and thought I was dreaming when I saw the country and its fresh verdure covered far and wide with snow. I shall wonder at nothing again, and having convinced myself of the fact beyond all doubt, I turned quickly on the other side to sleep and roll on farther, although the play of colors — from green to white — in the red dawn of day was not without its charm. I do not know if the snow still lies at Twer ; here it has thawed away, and a cool gray rain is rattling on the green tin of the roofs. Green has every reason to be the Russian favorite color. Of the 500 miles I have passed in traveling here I have slept away about 200, but each handbreadth

of the remainder was green in every shade. Towns and villages, and more particularly houses, with the exception of the railway stations, I did not observe. Bushy forests with birch trees cover swamp and hill, a fine growth of grass beneath, long tracts of meadow land between ; so it goes on for 50, 100, 200 miles. Plowed land I do not remember to have remarked, nor heather, nor sand. Solitary grazing cows or horses awoke one at times to the presumption that there might be human beings in the neighborhood. Moscow, seen from above, looks like a field of young wheat ; the soldiers are green, the cupolas green, and I do not doubt that the eggs on the table before me were laid by green hens. You will want to know how I come to be here ; I, also, have already asked myself this question, and the answer I received was that change is the soul of life. The truth of this profound saying becomes especially obvious after having lived for ten weeks in a sunny room of a hotel, with the lookout on pavement. The charms of moving become rather blunted if they occur repeatedly within a short period ; I therefore determined to forego them, handed over all paper to —, gave Engel my keys, declared that I would put up in a week at Stenbock's house, and drove to the Moscow station. This was yesterday at noon, and this morning, at eight o'clock, I alighted here at the Hôtel de France. First of all I shall pay a visit to a charming acquaintance of former times, who lives in the country, about twenty versts from here ; to-morrow evening I shall be here again ; Wednesday and Thursday shall visit the Kremlin and so forth ; and Friday or Saturday sleep in the beds which Engel will meantime buy. Slow harnessing and fast driving lies in the character of this people. I ordered the carriage two hours ago : to every call which I have been uttering for each successive ten minutes of an hour and a half, the answer is, "Immediately," given with imperturbably friendly composure ; but there the matter rests. You know my exemplary patience in waiting, but everything has its limits ; afterwards there will be wild galloping, so that on these bad roads horse and carriage break down, and at last we reach the place on foot. I have meanwhile drunk three glasses of tea and annihilated several eggs ; the efforts at getting warm have also so perfectly succeeded, that I feel the need of fresh air. I should, out of sheer impatience, commence shaving if I had a glass. This city is very straggling, and very foreign-looking with its green-roofed churches and innumerable cupolas ; quit

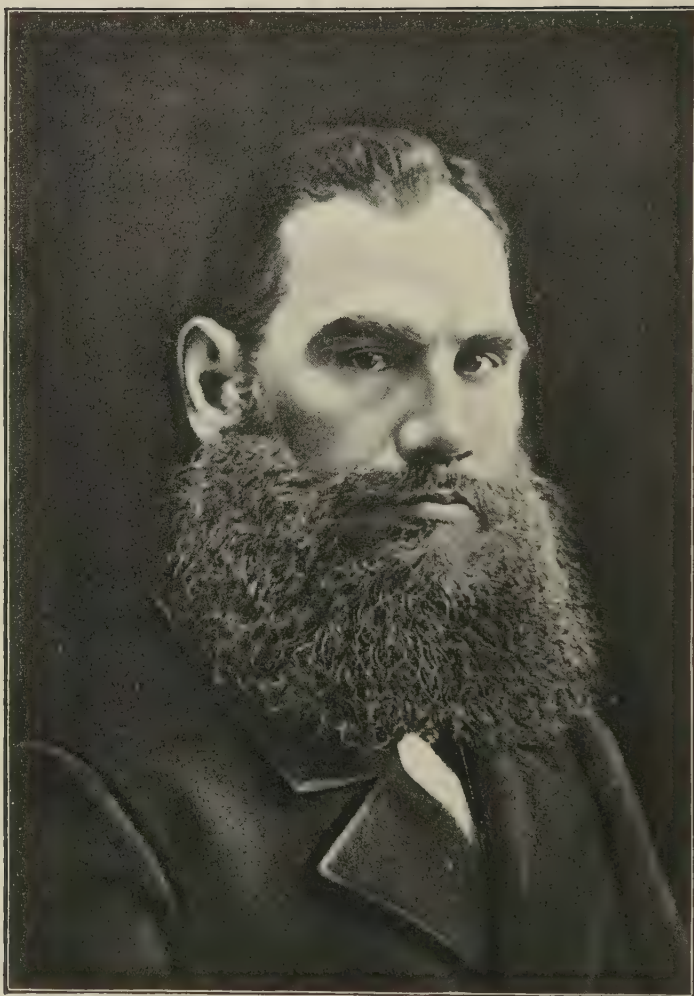
different to Amsterdam, but both the most original cities I know. No German guard has a conception of the luggage people drag with them into the railway carriage; not a Russian goes without two real pillows in white pillowcases, children in baskets, and masses of eatables of every kind. Out of politeness they bowed me into a sleeping car, where I was worse off than in my seat. Altogether it is astonishing to me to see the fuss made here about a journey.

ARCHANGELSKI, *Late in the Evening.*

This day last year I did not even dream that I should now be sitting here, of all places in the world; by the river on which Moscow stands, about fifteen miles above the town, with widely extended landscape gardening around, is situated a mansion in the Italian style; in front of it stretches a broad, terraced, sloping turf; hedges like those at Schönbrunn border down to the river; and to the left of it, near the water, stands a summer house, in the six rooms of which I move in a solitary circle. On the other side of the water a wide moonlit plain; on this side lawn, hedges, and orangery. In the fireplace the wind is howling and the flame flickering; from the walls all pictures are looking ghostlike at me, statues from without peep through the window. To-morrow I am going with my hosts back to Moscow; from there they go, the day after to-morrow, *via* Petersburg to Berlin. I remain till Friday, if it is God's will, *to see what is to be seen*. As for the rest, this pen is too bad, I am going to bed, broad and cold though it looks. Good night! God be with you, and all under the roof of Reinfeld.

The 7th.

In spite of the broad, cold bed, I have slept very well, have had a good fire made, and am looking out over the steaming teakettle into the somewhat clearer but still gray horizon, into the completely green surroundings of my summer house—a cheerful little piece of earth—with the agreeable sensation of being unattainable by the telegraph. My servant, like a genuine Russian, has, as I see, slept in my anteroom on a silk sofa, and this seems to be taken into account in the house arrangements, as no special sleeping accommodation is assigned to the menservants. Adjoining my summer house is an orange conservatory, at least 150 feet long, and now empty, its winter tenants being at present ranged in stately grandeur along the



LYOFF NIKOLAIEVICH TOLSTOI

hedges. The whole, with its park, is much like a very much magnified — with *rococo* additions in furniture, hedges, terraces, and statues. Now I am going for a walk.

A FATAL STEP.¹

By COUNT TOLSTOI.

(From "Anna Karénina": translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.)

[COUNT LYOFF NIKOLAIEVICH TOLSTOI, the most eminent living Russian novelist, was born in a little village in the government of Tula, and is descended in a direct line from a nobleman who was a companion and trusted agent of Peter the Great. After a course of study at the University of Kazan he entered the army, and served in the Caucasus and at Sebastopol. He resigned at the close of the Crimean War, and since 1862 has lived on his estates near Moscow, dividing his time between literary work and the care of his property. "War and Peace" (1865-1868) and "Anna Karénina" are his most important novels. Among his other works are: "Sebastopol," "The Cossacks," "Ivan Ilyitch," "My Confession," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and "Master and Man."]

WHEN Kitty heard of Anna's call, she had not wished to appear; but Dolly reasoned with her, and she finally controlled her repugnance and went to the parlor. She blushed as she approached Anna, and held out her hand.

"I am very glad," said she, in a low voice.

Kitty was constrained between her dislike of this wicked woman and her desire to be polite to her; but as soon as she saw Anna's beautiful, sympathetic face, all her prejudice vanished.

"I should have thought it quite natural if you had refused to see me: I am used to everything," said Anna. "You have been very ill: yes, you have changed."

Kitty thought that Anna looked at her with dislike, and she attributed her unfriendliness to the unpleasant position in which she stood in regard to herself. Her heart was filled with compassion.

They talked of Kitty's illness, of her child, and of Stiva; but Anna was evidently absent-minded.

"I came to bid you good-by," she said to Dolly, as she rose.

"When do you go?"

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Without answering her, Anna turned with a smile to Kitty.

"I am very glad to see you again, I've heard so much about you from every one, and especially from your husband. He came to see me, and I liked him very much," she added with a wicked emphasis. "Where is he?"

"He has gone to the country," answered Kitty, blushing.

"Give my love to him: now, don't forget!"

"I will do it, certainly," said Kitty, simply, with a compassionate look.

"So good-by, Dolly," said Anna, kissing her; and shaking hands with Kitty, she hastened away.

"She is as fascinating as ever," remarked Kitty to her sister, when Dolly came in after going to the door with Anna. "And how beautiful she is! But there is something very painful about her, — terribly painful."

"She doesn't seem to be in her usual state to-day. I thought she came near bursting into tears in the anteroom."

Anna took her seat in the carriage, and went home more unhappy than ever. Her interview with Kitty awakened the consciousness of her own moral depravity, and the pain of this she felt in addition to her former sufferings.

"Where shall I drive you? Home?" asked Piotr.

"Yes, home," she replied, scarcely knowing what she said.

"They looked upon me as some strange, incomprehensible creature. — What can that man be saying so eagerly to the other?" thought she, seeing two passers-by talking together. "Is it possible to say what one really feels? I wanted to confess to Dolly, and I am glad that I kept still. How she would have rejoiced at my unhappiness! She would have tried to hide it, but at heart she would have been glad: she would have thought it just that I should pay for that happiness which she begrudged me. And Kitty would have been still more pleased. How I read her through and through! She knows her husband liked me uncommonly well, and she is jealous, and hates me; and, what's more, she despises me. In her eyes, I am an immoral woman. If I had been what she thinks, how easily I could have turned her husband's head if I had wanted to! I confess I thought of it. — There goes a man who is delighted with his own looks," she said to herself, as a tall, florid man went by, and, mistaking her for an acquaintance, lifted his shiny hat from his shiny bald head. "He thought he knew me! He knows me quite as well as anybody in the world

knows me. I don't know myself: I only know my *appetites*, as the French say. — They covet some of that bad ice cream," she said to herself, as she watched two little street children standing in front of a vender, who had just set down from his head his tub of ice cream, and was wiping his face with a corner of his coat. "We all want our sweet delicacies; if not sugar plums, then bad ice cream, just like Kitty, who, not catching Vronsky, took Levin. She envies me, she hates me; and we hate each other. So goes the world. *Tiutkin coiffeur* — *Je me fais coiffer* ["I will have my hair dressed"] *par Tiutkin*. — I will tell *him* this nonsense when he comes," thought she, and smiled, and then instantly remembered that there was no one now to whom she could tell amusing things. "There is nothing amusing, nothing gay: it is all disgusting. The vespers bell is ringing, and that storekeeper is crossing himself so quickly that one would think he was afraid of losing the chance.

"Why these churches, these bells, these lies? Just to hide the fact that we all hate each other, like those *izvoshchiks* who are swearing at each other so angrily. Yashvin was right when he said, 'He is after my shirt, and I am after his.'"

She was so engrossed by these thoughts that she forgot her grief for a while, and was surprised when the carriage stopped in front of her house. The sight of the Swiss, coming to meet her, reminded her that she had sent a letter and a telegram.

"Is there an answer yet?"

"I will go and see," said the Swiss; and he came back in a moment with a telegram in a thin square envelope. Anna read: —

I cannot be back before ten o'clock.

VRONSKY.

"And has the messenger come back?"

"Not yet," replied the Swiss.

"Ah! if that is so, then I know what I must do;" and feeling a vague sense of anger and a desire for vengeance arising in her soul, she ran upstairs.

"I myself will go and find him," thought she. "Before I go away forever, I will show him what he has done. I never hated any one as I hate this man!" And when she caught sight of Vronsky's hat hanging in the anteroom, she shivered with aversion. She did not reflect that the dispatch was in answer to her telegram, and that he could not have yet received

her note. She imagined him now chatting gayly with his mother and the Princess Sorokina without a thought of her suffering. "Yes, I must go as quickly as possible," she said, not knowing at all whither she should go. She felt that she must fly from these thoughts which weighed her down in this terrible house. The servants, the walls, the furniture, everything about it, filled her with disgust and pain, and crushed her with a terrible weight.

"Yes, I must go to the railroad station, and if not there, then somewhere, to punish him." Anna looked at the timetable in the newspaper. The evening train went at two minutes past eight. "Yes, I shall have plenty of time." She ordered the two other horses to be harnessed, and she had transferred from her trunk to her traveling bag things enough to last for several days. She knew that she should never come back again. She revolved a thousand plans in her head, and determined that when she had done what she had in mind to do, either at the countess' country seat, or at the station, she would go to the first city on the Nizhni Novgorod Railroad that she might happen to think of. Dinner was on the table. She took a bit of bread and cheese: the smell of the victuals was repugnant to her. She ordered the carriage again, and went out. The house cast a shadow clear across the street; but the sky was clear, and it was warm in the sun. Annushka, who brought her things, and Piotr, who carried them to the carriage, and the coachman, who was evidently angry, all were disagreeable to her, and vexed her with their words and motions.

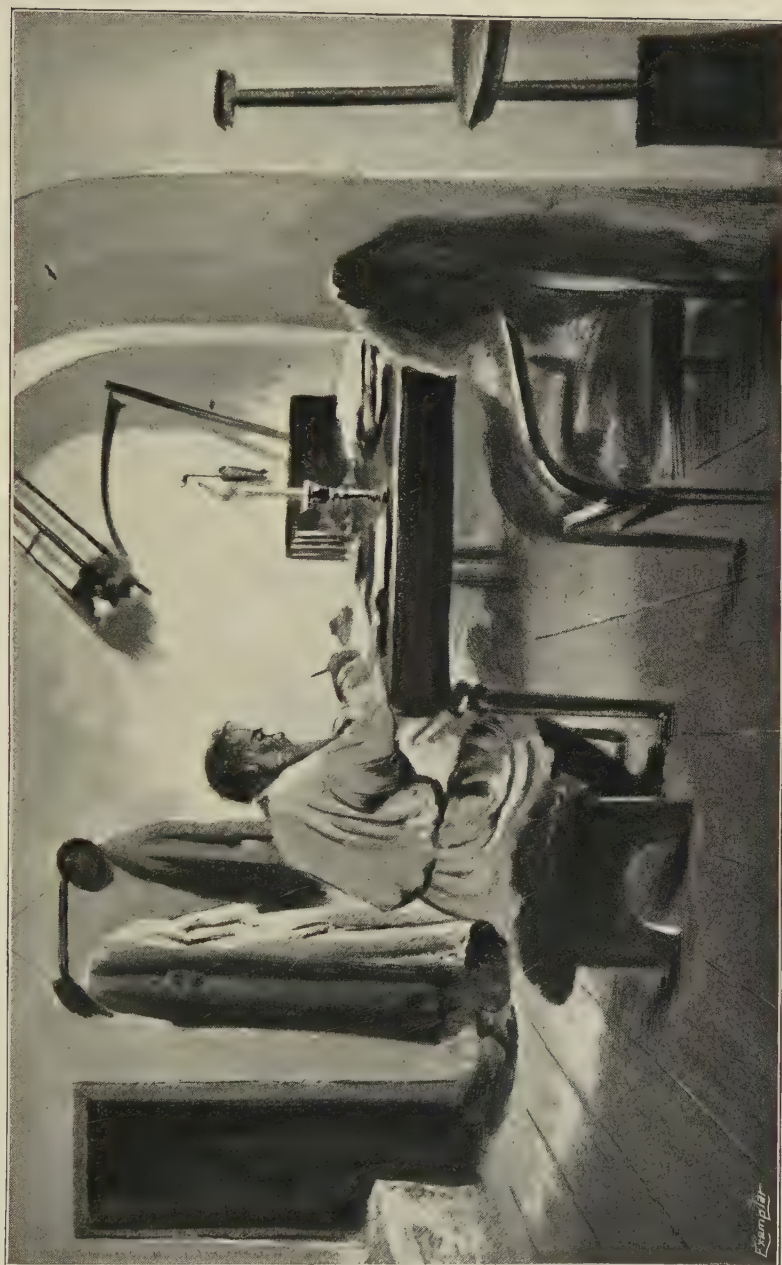
"I do not need you, Piotr."

"Who will get your ticket?"

"Well! Go if you wish: it makes no difference to me," she said pettishly. Piotr nimbly mounted the box, and, folding his arms, ordered the coachman to drive to the Nizhni station.

"Now I am myself again,—now my mind is clear," said Anna to herself, as soon as the carriage started, and, rolling a little, flew swiftly along the uneven pavement.

"Now! what was that good thing that I was thinking about last? Tiutkin, the *coiffeur*? Oh, no! not that. Oh, yes! what Yashvin said about the struggle for existence, and hatred, the only thing that unites men. No: we go at hazard."



TOLSTOI IN HIS STUDY

She saw in a carriage drawn by four horses a party of merry-makers, who had evidently come to the city for a pleasure trip.

"What are you seeking under the disguise of pleasure?" she thought. "You won't escape from yourselves;" and then, as her eye fell on a drunken workman, led by a policeman, she added, "That man's way is quicker. Count Vronsky and I did not reach this pleasure, though we expected much."

And for the first time Anna turned upon her relations with the count this bright light which was suddenly revealing her life to her.

"What did he seek in me? A satisfaction for his vanity, rather than for his love!"

And she remembered Vronsky's words, and the expression of his face, which reminded her of a submissive dog, when they first met and loved. Everything seemed a confirmation of this thought.

"He cared for the triumph of success above everything. Of course, he loved me, but chiefly from vanity. Now that he is not proud of me any more, it is over. He is ashamed of me. He has taken from me all that he could take, and now I am of no use to him. I weigh upon him, and he does not want to be in dishonorable relationship with me. He said, yesterday, he wanted the divorce, so as to burn his ships. Perhaps he loves me still,—but how! The zest is gone," she said, in English, as she looked at a ruddy-faced man riding by on a hired horse.

"There is nothing about me any longer to his taste. If I leave him, he will rejoice in the bottom of his heart."

This was not mere hypothesis: she saw things now clearly, as by a sort of clairvoyance.

"My love has been growing more and more selfish and passionate: his has been growing fainter and fainter. That is why we cannot go on together. He is all in all to me. I struggle to draw him closer and closer to me, and he wants to fly from me. Up to the time of our union, we flew to meet each other; but now we move apart. He accuses me of being absurdly jealous,—and I am; and yet I am not, either. I am not jealous, but my love is no longer satisfied. But"—she opened her mouth to speak, and, in the excitement caused by the stress of her thoughts, she changed her place in the carriage.

"If I could, I would try to be a simple friend to him, and not a passionate mistress, whom his coldness frenzies; but I cannot transform myself. I am not mistaken. Don't I know that he would not deceive me, that he is no longer in love with Kitty, that he has no intention of marrying the Princess Sorokina? I know it well, but it is none the easier for me. But what is that to me? If he is tired of my love, —if, when he does not feel for me just what I feel for him, — I would, a thousand times, rather have him hate me. This is —hell! And this is the case. He has long ceased to love me. When love ceases, disgust begins. — I don't know these streets at all. What hosts of houses! and in them, people, people, — no end of them! and they all hate each other!

"Well! what could happen to me now that would give me happiness again? Suppose that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch should consent to the divorce, and would give me back Serozha, and that I should marry Vronsky?" And as she thought of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, Anna could see him before her, with his dull, lifeless, faded eyes, his white, blue-veined hands, and his cracking joints; and the idea of their relation to one another, which had hitherto been tinged with tenderness, made her shudder.

"Now! suppose I were married, would not Kitty still look at me as she looked at me to-day? Would not Serozha ask and wonder why I had two husbands? But between me and Vronsky what new feeling could I imagine? Is it possible that our relations might be, if not pleasanter, at least no worse than they are now? No, and no!" she replied, without the least hesitation. "Impossible! We are growing apart; and I am disagreeable to him, and he displeases me, and I cannot change him: every means has been tried. . . . There's a beggar with a child. She thinks she inspires pity. Were we not thrown into the world to hate each other, and to torment ourselves and everybody else? Here come the schoolboys out to play! Serozha?" It reminded her of her son. "I used to think that I loved him, and I was touched by his gentleness. I also lived without him, gave him up for my love, and was not sorry for the change, since I was connected with him whom I loved." And she remembered with disgust what she called that love. And the clearness in which she now saw her own life, as well as the lives of others, delighted her. "Thus am I, and Piotr and the

coachman, Feodor, and that merchant, and all people from here to the Volga, wherever these remarks are applicable — and everywhere and always," she thought as the carriage stopped in front of the low-roofed station of the Nizhni Novgorod Railroad, and the porter came out to meet her.

"Shall I book you for Obiralovki?" asked Peter.

She had entirely forgotten why she had come, and only by a great effort could she understand what he meant.

"Yes," she said, handing him her purse; and taking her little red bag, she got out of the carriage.

As she entered with the throng, she reviewed all the details of her situation and the plans between which she was halting. And again hope and despair alternately filled her tortured, cruelly palpitating heart. As she sat on the stelliform divan, she looked with aversion on the people going and coming, — they were all her enemies, — and thought now of how, when she reached the station, she would write to him, and what she would write, and then how at this very moment he — not thinking of her suffering — was complaining to his mother of his position, and how she would go to his room, and what she would say to him. The thought that she might yet live happily crossed her brain; and how hard it was to love and hate him at the same time! And above all, how her heart was beating, as if to burst its bounds!

A bell sounded, and some impudent young men of a flashy and vulgar appearance passed before her. Then Piotr, in his livery and top boots, with his dull, good-natured face, crossed the waiting room, and came up to escort her to the cars. The noisy men about the door stopped talking while she passed out upon the platform; then one of them made some remark to his neighbor, which was apparently an insult. Anna mounted the high steps, and sat down alone in the compartment on the dirty sofa which once had been white, and laid her bag beside her on the springy seat. Piotr raised his gold-laced hat, with an inane smile, for a farewell, and departed. The saucy conductor shut the door. A woman, deformed, and ridiculously dressed up, followed by a little girl laughing affectedly, passed below the car window. Anna looked at her with disgust. The little girl was speaking loud in a mixture of Russian and French.

"That child is grotesque and already self-conscious," thought Anna; and she seated herself at the opposite window of the empty apartment, to avoid seeing the people.

A dirty hunchbacked *muzhik* passed close to the window, and examined the car wheels: he wore a cap, from beneath which could be seen tufts of disheveled hair. "There is something familiar about that humpbacked *muzhik*," thought Anna; and suddenly she remembered her nightmare, and drew back frightened towards the car door, which the conductor was just opening to admit a lady and gentleman.

"Do you want to get out?"

Anna did not answer, and under her veil no one could see the terror which paralyzed her. She sat down again. The couple took seats opposite her, and cast stealthy but curious glances at her dress. The husband and wife were obnoxious to her. The husband asked her if she objected to smoking, — evidently not for the sake of smoking, but as an excuse for entering into conversation with her. Having obtained her permission, he remarked to his wife in French that he felt even more inclined to talk than to smoke. They exchanged stupid remarks, with the hope of attracting Anna's attention, and drawing her into the conversation. Anna clearly saw how they bored each other, how they hated each other. It was impossible not to hate such painful monstrosities. The second gong sounded, and was followed by the rumble of baggage, noise, shouts, laughter. Anna saw so clearly that there was nothing to rejoice at, that this laughter roused her indignation, and she longed to stop her ears. At last the third signal was given, the train started, the locomotive whistled, and the gentleman crossed himself. "It would be interesting to ask him what he meant by that," thought Anna, looking at him angrily. Then she looked by the woman's head out of the car window at the people standing and walking on the platform. The car in which Anna sat moved past the stone walls of the station, the switches, the other cars. The motion became more rapid; the rays of the setting sun slanted into the car window, and a light breeze played through the slats of the blinds.

Forgetting her neighbors, Anna breathed in the fresh air, and took up again the course of her thoughts.

"There! What was I thinking about? I cannot imagine any situation in which my life could be anything but one long misery. We are all dedicated to unhappiness: we all know it, and only seek for ways to deceive ourselves. But when you see the truth, what is to be done?"

"Reason was given to man, that he might avoid what he

dislikes," remarked the woman, in French, apparently delighted with her sentence.

The words fitted in with Anna's thought.

"To avoid what he dislikes," she repeated; and a glance at the handsome-faced man, and his thin better half, showed her that the woman looked upon herself as a misunderstood creature, and that her stout husband did not contradict this opinion, but took advantage of it to deceive her. Anna, as it were, read their history, and looked into the most secret depths of their hearts; but it was not interesting, and she went on with her reflections.

"Yes, it is very unpleasant to me, and reason was given to avoid it: therefore, it must be done. Why not extinguish the light when it shines on things disgusting to see? But how? Why does the conductor keep hurrying through the car? Why does he shout? Why are there people in this car? Why do they speak? What are they laughing at? It is all false, all a lie, all deception, all vanity and vexation."

When the train reached the station, Anna followed the other passengers, and tried to avoid too rude a contact with the bustling crowd. She hesitated on the platform, trying to recollect why she had come, and to ask herself what she meant to do. All that seemed to her possible before to do now seemed to her difficult to execute, especially amid this disagreeable crowd. Now the porters came to her, and offered her their services; now some young men, clattering up and down the platform, and talking loud, observed her curiously; and she knew not where to take refuge. Finally, it occurred to her to stop an official, and ask him if a coachman had not been there with a letter for Count Vronsky.

"The Count Vronsky? Just now some one was here. He was inquiring for the Princess Sorokina and her daughter. What kind of a looking man is this coachman?"

Just then Anna espied the coachman, Mikhaïl, rosy and gay in his elegant blue livery and watch chain, coming towards her, and carrying a note, immensely proud that he had fulfilled his commission.

Anna broke the seal, and her heart stood still as she read the carelessly written lines: —

I am very sorry that your note did not find me in Moscow. I shall return at ten o'clock.

"Yes, that is what I expected," she said to herself, with a sardonic smile.

"Very good, you can go home," she said to Mikhail. She spoke the words slowly and gently, because her heart beat so that she could scarcely breathe or speak.

"No, I will not let you make me suffer so," thought she, addressing with a threat, not Vronsky so much as the thought that was torturing her; and she moved along the platform. Two chambermaids waiting there turned to look at her, and made audible remarks about her toilet. "Just in style," they said, referring to her lace. The young men would not leave her in peace. They stared at her, and passed her again and again, making their jokes so that she should hear. The station master came to her, and asked if she was going to take the train. A lad selling *kvas* did not take his eyes from her.

"*Bozhe moi!* where shall I fly?" she said to herself.

When she reached the end of the platform, she stopped. Some women and children were there, talking with a man in spectacles, who had probably come to the station to meet them. They, too, stopped, and turned to see Anna pass by. She hastened her steps. A truck full of trunks rumbled by, making the floor shake so that she felt as if she were on a moving train.

Suddenly she remembered the man who was run over on the day when she met Vronsky for the first time, and she knew then what was in store for her. With light and swift steps she descended the stairway which led from the pump at the end of the platform down to the rails, and stood very near the train, which was slowly passing by. She looked under the cars, at the chains and the brake, and the high iron wheels, and she tried to estimate with her eye the distance between the fore and back wheels, and the moment when the middle would be in front of her.

"There," she said, looking at the shadow of the car thrown upon the black coal dust which covered the sleepers, "there, in the center, he will be punished, and I shall be delivered from it all,—and from myself."

Her little red traveling bag caused her to lose the moment when she could throw herself under the wheels of the first car: she could not detach it from her arm. She awaited the second. A feeling like that she had experienced once, just before taking a dive in the river, came over her, and she made the sign of the cross. This familiar gesture called back to her



FANNY DAVENPORT AS CLEOPATRA

soul memories of youth and childhood. Life, with its elusive joys, glowed for an instant before her, but she did not take her eyes from the car; and when the middle, between the two wheels, appeared, she threw away her red bag, drawing her head between her shoulders, and, with outstretched hands, threw herself on her knees under the car. She had time to feel afraid. "Where am I? What am I doing? Why?" thought she, trying to draw back; but a great, inflexible mass struck her head, and threw her upon her back. "Lord, forgive me all!" she murmured, feeling the struggle to be in vain. A little *muzhik* was working on the railroad, mumbling in his beard. And the candle by which she read, as in a book, the fulfillment of her life's work, of its deceptions, its grief, and its torment, flared up with greater brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness, then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever.

CLEOPATRA.¹

By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

[WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, lawyer, sculptor, and poet, was born in Salem, Mass., February 19, 1819, the son of Joseph Story, the eminent jurist. After graduating at Harvard, he studied law with his father and amused his leisure with sculpture. He went to Rome in 1848, and soon became proficient in the art which he had taken up as an amateur at home. He wrote legal treatises, and volumes of prose and poetry, among them being "Nature and Art: a Poem" (1844), "Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks in Rome" (1862), "Excursus in Art and Letters" (1891), and "A Poet's Portfolio" (1894). He died at Vallombrosa, near Florence, October 8, 1895.]

[Dedicated to J. L. M.]

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets—
 They bar with a purple stain
 My arms; turn over my pillows—
 They are hot where I have lain:
 Open the lattice wider,
 A gauze on my bosom throw,
 And let me inhale the odors
 That over the garden blow.

¹ By permission of W. Blackwood & Sons.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
 And in his arms I lay;
 Ah, me! the vision has vanished —
 Its music has died away.
 The flame and the perfume have perished —
 As this spiced aromatic pastille
 That wound the blue smoke of its odor
 Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves, —
 They cool me after my sleep;
 And with sandal odors fan me
 Till into my veins they creep;
 Reach down the lute, and play me
 A melancholy tune,
 To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
 And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
 Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
 Through slender papyri, that cover
 The sleeping crocodile.
 The lotus lolls on the water,
 And opens its heart of gold,
 And over its broad leaf pavement
 Never a ripple is rolled.
 The twilight breeze is too lazy
 Those feathery palms to wave,
 And yon little cloud is motionless
 As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
 Oppresses my heart and brain!
 Oh! for a storm and thunder —
 For lightning and wild fierce rain!
 Fling down that lute — I hate it!
 Take rather his buckler and sword,
 And crash them and clash them together
 Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty —
 My cockatoo, creamy white,
 With roses under his feathers —
 That flashes across the light.
 Look! listen! as backward and forward
 To his hoop of gold he clings,

How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
 And shrieks as he madly swings!
 Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
 Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
 Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
 Till he hears you even in Rome.

There — leave me, and take from my chamber
 That wretched little gazelle,
 With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
 And its silly tinkling bell!
 Take him, — my nerves he vexes,
 The thing without blood or brain, —
 Or, by the body of Isis,
 I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
 Mistily stretching away,
 When the afternoon's opaline tremors
 O'er the mountains quivering play;
 Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
 Pours from the west its fire,
 And melted, as in a crucible,
 Their earthly forms expire;
 And the bald blear skull of the desert
 With glowing mountains is crowned,
 That burning like molten jewels
 Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
 Æons of thought away,
 And through the jungle of memory
 Loosen my fancy to play;
 When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
 Ribbed with yellow and black,
 Supple and cushion-footed
 I wandered, where never the track
 Of a human creature had rustled
 The silence of mighty woods,
 And fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
 I knew but the law of my moods.
 The elephant, trumpeting, started,
 When he heard my footstep near,
 And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
 In a yellow cloud of fear.

I sucked in the noontide splendor,
 Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
 Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
 As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
 And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
 And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
 And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
 Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms —
 How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
 As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
 Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
 With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
 When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
 For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
 At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor —
 For I was flexile and fair —
Fought for me in the moonlight,
 While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
 And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
 To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
 Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
 Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
 And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
 Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for !
 Not this weak human life,
 With its frivolous bloodless passions,
 Its poor and petty strife !
 Come to my arms, my hero :
 The shadows of twilight grow,
 And the tiger's ancient fierceness
 In my veins begins to flow.
 Come not cringing to sue me !
 Take me with triumph and power,
 As a warrior that storms a fortress !
 I will not shrink or cower.
 Come, as you came in the desert,
 Ere we were women and men,
 When the tiger passions were in us,
 And love as you loved me then !

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS.¹

BY GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

(From "Salammbô.")

[GUSTAVE FLAUBERT : A French novelist ; born at Rouen, December 12, 1821 ; died there May 8, 1880. His father was a surgeon, and the son lived in a hospital until 1839, when he went to Paris to study law. His first novel, "Madame Bovary," appeared in 1856 and was followed by "Salammbô," a historical novel, "The History of a Young Man" (1869), "The Temptation of St. Anthony" (1874), "The Candidate," a comedy (1874), and "Bouvard and Pécuchet."]]

THERE were rejoicings at Carthage — rejoicings deep, universal, extravagant, frantic ; the holes of the ruins had been stopped up, the statues of the Gods had been repainted, the streets were strewn with myrtle branches, incense smoked at the corners of the crossways, and the throng on the terraces looked, in their variegated garments, like heaps of flowers blooming in the air.

The shouts of the water carriers, watering the pavement, rose above the continual screaming of voices ; slaves belonging to Hamilcar offered in his name roasted barley and pieces of raw meat ; people accosted one another, and embraced one another with tears ; the Tyrian towns were taken, the Nomads dispersed, and all the Barbarians annihilated. The Acropolis

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was hidden beneath colored velaria; the beaks of the triremes, drawn up in line outside the mole, shone like a dike of diamonds; everywhere there was a sense of the restoration of order, the beginning of a new existence, and the diffusion of vast happiness: it was the day of Salammbô's marriage with the king of the Numidians.

On the terrace of the temple of Khamon there were three long tables laden with gigantic plates, at which the Priests, Ancients, and Rich were going to sit, and there was a fourth and higher one for Hamilcar, Narr' Havas, and Salammbô; for as she had saved her country by the restoration of the zaïmph, the people turned her wedding into a national rejoicing, and were waiting in the square below till she should appear.

But their impatience was excited by another and more acrid longing: Matho's death had been promised for the ceremony.

It had been proposed at first to flay him alive, to pour lead into his entrails, to kill him with hunger; he should be tied to a tree, and an ape behind him should strike him on the head with a stone; he had offended Tanith, and the cynocephaluses of Tanith should avenge her. Others were of opinion that he should be led about on a dromedary after linen wicks, dipped in oil, had been inserted in his body in several places — and they took pleasure in the thought of the large animal wandering through the streets with this man writhing beneath the fires like a candelabrum blown about by the wind.

But what citizens should be charged with his torture, and why disappoint the rest? They would have liked a kind of death in which the whole town might take part, in which every hand, every weapon, everything Carthaginian, to the very paving stones in the streets and the waves in the gulf, could rend him, and crush him, and annihilate him. Accordingly the Ancients decided that he should go from his prison to the square of Khamon without any escort, and with his arms fastened to his back; it was forbidden to strike him to the heart, in order that he might live the longer; to put out his eyes, so that he might see his torture through; to hurl anything against his person, or to lay more than three fingers upon him at a time.

Although he was not to appear until the end of the day, the people sometimes fancied that he could be seen, and the crowd would rush toward the Acropolis, and empty the streets, to return with lengthened murmurings. Some people had remained standing in the same place since the day before, and

they would call on one another from a distance and show their nails, which they had allowed to grow, the better to bury them in his flesh. Others walked restlessly up and down; some were as pale as though they were awaiting their own execution.

Suddenly lofty feather fans rose above the heads, behind the Mappalian district. It was Salammbô leaving her palace; a sigh of relief found vent.

But the procession was long in coming; it marched with deliberation.

First there filed past the priests of the Pataec Gods, then those of Eschmoun, of Melkarth, and all the other colleges in succession, with the same insignia, and in the same order as had been observed at the time of the sacrifice. The pontiffs of Moloch passed with heads bent, and the multitude stood aside from them in a kind of remorse. But the priests of Rabbetna advanced with a proud step, and with lyres in their hands; the priestesses followed them in transparent robes of yellow or black, uttering cries like birds and writhing like vipers, or else whirling round to the sound of flutes to imitate the dance of the stars, while their light garments wafted puffs of delicate scents through the streets.

The Kedeschim, with painted eyelids, who symbolized the hermaphroditism of the Divinity, received applause among these women, and, being perfumed and dressed like them, they resembled them in spite of their flat breasts and narrower hips. Moreover, on this day the female principle dominated and confused all things; a mystic lasciviousness moved in the heavy air; the torches were already lighted in the depths of the sacred woods; there was to be a great prostitution there during the night; three vessels had brought courtesans from Sicily, and others had come from the desert.

As the colleges arrived they ranged themselves in the courts of the temples, on the outer galleries, and along double staircases which rose against the walls, and drew together at the top. Files of white robes appeared between the colonnades, and the architecture was peopled with human statues, motionless as statues of stone.

Then came the masters of the exchequer, the governors of the provinces, and all the Rich. A great tumult prevailed below. Adjacent streets were discharging the crowd, hierodules were driving it back with blows of sticks; and then Salammbô appeared in a litter surmounted by a purple canopy,

and surrounded by the Ancients crowned with their golden tiaras.

Thereupon an immense shout arose; the cymbals and crotala sounded more loudly, the tambourines thundered, and the great purple canopy sank between the two pylons.

It appeared again on the first landing. Salammbô was walking slowly beneath it; then she crossed the terrace to take her seat behind on a kind of throne cut out of the carapace of a tortoise. An ivory stool with three steps was pushed beneath her feet; two negro children knelt on the edge of the first step, and sometimes she would rest both arms, which were laden with rings of excessive weight, upon their heads.

From ankle to hip she was covered with a network of narrow meshes which were in imitation of fish scales, and shone like mother-of-pearl; her waist was clasped by a blue zone, which allowed her breasts to be seen through two crescent-shaped slashings; the nipples were hidden by carbuncle pendants. She had a headdress made of peacock's feathers studded with gems; an ample cloak, as white as snow, fell behind her — and with her elbows at her sides, her knees pressed together, and circles of diamonds on the upper part of her arms, she remained perfectly upright in a hieratic attitude.

Her father and her husband were on two lower seats, Narr' Havas dressed in a light simar and wearing his crown of rock salt, from which there strayed two tresses of hair as twisted as the horns of Ammon; and Hamilcar in a violet tunic figured with gold vine branches, and with a battle sword at his side.

The python of the temple of Eschmoun lay on the ground amid pools of pink oil in the space inclosed by the tables, and, biting its tail, described a large, black circle. In the middle of the circle there was a copper pillar bearing a crystal egg; and, as the sun shone upon it, rays were emitted on every side.

Behind Salammbô, stretched the priests of Tanith in linen robes; on her right the Ancients, in their tiaras, formed a great gold line, and on the other side the Rich, with their emerald scepters, a great green line — while quite in the background, where the priests of Moloch were ranged, the cloaks looked like a wall of purple. The other colleges occupied the lower terraces. The multitude obstructed the streets. It reached to the house tops, and extended in long files to the summit of the Acropolis. Having thus the people at her feet, the firmament above her head, and around her the immensity of the sea, the

gulf, the mountains, and the distant provinces, Salammbô in her splendor was blended with Tanith, and seemed the very Genius of Carthage, and its embodied soul.

The feast was to last all night, and lamps with several branches were planted like trees on the painted woolen cloths which covered the low tables. Large electrum flagons, blue glass amphoras, tortoise-shell spoons, and small round loaves were crowded between the double row of pearl-bordered plates; bunches of grapes with their leaves had been rolled round ivory vine stocks after the fashion of the thyrsus; blocks of snow were melting on ebony trays, and lemons, pomegranates, gourds, and watermelons formed hillocks beneath the lofty silver plate; boars with open jaws were wallowing in the dust of spices; hares, covered with their fur, appeared to be bounding amid the flowers; there were shells filled with forcemeat; the pastry had symbolic shapes; when the covers of the dishes were removed doves flew out.

The slaves, meanwhile, with tunics tucked up, were going about on tiptoe; from time to time a hymn sounded on the lyres, or a choir of voices rose. The clamor of the people, continuous as the noise of the sea, floated vaguely around the feast, and seemed to lull it in a broader harmony; some recalled the banquet of the Mercenaries; they gave themselves up to dreams of happiness; the sun was beginning to go down, and the crescent of the moon was already rising in another part of the sky.

But Salammbô turned her head as though some one had called her; the people, who were watching her, followed the direction of her eyes.

The door of the dungeon, hewn in the rock at the foot of the temple, on the summit of the Acropolis, had just opened; and a man was standing on the threshold of this black hole.

He came forth bent double, with the scared look of fallow deer when suddenly enlarged.

The light dazzled him, he stood motionless awhile. All had recognized him and they held their breath.

In their eyes the body of this victim was something peculiarly theirs, and was adorned with almost religious splendor. They bent forward to see him, especially the women. They burned to gaze upon him who had caused the deaths of their children and husbands; and from the bottom of their souls there sprang up in spite of themselves an infamous curiosity.

a desire to know him completely, a wish mingled with remorse which turned to increased execration.

At last he advanced; then the stupefaction of surprise disappeared. Numbers of arms were raised, and he was lost to sight.

The staircase of the Acropolis had sixty steps. He descended them as though he were rolled down in a torrent from the top of a mountain; three times he was seen to leap, and then he alighted below on his feet.

His shoulders were bleeding, his breast was panting with great shocks; and he made such efforts to burst his bonds that his arms, which were crossed on his naked loins, swelled like pieces of a serpent.

Several streets began in front of him, leading from the spot at which he found himself. In each of them a triple row of bronze chains fastened to the navels of the Pataec Gods extended in parallel lines from one end to the other; the crowd was massed against the houses, and servants, belonging to the Ancients, walked in the middle brandishing thongs.

One of them drove him forward with a great blow; Matho began to move.

They thrust their arms over the chains, shouting out that the road had been left too wide for him; and he passed along, felt, pricked, and slashed by all those fingers; when he reached the end of one street another appeared; several times he flung himself to one side to bite them; they speedily dispersed, the chains held him back, and the crowd burst out laughing.

A child rent his ear; a young girl, hiding the point of a spindle in her sleeve, split his cheek; they tore handfuls of hair from him and strips of flesh; others smeared his face with sponges steeped in filth and fastened upon sticks. A stream of blood started from the right side of his neck; frenzy immediately set in. This last Barbarian was to them a representative of all the Barbarians, and all the army; they were taking vengeance on him for their disasters, their terrors, and their shame. The rage of the mob developed with its gratification; the curving chains were overstrained, and were on the point of breaking; the people did not feel the blows of the slaves who struck at them to drive them back; some clung to the projections of the houses; all the openings in the walls were stopped up with heads; and they howled at him the mischief that they could not inflict upon him.

It was atrocious, filthy abuse, mingled with ironical encouragements and with imprecations; and, his present tortures not being enough for them, they foretold to him others that should be still more terrible in eternity.

This vast baying filled Carthage with stupid continuity. Frequently a single syllable — a hoarse, deep, and frantic intonation — would be repeated for several minutes by the entire people. The walls would vibrate with it from top to bottom, and both sides of the street would seem to Matho to be coming against him, and carrying him off the ground, like two immense arms stifling him in the air.

Nevertheless he remembered that he had experienced something like it before. The same crowd was on the terraces, there were the same looks and the same wrath; but then he had walked free, all had then dispersed, for a God covered him — and the recollection of this, gaining precision by degrees, brought a crushing sadness upon him. Shadows passed before his eyes; the town whirled round in his head, his blood streamed from a wound in his hip, he felt that he was dying; his hams bent, and he sank quite gently upon the pavement.

Some one went to the peristyle of the temple of Melkarth, took thence the bar of a tripod, heated red hot in the coals, and, slipping it beneath the first chain, pressed it against his wound. The flesh was seen to smoke; the hootings of the people drowned his voice; he was standing again.

Six paces further on, and he fell a third and again a fourth time; but some new torture always made him rise. They discharged little drops of boiling oil through tubes at him; they strewed pieces of broken glass beneath his feet; still he walked on. At the corner of the street of Satheb he leaned his back against the wall beneath the penthouse of a shop, and advanced no further.

The slaves of the Council struck him with their whips of hippopotamus leather, so furiously and long that the fringes of their tunics were drenched with sweat. Matho appeared insensible; suddenly he started off and began to run at random, making noise with his lips like one shivering with severe cold. He threaded the streets of Boudes, and the street of Sæpo, crossed the Green Market, and reached the square of Khamon.

He now belonged to the priests; the slaves had just dispersed the crowd, and there was more room. Matho gazed round him and his eyes encountered Salammbô.

At the first step that he had taken she had risen; then, as he approached, she had involuntarily advanced by degrees to the edge of the terrace; and soon all external things were blotted out, and she saw only Matho. Silence fell in her soul—one of those abysses wherein the whole world disappears beneath the pressure of a single thought, a memory, a look. This man who was walking toward her attracted her.

Excepting his eyes he had no appearance of humanity left; he was a long, perfectly red shape; his broken bonds hung down his thighs, but they could not be distinguished from the tendons of his wrists, which were laid quite bare; his mouth remained wide open; from his eye sockets there darted flames which seemed to rise up to his hair—and the wretch still walked on!

He reached the foot of the terrace. Salammbô was leaning over the balustrade; those frightful eyeballs were scanning her, and there rose within her a consciousness of all that he had suffered for her. Although he was in his death agony, she could see him once more kneeling in his tent, encircling her waist with his arms, and stammering out gentle words; she thirsted to feel them and hear them again; she did not want him to die! At this moment Matho gave a great start; she was on the point of shrieking aloud. He fell backward and did not stir again.

Salammbô was borne back, nearly swooning, to her throne by the priests who flocked about her. They congratulated her; it was her work. All clapped their hands and stamped their feet, howling her name.

A man darted upon the corpse. Although he had no beard he had the cloak of a priest of Moloch on his shoulder, and in his belt that species of knife which they employed for cutting up the sacred meat, and which terminated, at the end of the handle, in a golden spatula. He cleft Matho's breast with a single blow, then snatched out the heart and laid it upon the spoon; and Schahabarim, uplifting his arm, offered it to the sun.

The sun sank behind the waves; his rays fell like long arrows upon the red heart. As the beatings diminished the planet sank into the sea; and at the last palpitation it disappeared.

Then from the gulf to the lagoon, and from the isthmus to the pharos, in all the streets, on all the houses, and on all the

temples, there was a single shout; sometimes it paused, to be again renewed; the building shook with it; Carthage was convulsed, as it were, in the spasm of Titanic joy and boundless hope.

Narr' Havas, drunk with pride, passed his left arm beneath Salammbô's waist in token of possession; and taking a gold patera in his right hand, he drank to the Genius of Carthage.

Salammbô rose like her husband, with a cup in her hand, to drink also. She fell down again with her head lying over the back of the throne—pale, stiff, with parted lips—and her loosened hair hung to the ground.

Thus died Hamilcar's daughter for having touched the mantle of Tanith.



THE UNDERTAKER.

By A. S. PUSHKIN.

(Translated by S. S. Skidelsky.)

[ALEXANDER SERGEJEVICH PUSHKIN: A Russian poet; born at Moscow, May 26, 1799; died at St. Petersburg, January 29, 1837. He was educated at the Lyceum of Tzarskoe Selo, and entered the service of the government, but his sharp and fearless attacks on various public men and institutions brought about his dismissal. He was sent to southern Russia in 1820, and thence, in 1824, to his estate near Pskov. His poems are as remarkable for their force and realism as for their beauty and elegance of form. They include: "Ruslan and Liudmila" (1820); "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" (1822); "Fountain of Bakhchiserai" (1826); "Tzigani" (1827); "Eugene Onegin" (1828); "Poltava" (1829); "Boris Godunov," a tragedy; "A History of the Revolt of Pugachev" (1834); and many others.]

THE enlightened reader doubtless remembers that both Shakespeare and Walter Scott portray their gravediggers as cheerful and humorous creatures. With due deference to the truth, we cannot emulate their example, and must confess that the disposition of our undertaker fully harmonizes with his somber trade. Adrian Prokhorof was of a stern, thoughtful, and pensive temperament, and if he ever broke his silence it was only upon the most urgent occasions, such, for example, as reprimanding his daughters if he found them sitting idly at the window and gazing at the passers-by, or asking a threefold price for his coffins of those who were so unfortunate (and at times, perhaps, so fortunate) as to be in need of such articles.

Many and varied were the thoughts upon which Prokhorof's mind dwelt this evening while finishing his seventh cup of tea. He thought of the last funeral, during that memorable rain storm, which had caused so much damage to his hearse, robes, hats, etc. He anticipated unavoidable expenses, for his undertaking supplies in general were in a very poor state indeed. Of course, he entertained great hopes with regard to the wealthy Mrs. Truchina, who for nearly a year had been hovering between life and death.

But Truchina was slow in taking her departure—a circumstance which had caused him no little anxiety. Besides, he entertained some fears lest her heirs should engage another undertaker, notwithstanding their faithful promise to award the job of burying their mother to him. Sadder and sadder grew Prokhorof as he advanced to his tenth cup of tea, but a knock at the door soon brought his thoughts and reflections to a standstill.

"Come in!" uttered the undertaker. A man who at a glance could be taken to be a German tradesman made his appearance and with a most happy smile upon his face approached the undertaker.

"I beg your pardon, kind neighbor," he began in broken Russian—"beg pardon for disturbing your peace. . . . It is my wish to make your acquaintance. I am a shoemaker by trade and my name is Gottlieb Schultz. I live across the street in that little house, which faces your windows. I am celebrating my silver wedding to-morrow and we shall be greatly honored to have you and your daughters to dinner with us."

This invitation was courteously accepted. Precisely at noon on the following day the undertaker, accompanied by his daughters, started toward Schultz's residence.

The shoemaker's little house was crowded to its utmost capacity, mostly with German mechanics, their wives and apprentices.

Of the Russian officials there was only one present—an old policeman, Urko, who, notwithstanding his humble name and station in life, was well trained in the art of predisposing people of influence in his favor. He was very popular and was well known to all the German residents in the Nikitski district, and no social affair among them ever took place without his presence.

Adrian Prokhorof became charmed with Urko almost at first

sight. "A man like Urko," he thought to himself, "is well worth becoming acquainted with"—and when dinner was announced he managed to take his seat at the table next to Urko's.

Both Schultz and his wife, as well as their seventeen-year-old daughter, Lotchen, took great pains about the dinner, and everything was provided in abundance. Although Urko disposed of a quantity sufficient to feed four men, Adrian Prokhorof was not far behind in keeping pace with him; both did justice to the dinner. The conversation in German grew more and more noisy.

Suddenly the host demanded attention. Extracting a cork from a bottle and filling his glass, he uttered in broken Russian: "I drink to the health of my dear Louise." He then tenderly embraced his forty-five-year-old spouse and imprinted a loud kiss upon her healthy and rosy cheek. The guests followed his example, all draining their glasses to the good health of the "dear Louise."

"Here, I drink to the health of my noble friends," exclaimed the host, opening another bottle. The guests, thanking him for his courtesy, emptied their glasses for the second time. And here a general health drinking began in rapid succession. They drank to the health of every individual present as well as to the health of all as a body; to the health of the city of Moscow as well as to the health of a dozen German colonies within and around the city of Moscow; to the health of all mechanics and tradesmen as a body, as well as to the health of each known member individually; to the health of the "boss" mechanics and to the health of their apprentices.

Prokhorof drank glass after glass, becoming quite lively and proposing some sort of a humorous toast himself. His example was followed by a stout baker, who, seizing a glass full of wine, arose from his seat and proposed a toast to *Unserer Kundleute* (our customers). The last toast, not unlike all the former ones, was responded to heartily and unanimously. A general exchange of compliments now took place—the tailor bowing to the shoemaker, the shoemaker bowing to the tailor, and the baker bowing to both the shoemaker and the tailor. While the bowing was thus going on, Urko arose and turning to his neighbor exclaimed: "See here, my friend, ain't you going to propose a toast to the health of your buried patrons?" This joke made the audience roar with laughter, but the undertaker.

finding himself insulted, assumed a very somber face. No one, however, paid any attention to him, and the health drinking, as well as the drinking for its own sake, kept up till an early hour in the morning. At last the guests started to depart. The stout baker and the bookbinder, whose face looked as though it was bound in red leather, escorted Urko arm in arm to his budka.

The undertaker came home very drunk and quite angry. "What made those fools laugh, anyhow? Is not my business as honorable as any of theirs? Ah," he argued to himself aloud, "do they mean to compare an undertaker with a hangman? You just wait! . . . I intended to invite them to my house to give them a dinner, . . . but never now! . . . I will invite my customers, this I will do — my dead, Christian customers."

"What makes you talk such nonsense, master?" remarked the servant girl, who was busying herself about pulling off his boots. "What are you talking about? Cross yourself and go to bed. The idea of inviting the dead to a dinner! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, now, that's straight. As true as my name is Adrian, I will call them all, and to-morrow sure! Come all, my kind-hearted dead friends, and partake of my hospitality! All of you! . . ."

After these last words he fell on his bed and was soon sound asleep.

Mrs. Truchina took her departure at last. A messenger was dispatched to summon Prokhorof at once. Prokhorof was quite pleased with this call; he even tipped the messenger with a ten-kopeck silver coin for the good tidings. He then dressed himself, took a *drosky*, and hurried off to Mrs. Truchina's house. At the gates he met a number of police officers, merchants, relations — the whole crowd resembling a flock of ravens scenting a dead body. The corpse, yellow and disfigured, was put upon the table. Friends, relations, and the domestics came crowding around it. The windows and shutters were closed, candles were lit, and the priest read the appropriate prayers. Adrian approached Mrs. Truchina's son, a young merchant attired in fashionable clothes, and informed him that everything for the funeral was ready and in the best of order. The young heir thanked him for his pains, remarking that under the circum-

stances he would not enter into any negotiations as to the price for his services, etc.; that he would leave the matter to him and that he would trust to his, Prokhorof's, conscience. As usual, the undertaker assured him that he would not overcharge for his services, and, after exchanging a significant glance with one of the managers of Truchina's estate, who happened to be present, he left to make the necessary preparations for the funeral. It was a very busy day for Prokhorof, and he was glad when evening came and his work was over.

The night was bright and starry. As the undertaker approached his house some one opened his gate and entered the yard. "Who might it be?" he thought to himself. "Who else should want me at this hour? Maybe a thief or perhaps some lover calls to see my stupid little girls. Such things are to be expected nowadays." He thought of calling to his assistance his friend Urko, but at this moment another person approached the gate and intended to enter it, but upon seeing the frightened undertaker, he stopped and removed his white cap. His face seemed familiar to Prokhorof, though his attempt to recognize him and call him by his name was fruitless.

"You came to honor me with your visit," uttered Prokhorof, in a breathless tone — "step right in, please."

"You need not stand on ceremony with us," answered the stranger, bluntly; "go ahead and show your visitors the way." The little gate was thrown open. Prokhorof and his visitor entered the yard. "Go ahead and lead the way to your reception room," commanded the stranger. Prokhorof obeyed in silence and was soon climbing the flight of stairs leading to the second story. It seemed to him that his rooms were full of strangers. "What in the d—— does all this mean?" he thought to himself as he hastened to enter his sitting room. "Is it possible?" but he could think no longer; he trembled like an aspen leaf and it seemed as if he were nailed to the spot he stood upon. His room was full of ghosts. Their ghastly faces, sunken mouths, their turbid and half-open eyes, were fearful to behold. Prokhorof recognized with terror all his patrons; the stranger who followed him was the retired army officer whom he had buried during the recent memorable rain storm. Prokhorof was soon surrounded by a number of gentlemen and ladies — all bowing and complimenting him in various ways. One individual, however, kept aloof from the audience. He seemed to be ashamed of his garb, which was poor and shabby-looking.

It was the one who had been recently buried at the expense of the community. All the others were attired in the finest of cloth, silks and satins, the noblemen wearing their uniforms and the merchants their Sunday *Kaftans*.

"Don't you know, Prokhorof," began the retired officer of the army, in behalf of the audience, "we have accepted your invitation, and we have come to partake of your hospitality. Except those who were utterly unable to move, who fell apart, whose flesh and skin is stripped off their bones, except those, I say, you see all your patrons here. And even from among those unfortunate, one individual could not decline your tempting invitation and came to see you." At this moment a little skeleton pushed himself through the crowd and approached Prokhorof. His clothes were in shreds and his feet, or mere bones, produced a loud rattle in his long top boots.

"Don't you know me, Prokhorof?" asked the skeleton. "Cannot you recollect the ex-sergeant of the guard, Peter Petrovitch Kurilkin, the very man to whom in 1799 you sold your first coffin? Don't you remember that pine coffin, which you kindly substituted for the oak one, after the bargain was made and closed?" Here the skeleton offered his bony embrace. Prokhorof uttered a shriek of terror and felled him to the ground. A general uproar filled the room. All were ready to fight for the honor of their comrade. Poor Prokhorof was surrounded on all sides with threats of revenge. Squeezed and almost deafened by the tumult, he fell upon the bones of the ex-sergeant of the guard and became unconscious.

The sun had already long risen and cast his rays upon Prokhorof's bed. He opened his eyes. The servant girl was in the room, busying herself about the samovar. The events of last night inspired his mind with terror. He expected to hear from the servant girl about the result of last night's occurrence.

"You slept pretty well," remarked Akulina, handing him his *chalat* (smoking jacket). "Our neighbor, the tailor, was here to invite you to a birthday feast, but we thought we had better not disturb you from your sleep."

"Has anybody been here from Mrs. Truchina?"

"Why, is she dead?"

"What a stupid girl you are! Where is your memory? Have not you yourself helped me to get ready for her funeral?"

"Are you out of your mind, master, or are you still drunk?"

What funeral are you talking about? You spent all day yesterday with the Germans, came home dead drunk, went to bed, and slept to this very hour."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the undertaker, with a sigh of relief.

"Certainly," replied Akulina.

"Well, if such is the case, call the girls and let us have some breakfast."



AN INVOLUNTARY IMPOSTOR.¹

By NIKOLAI V. GOGOL.

(From "The Inspector General": translated by Arthur A. Sykes.)

[NIKOLAI VASSILIEVITCH GOGOL: A Russian novelist; born at Sorochintzy in the government of Poltava, March 31, 1809; died at Moscow, March 4, 1852. He was called the "father of modern Russian journalism." His works include: "Evenings on a Farm" (2 series, 1831 and 1834); "The Inspector," a play (1836); "Dead Souls," his greatest work (1837); "Marriage," a play; "How the Two Ivans Quarreled"; "Jaras Bulba," an historical novel; and many others.]

[Khlestakóf, a clerk, is mistaken by the local authorities for the "revizór" or inspector general.]

The POLICE OFFICERS throw both folding doors open. KHLESTAKÓF enters; after him the GOVERNOR, then the CHARITY COMMISSIONER, the DIRECTOR OF SCHOOLS, and BOBCHÍNSKI with plaster on his nose. The GOVERNOR points out a piece of paper lying on the floor to the POLICE OFFICERS, who rush breathlessly to pick it up, and butt against each other.

Khlestakóf—Splendid institutions! I'm charmed with the way you have of showing strangers all that's to be seen in your town! In other places they showed me nothing.

Governor—In *other* towns, I venture to suggest, the authorities and officials care most for their own advancement; but *here*, one may say, there is no other thought than how to win the recognition of the Government by good order and vigilance.

Khlestakóf—That lunch was excellent; I've quite over-eaten myself. D'you then have a spread like that every day?

Governor—No; it was in honor of such an acceptable guest!

¹ By permission of Walter Scott, Ltd. (Small 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.)

Khlestakóf — I'm fond of my dinner ! What does one live for but to pluck the flowers of pleasure ? What was that fish called ?

Charity Commissioner [*stepping forward*] — *Labardán* [cod-fish], sir !

Khlestakóf — It was exquisite ! Where was it we lunched ? In the infirmary, wasn't it ?

Charity Commissioner — Precisely so, sir ; in the hospital.

Khlestakóf — I remember, I remember — there were beds there. But have the sick got well ? There were not many of them, it seemed.

Charity Commissioner — Ten or so remain, not more ; the rest have all recovered. The place is so well organized — there's such good discipline. It may seem incredible to you, perhaps, but ever since I've undertaken the management they all get well like flies. [Instead of "die like flies."] The patient no sooner gets into the sick ward than he's well again. It's not so much done by the doctoring as by honesty and regularity.

Governor — And I venture to point out what a head-splitting business is the office of a Town Governor ! How many multifarious matters are referred to him, concerning the cleanliness of the town and repairs and alterations alone ! In a word, the most competent of men might get into hopeless difficulties. God be thanked though, everything progresses favorably here ! Any *other* governor, to be sure, would look after his own profit ; but believe me that when I lie down to rest my sole prayer is : "O Lord my God, grant that Government may see my zeal and be satisfied !" They may, or may not, reward me — that is as they please, of course — but, at any rate, my conscience is clear. When there is order throughout the town, when the streets are swept clean, and the prisoners are well kept and locked up, when the number of drunkards is small — what more do I want ? Ah, I long for no honors ! They are, without doubt, alluring, but to the upright all dust and vanity !

Charity Commissioner [*aside*] — Ah, the villain, how he can spout ! It's a gift of Heaven !

Khlestakóf — Quite true. I don't mind saying I also like to declaim now and then ; sometimes it's in prose, and sometimes I throw off verses.

Bobchínski [*to DOBCHÍNSKI*] — How well, how very well that was put, Pyotr Ivánovich ! Such an observation — shows he's studied the liberal arts !

Khlestakóf — By the way, could you tell me if you have any amusements here, any places where you could get a game of *cards*, for instance?

Governor [*aside*] — Oho, my young friend, *I* know who you mean *that* for! [*Aloud*] God forbid! We've never even heard of such a thing as a card club here! I've not dealt a card in my life; I don't even know how cards are played. I can't bear to *look* at 'em — if ever I happen to see a king of diamonds or such like, I'm so overcome with disgust that I just have to spit to relieve myself. It *did* once happen that, to please the children, I built a house of cards, but I had a nightmare of the cursed things the night after! Lord forgive 'em — how *can* people waste precious time over card playing?

Luká [*aside*] — But, the rascal, he rooked me to the tune of a hundred roubles at *faro* yesterday!

Governor — No, I think it better to employ my time for the Empire's benefit!

Khlestakóf — Well, I don't quite agree with you, though. It all depends how you look at it. As long as you stop, say, after losing three quarters of your cash, it's all right. No, don't say that cards are not good fun, now and then!

Enter ANNA ANDRÉYEVNA and MÁRYA ANTÓNOVNA.

Governor — May I take the liberty of introducing my family: my wife and daughter!

Khlestakóf [*bowing to each*] — How fortunate I am, madam, in being permitted the pleasure of meeting you!

Anna — It is far more agreeable to *us* to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a personage!

Khlestakóf [*with an air of gallantry*] — Pardon me, *Sudá-rinya*, it is quite the contrary; the pleasure is on *my* side!

Anna — Impossible, sir — you allow yourself to say that by way of compliment! I beg of you to take a seat.

Khlestakóf — To *stand* near you is happiness enough; still, if you insist on it, I will sit. How favored I am, to sit at length by your side!

Anna — Pardon me, but I cannot dare to take that as meant sincerely. You have found the journey very disagreeable, I should think, after life in the capital?

Khlestakóf — Excessively so! After being used, *comprenez vous*, to living in society — to find myself all at once on my

travels—with dirty inns, in the depths of uncivilization! If it were not, I must say, for circumstances which [*looks meaningfully at ANNA, showing off*]—which recompense me for all the——

Anna—Really, how unpleasant it must have been for you!

Khlestakóf—I find it quite the reverse, though, madam, at the present moment!

Anna—Oh, how can you say so, sir! You do me much honor. I do not deserve it!

Khlestakóf—Why *not*, indeed? *Sudárinya*, you *do* deserve it!

Anna—Oh, I live only in the country.

Khlestakóf—Ah, but the country, all the same, has its charming hills and rivulets. To be sure, who could compare it to St. Petersburg? Ah, Petersburg—what a life it is, indeed! I dare say you think I am only a copying clerk; on the contrary, I'm on the most friendly terms with the chief of our department. He slaps me on the back and says, "Come and dine, my boy!" I only look in at my office for a couple of minutes or so, just to say, "This is to be done *so*, and that *so*." There's a rat of a clerk there, who scribbles away—tr—tr! for dear life. They wanted even to make me a "College Assessor." I can guess pretty well why. And the porter flies after me on the stairs with the blacking brush: "Allow me, Iván Alexándrovich," says he, "to clean your boots for you!" [*To the GOVERNOR*] But why do you *stand*, gentlemen? Pray be seated!

T. Together. { *Governor*—Our rank is not high enough; we must stand!
Chief Commissioner—Oh, we had rather remain standing.
Luká—Don't allow yourself to bother about *us*!

Khlestakóf—No ceremony! I entreat you to take seats! [*The GOVERNOR and the rest sit down.*] I do not care to stand on my dignity; on the contrary, I always try to slip away unobserved! But it's impossible to hide one's self. Quite impossible! No matter where I go, they cry at once: "There goes Iván Alexándrovich!" Once they even took me for the Commander in Chief; the soldiers rushed out of the guard-house and saluted. An officer, whom I knew very well, said to me afterwards: "Hullo, my boy, we completely mistook you for the Commander in Chief!"

Anna—You don't say so!

Khlestakóf — I know nearly all the pretty actresses, and compose all sorts of vaudevilles. I frequently see literary men; I'm on a very friendly footing with Púshkin — often say to him: "Well, how de do, Púshkin, my boy!" "So-so, old man," he'd reply. "Things might be better." A regular original, is Púshkin!

Anna — So you *write* too? How delightful it must be to be an author! And do you really write for the papers?

Khlestakóf — Yes, I write for the papers too. Besides that, there are a good many of my productions, such as "Figaro's Wedding," "Robert the Devil," "Norma" — I really forget some of their names. It all happened by chance. I didn't intend to write, but a theater manager said, "*Do* turn me off something, old man." I consider a bit: "You may as well, brother!" And so I knocked it off in one evening, I dare say. I have a marvelous flow of ideas, you know. All that came out under the name of "Baron Brambeus," and "The Frigate of Hope," and the *Moscow Telegraph* — all that was *my* composition!

Anna — Is it possible; and so you were really "Brambeus"?

Khlestakóf — Of course, and I correct all their verses. Smirdin gives me forty thousand for that.

Anna — And, I dare say, "Yúri Miloslávski" was composed by you.

Khlestakóf — Yes, that's by me.

Anna — I thought so at once.

Márya — But, mamma dear, it says on the title-page that Zagoskin was the author.

Anna — There! of course: I *knew* you would want to argue!

Khlestakóf — Ah, so it was; that's true, that particular work *was* by Zagoskin; but there's another "Yúri Miloslávski," and that was written by *me*.

Anna — Ah, to be sure! I read yours. How beautifully it is written!

Khlestakóf — I must admit, I live by my pen. My house is the first in Petersburg; it's well known there as "Iván Alexandrovich's." [*Addresses the company generally.*] Do me the favor, if any of you are ever in Petersburg, to pay me a visit — I beg, I beg of you! I give balls too, you know.

Anna — I can fancy with what good taste and magnificence the balls are given!

Khlestakóf — It's a simple affair, not worth talking about! On the table, for instance, is a watermelon that costs seven hundred roubles. The soup comes straight from Paris by steamer in the tureen: there's nothing in the world to be compared with its flavor! I go to a ball every day. We have our whist club there too: the Foreign Minister, the French Ambassador, the German Ambassador, and myself. We regularly kill ourselves over cards; there's nothing to be seen like it! How I rush home, and clamber up four flights of stairs, and just have strength to say to the cook, "Here, Mavrúsha, take my greatcoat!" What do I say? I was forgetting that I live on the first floor. — Why, the staircase alone cost me I don't know how much. And it's a curious sight to see my antechamber: counts and princes jostling and humming there like bees; all you can hear is *buzz, buzz, buzz!* Once there was a Minister [*the GOVERNOR and the rest start from their chairs in alarm*]. They even write "Your Excellency" on their letters to me. On one occasion I took charge of a Department. It was a funny story: the Director went off somewhere — nobody knew where. So, naturally, people began to ask how was his place to be taken? who was to fill it? Any number of generals coveted the post and tried it, but they soon gave the thing up — too difficult for 'em! It looked easy enough, but, on closer inspection, it proved a devil of a business! There was nothing to be done, but come to *me*. In a twinkling the streets were choke-full of couriers, couriers after couriers. Just picture to yourselves thirty-five thousand couriers! How's that for a situation, I ask you? "Iván Alexándrovich, come and direct the Department!" I own I was a little taken aback. I went out in my dressing gown and wanted to refuse, but, thinks I, it'll get to the Emperor's ears, and it wouldn't look well on my record of service either — so, "All right," I say, "I'll undertake the job, I'll undertake it! So be it!" I say, "I'll take it; only remember, sharp's the word with me — *sharp's the word*, mind!" And so it *was*; I go through the Department like an earthquake; they all shake and tremble like an aspen leaf. [*The GOVERNOR and others quake with terror; KHELESTAKÓF proceeds with redoubled vehemence.*] Oh, it's no joke, I can tell you. I gave them all a jobation! Even the Council of the Empire is in awe of me. And why not, indeed? I'm such a — I don't spot any one in particular. I address them all generally, and say, "*I* know my power; *I* know my business!" I'm

everywhere — everywhere! I go to Court every day. Why, to-morrow, they're going to make me a Field Marsh——

[*Slips off his chair, and sprawls on the floor, but is respectfully helped up by the chinovniks.*]

Governor [*approaches, trembling all over, and struggles to speak*] — But, your E—e—ex—— [Gasps.]

Khlestakóf [*sharply*] — What's the matter?

Governor — Your E—e—ex——

Khlestakóf [*as before*] — I can't make out a word you say; it's all nonsense.

Governor — Yo—ur E—e—xlncy, excellency, won't you be pleased to rest a little? Here is a room, and all you require.

Khlestakóf — Bosh! Rest a little! Stay, I think I will! Your lunch, gentlemen, was excellent. I'm delighted, delighted! [*Theatrically.*] Labardán! Labardán!

[*Exit into the side room, followed by the GOVERNOR.*]

Bobchínski — There, Pyótr Ivánovich, there's a man for you! That's what I call a *man*! Never have I been before in the presence of such a swell—I nearly died of fright! What's his rank, do you think, Dobchínski?

Dobchínski — I should think he's almost a general.

Bobchínski — Well, I think that a general wouldn't do for the sole of his boots! Or if he is a general, then he must be the very Generalissimo himself! Did you hear how he bullies the Council of State? Let's go quick, and tell Ammos Fyódorovich and Karóbkín. Good afternoon, Anna Andréyevna!

Dobchínski — Good afternoon, *Kúmushka*! [*Both go out.*]

Charity Commissioner [*to LUKÁ LUKÍCH*] — It's a terrible anxiety, and one doesn't know who's the culprit. We're not in uniform either! As soon as he wakes he'll send a report about us to Petersburg! [*Exit dejectedly with the SCHOOL INSPECTOR, both saying to ANNA:*] Good-by, *Sudárinya*!

Governor [*entering on tiptoe*] — Sh — sh ——

Anna — What?

Governor — I'm vexed that he has drunk so much. Now, supposing *half* of what he said was true! [*Reflects.*] And why shouldn't it be so? When a man's tipsy he let's everything out: what's in his heart flies to his tongue. Of course he invented a little; but then no story is ever told without a

little ornamentation. So he plays whist with Ministers, and goes to Court. Upon my word, the more one thinks about it — the devil knows what to make of it — I feel as giddy as if I stood on the top of a steeple, or they were going to hang me.

Anna — I don't feel the slightest nervousness; I merely saw in him an educated, polished, well-bred young man; but I don't bother myself about his rank.

Governor — Oh, that's just like you *women*! That one word *woman* explains everything! You women only care about fiddle-faddle, and fire off remarks without rhyme or reason. *You* may be let off with a flogging, but *your husband* will never more be heard of. You treat this gentleman, my dear, as familiarly as if he was another Dobchínski.

Anna — I recommend you not to trouble about *that*. We shall see what we shall see.

[*Glances significantly at her daughter.*]

Governor [*soliloquizing*] — Oh, it's no good talking to you! What a state of things this is! I haven't yet been able to recover from my fright. [*Opens the door and calls off:*] Mishka, call the police officers Svistunóv and Derzhimórda; they are somewhere about near the gate. [*After a short silence.*] It's a very queer world now. One *ought* to be able to recognize such people by their distinguished appearance; but *this* miserable stripling — how is one to know *who* he is? A military man reveals himself at once. When he puts on civilian dress he looks like a fly with its wings clipped. But then he obstinately remained at the inn, and just now gave vent to such allegories and ambiguities that it would take you an age to make head or tail of 'em. However, he has surrendered at last. Yes, and said a good deal more than he'd need to. It's pretty plain he's *quite* young! [*Exeunt.*]

Khlestatóv [*coming out alone, with the look of a man who has overslept himself*] — I've had a proper snooze, it seems. Where did they get such mattresses and feather beds from? I regularly perspired. They must have plied me fairly well after lunch: my head aches yet. As far as I can see, I can pass the time here very comfortably. I like generosity and hospitality — all the more if I think they've not got a deep game to play. And the Governor's daughter's not at all bad; while her mother, well. No, I don't know but this sort of life just suits me to a T.

Judge [*enters and stops still, soliloquizing*] — Oh Lord! oh Lord! grant me success! How my knees knock together! [*Aloud, drawing himself up and steadying himself with his sword*] I have the honor to present myself: County Court Judge of this district and College Assessor Lyápkín-Tyápkín!

Khlestakóf — Pray take a seat! So you are the judge here?

Judge — I was elected judge for three years by the nobility and gentry in the year 1816, and have continued in the office ever since.

Khlestakóf — You find it profitable, I dare say, being a judge?

Judge — After three periods of the three years I was decorated with the Vladímír of the Fourth Class, with commendation from the Government. [*Aside*] This money is regularly burning a hold through my hand!

Khlestakóf — Well, I like the Vladímír; it's better than the Anna of the Third Class, at any rate.

Judge [*thrusting his clenched fist somewhat forward, aside*] — Oh, Lord God! I don't know *where* I'm sitting! I feel as if I was on hot burning coals!

Khlestakóf — What have you got in your hand there?

Judge [*loses his head, and drops the bank notes on the floor*] — No—othing, sir!

Khlestakóf — Nothing? How's that? Why, I see there's some money dropped!

Judge [*shaking all over*] — I—impos—sible, sir! [*Aside*] Oh, Lord, now *I'm* before the judge! They've brought the cart to take me to Siberia!

Khlestakóf [*picks the notes up*] — Yes, so it is; it's money!

Judge — Now, all is over! I'm lost! I'm lost!

Khlestakóf — I say, *lend* me this!

Judge [*eagerly*] — If you wish, sir, if you wish — with the greatest of pleasure! [*Aside*] Now, courage — courage! Aid me, Most Holy Mother!

Khlestakóf — I spent all my money on the road, you know, over one thing and another. However, as soon as I get home I'll return it you.

Judge — Don't mention it; it's quite unnecessary! The *honor* of lending it you is enough. Indeed, with my feeble powers, but with all zeal and loyalty to the Government — I shall endeavor to deserve — [*Rises and stands erect, hands down*]

his sides.]. I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence. Will there be any injunction?

Khlestakóf — *Injunction* — what injunction?

Judge — I mean, will you not give any injunction to the judge of this district?

Khlestakóf — *Why* should I? I've no need for him at present; no, thank you — thanks very much!

Judge [*bowing and going out, aside*] — *Now* the town is ours!

Khlestakóf [*alone*] — H'm, the Judge is an excellent fellow!

Enter the POSTMASTER in uniform, sword in hand.

Postmaster — I have the honor to present myself: Postmaster and Court Councilor Shpyókin!

Khlestakóf — Ah, welcome! I'm very fond of agreeable company! Take a seat! And so you live here always?

Postmaster — Yes, sir, just so.

Khlestakóf — Well, I like this little town of yours. Certainly, there are not many people in it, but what of that? it's not the capital. That's true, isn't it — it's *not* the capital?

Postmaster — That's quite true, sir.

Khlestakóf — You see, it is only in the capital you get *bon-ton*, and no country bumpkins. That's your opinion, isn't it?

Postmaster — Exactly so, sir! [*Aside*] Well, he's not at all *haughty* — he talks about anything!

Khlestakóf — Still you admit you *can* live happily in a small town?

Postmaster — Precisely so, sir!

Khlestakóf — What does one want? In *my* opinion, all you want is that people should respect you, and sincerely like you — isn't that so?

Postmaster — Absolutely correct.

Khlestakóf — I must say I'm glad we are of the same mind. I dare say I'm called eccentric, but it's my nature. [*Catches the other's eye, and speaks sotto voce.*] I may as well borrow a trifle of this Postmaster too. [*Aloud*] A very odd thing has happened to me: I've spent my last coin on the way. Can you lend me three hundred roubles?

Postmaster — Of course! I shall count it a very great happiness. Here it is — take it, sir, please — delighted to oblige you!

Khlestakóf — Thanks, very much. You see, I've a mortal

hatred of stinting myself when I'm traveling — why should I? Ain't I right?

Postmaster — Quite right, sir! [*Rises and draws himself up, with his hand on his sword.*] I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence. Have you any observation to make with reference to the postal administration?

Khlestakóf — No, nothing!

[*The POSTMASTER bows and exit.*]

Khlestakóf [*lighting a cigar*] — The Postmaster, it seems to me, is also a very good fellow — at least, he's ready to oblige; that's the sort of people I like.

Enter LUKÁ LUKÍCH, unceremoniously propelled from behind.
A voice in his rear is heard saying, almost aloud, "Go on, what are you afraid of?"

Luká [*saluting nervously, with his hand on his sword*] — I have the honor to present myself: Director of Schools and Honorary Councilor Khlópof!

Khlestakóf — Ah, how d'ye do! Take a seat! take a seat! Won't you have a weed? [*Offers him one.*]

Luká [*aside, irresolutely*] — Good gracious now! I never thought of that! Shall I take it or not?

Khlestakóf — Take it, take it; it's of an excellent brand. To be sure, it's not a Petersburg one. I used to smoke cigars *there*, my good sir, that cost twenty-five roubles the hundred. Ah! you'd lick your fingers after smoking *them*! Here's a match — light up! [*Gives him a match. LUKÁ tries to smoke, shaking all over.*] There, don't put *that* end in your mouth!

Luká [*throws the cigar down, spits, and gesticulates. Aside*] — Devil take it all; my cursed nervousness spoils everything!

Khlestakóf — I see you're not very fond of cigars, but I own they're one of *my* weaknesses. Not the only one, though — I'm rather susceptible to the charms of the fair sex too. What's *your* taste? Do you prefer *brunettes*, or *blondes*?

[*LUKÁ is completely dumfounded.*]

Khlestakóf — No, out with it! — *brunettes*, or *blondes*!

Luká — I daren't give an opinion.

Khlestakóf — No, no; don't get out of it *that* way. I particularly want to know your taste.

Luká — I will venture to say then — [*Aside*] I don't know what I'm saying — my head's in a whirl!

Khlestakóf—Aha! Aha! So you won't commit yourself! I'm sure you're smitten with some little *brunette* or other! Confess it now—you *are*! [*LUKÁ is speechless.*] Oho, you're blushing. Look, look! Why won't you speak?

Luká—I'm too shy, your nob—excell—enity! [*Aside*] Confound my tongue, it's done for me, done for me!

Khlestakóf—Too shy—eh? Well, there's a certain something in my look which inspires that feeling; at least I know that not a woman can resist it—can they?

Luká—Certainly not, sir!

Khlestakóf—Now, there's a very funny thing happened to me: I've spent all I possess in coming here. You couldn't lend me three hundred roubles, could you?

Luká [*aside, grabbing at his purse*]—What a case, if I haven't got them!—Ah, I have, I have!

[*Takes some notes out, and hands them, trembling, to KHELESTAKÓF.*]

Khlestakóf—I'm deeply indebted to you!

Luká—I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence!

Khlestakóf—Good-by, then!

Luká [*disappears hastily, remarking, aside*]—There! thank Heaven! perhaps he won't visit the schools now!

Enter the CHARITY COMMISSIONER, ARTÉMI PHILÍPOVICH. He draws himself up like the others, in a military attitude of respectful attention, with his hand on his sword.

Charity Commissioner—I have the honor to present myself: Charity Commissioner and Court Councilor Zemlyanika.

Khlestakóf—How do you do? Won't you take a seat?

Charity Commissioner—I had the honor of receiving and personally conducting you through the charitable institutions committed to my charge.

Khlestakóf—Ah, so you did, I remember. You gave me an excellent luncheon.

Charity Commissioner—I am glad to labor in the service of my Fatherland.

Khlestakóf—It's my weakness—I confess it—I'm fond of good cookery. But it seems as if you weren't so tall and erect yesterday, were you?

Charity Commissioner—It's very possible. [*After a short silence.*] I can only say that I spare no effort to perform my duty zealously. [*Draws his chair a little closer, and speaks in a*

lower tone.] There's this Postmaster here does absolutely nothing. Everything is in the greatest state of neglect: letters and packages are kept back—pray investigate the matter yourself. The Judge too, who was here just before me, does nothing but hunt hares, and keeps his dogs in the County Court buildings; while his general conduct, if I *must* unburden my mind to you—certainly it's for my country's good that I have to do it, though he's my friend and connection—well, his conduct is most deplorable. There's a certain proprietor here, Dobchinski by name—you have deigned to meet him—and as soon as ever Dobchinski goes away anywhere, his wife and the Judge are having a *tête-à-tête*. I am ready to swear to it—and the *children*, down to the youngest little girl, have a very strong likeness to the Judge—

Khlestakóf—Well, I declare! I never should have thought it!

Charity Commissioner—Then there's the Director of Schools. I can't think *how* the Government could have appointed him. He's worse than a Jacobin, and he poisons the minds of the young generation with revolutionary doctrines that simply baffle description. Hadn't I better put all this down on paper?

Khlestakóf—Do, by all means; I shall be very glad to have it! I like to read something amusing when I'm bored. By the way, what is your name? I keep forgetting!

Charity Commissioner—Zemlyanika.

Khlestakóf—Ah, of course—Zemlyanika. And tell me, please, have you any children?

Charity Commissioner—To be sure I have, sir, five of 'em; two are now grown up.

Khlestakóf—You don't say so; grown up! And now—what are their—

Charity Commissioner—I understand, you are pleased to ask what their names are?

Khlestakóf—Yes, what are their names?

Charity Commissioner—Nikolaí, Iván, Yelizavéta, Márya, and Perepetúya.

Khlestakóf—Good, good!

Charity Commissioner—As I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence, or take up the time which you consecrate to the performance of your duties—

[*Bows and prepares to leave.*]

Khlestakóf [*accompanying him out*] — Oh, don't mention it! All you told me is very amusing. It's a great treat to me. [*Turns back, and reopens the door, calling after him:*] Hi, there! what are your—I quite forget your Christian and paternal names!

Charity Commissioner — Artémi Philíppovich.

Khlestakóf — Oh, I beg your pardon, Artémi Philíppovich, but an odd thing has happened to me—I've cleaned myself out coming here. You haven't got four hundred roubles to lend me?

Charity Commissioner — Yes, I have. [*Gives it.*]

Khlestakóf — Well, that *is* lucky! I thank you most sincerely!

Enter the GOVERNOR, breathlessly, and ANNA ANDRÉYEVNA and MÁRYA ANTÓNOVNA.

Governor — I will never do so again, your Excellency! Don't ruin me — don't ruin me!

Khlestakóf — Why, what's the matter?

Governor — The merchants have been here, complaining to your Excellency. I swear, on my honor, not half of what they say is true. They cheat and rob the people themselves. The sergeant's wife lied when she told you I flogged her—it's false, *yéi Bóhu*, it's false. Why, *she flogged herself*!

Khlestakóf — The sergeant's wife may go to the devil—I'm not going to bother about *her*!

Governor — Don't believe 'em — don't believe 'em! they're such liars — not a *child* will trust 'em even! The whole town knows they're liars, and as for cheating, I'll go so far as to say the world has never bred such a gang!

Anna — But do you know the honor Iván Alexándrovich has conferred on us? He has asked for our daughter's hand!

Governor — What? what? You're *mad*, *mátushka*. Don't be offended, your Excellency; but she's a little wrong in the head sometimes — she takes after her mother.

Khlestakóf — But I do really ask for her hand! I'm deeply in love!

Governor — I can't believe it, your Excellency —

Anna — Not when he *tells* you so?

Khlestakóf — I'm not joking — I'm madly in love with her!

Governor — I daren't believe it; I'm not worthy of such an honor!

Khlestakóf — If you refuse me Márya Antónovna's hand, the devil knows what I'm not ready for!

Governor — I can't believe you — you are pleased to be jesting, Excellency!

Anna — Oh, what a *blockhead* you are, to be sure! How many times are you to be told?

Governor — No, no — it's incredible!

Khlestakóf — Give me your consent, give me your consent! I'm a desperate man — capable of anything! If I blow my brains out, *you* will be held responsible.

Governor — Oh, my God! I am innocent, body and soul! Don't take offense, I beg! Please do what your honor thinks fit! My head's in such a whirl now — I can't realize what's going on. I've become a regular tom fool — such as I never was before!

Anna — There now, give them your blessing!

[*KHLESTAKÓF and MÁRYA approach him.*

Governor — May the Lord bless you — but I am innocent of it! [*KHLESTAKÓF kisses MÁRYA. The GOVERNOR stares at them, and at last realizes that it is not all a plot.*] What? what the devil! They're really — [*Rubs his eyes.*] So they are, they're kissing each other; they actually *are* — just as if they were engaged! Aha! Oho! What a stroke of luck! Well, I'm blest!!

Enter OSIP.

Osip — The horses are ready!

Khlestakóf — All right — I'll come directly!

Governor — Why! Are you going away?

Khlestakóf — Yes, I'm starting.

Governor — But just when — that is to say — you condescended to hint at a marriage, I thought!

Khlestakóf — I have to leave, though, at a minute's notice; but I'm only going for a day to see my uncle — he's a wealthy old boy — and I'll be back again to-morrow!

Governor — We won't venture to detain you then — we'll only hope for your safe return!

Khlestakóf — Thanks, thanks; I'll come back directly! [*To MÁRYA*] Good-by, my love! — No, I can't bear to say it! Farewell, darling. [*Kisses her hand.*

Governor — Will you want anything for your journey? You were good enough, I think, to say you were short of funds?

Khlestakóf — Oh, no, it doesn't matter. [*Reflects a little.*] Well — all the same — since you *are* so kind —

Governor — How much do you want?

Khlestakóf — Well, you know, you have lent me two hundred — that's to say, it wasn't *two* hundred, but *four* — I don't want to profit by your mistake — so, if you like to lend me as much again, that will make it a round sum, just eight hundred.

Governor — You shall have it at once! [*Takes the notes out of his purse.*] There, as if on purpose, there's some brand-new notes!

Khlestakóf — Ah, so they are! [*Takes the notes and examines them.*] That's fine! They say new bank notes mean good luck, don't they?

Governor — So they do, sir; exactly so!

Khlestakóf — Well, good-by, Antón Antónovich! I'm deeply grateful to you for your hospitality — I've never been so well treated as here. Good-by, Anna Andréyevna! Farewell, Márya Antónovna, my darling!

[*They go off, and their voices are heard behind the scenes.*]

Khlestakóf — Farewell, Márya Antónovna, angel of my soul!

Governor — Oh, how's this? you're going to ride in a post carriage?

Khlestakóf — Yes, it's a way I have. Springs give me a headache.

Driver — Tpr. — Whoa then!

Governor — Have something then laid there; a rug, say. Won't you let me tell them to get you one?

Khlestakóf — Oh no, why? it's needless — still, if you like, let's have the rug!

Governor — Here, Avdótya, run to the cupboard and get out the very best rug, the Persian one with the blue ground — make haste!

Driver — Tprrr —

Governor — How long are we to wait for your return?

Khlestakóf — Oh, to-morrow, or the day after!

Osip — Ah, is that the rug? let's have it here — lay it *so*! And now put some hay this side!

Driver — Whoa then, whoa —

Osip — Here, on this side! this way! more — that's right! that'll do famous! [*Pats the rug with his hand.*] Now you can take your seat, your honor!

Khlestakóf — Good-by, Antón Antónovich !

Governor — Good-by, your Excellency !

Women's Voices — Good-by, Iván Alexándrovich !

Khlestakóf — Good-by, *mámenka* !

Driver — Gee-up, my beauties !

[*Bell tinkles ; the curtain falls.*]

Enter the JUDGE, CHARITY COMMISSIONER, GOVERNOR, DOBCHÍNSKI, BOBCHÍNSKI, *and* LUKÁ LUKÍCH.

Judge — Who was it then who first gave out he was the Revizór ? Answer me !

Charity Commissioner [*shrugging his shoulders*] — It all happened in such a way that I wouldn't tell you, if you were to kill me. Our wits were befogged — it was the devil's doing !

Judge — Who started the idea ? Why, there they are — those enterprising young bucks !

[*Points to* DOBCHÍNSKI *and* BOBCHÍNSKI.

Bobchínski — I swear it wasn't *me* ! I never thought —

Dobchínski — I hadn't the *least* idea —

Charity Commissioner — Undoubtedly it was *you* !

Luká — Why, certainly it was ; they ran like mad from the inn with the news — “ He's here, he's come, he pays no money ! ” A fine bird you discovered !

Governor — Of course, it was *you* — you gossiping busy-bodies, you damnable liars !

Charity Commissioner — I wish you had gone to the devil with your revizór and your stories !

Governor — All you do is to run about the town and meddle with everybody, you confounded chatterboxes, you tittle-tattling scandal mongers, you short-tailed jackdaws !

Judge — You confounded bunglers !

Luká — You dirty nightcaps !

Charity Commissioner — You pot-bellied drivellers !

[*All crowd up to them threateningly.*]

Bobchínski — *Yéi Bóhu*, it wasn't *me*, it was Dobchínski !

Dobchínski — No, Peter Ivánovich, you certainly were the first to —

Bobchínski — No, I did not — *you* began it.

Enter a Gendarme.

Gendarme — The Inspector General sent by Imperial com-

mand has arrived, and requests your attendance at once. He awaits you in the inn.

[*They are thunderstruck at this announcement. The ladies utter simultaneous ejaculations of amazement; the whole group suddenly shift their positions and remain as if petrified.*



IRMA'S REMORSE.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

(FROM "ON THE HEIGHTS.")

[BERTHOLD AUERBACH: A German writer; born in 1812; died in 1882. He was of Jewish extraction, and received his education at the universities of Heidelberg and Munich. His parents designed him for the Jewish priesthood, but his philosophical tastes being somewhat advanced for his time, he finally abandoned that career. His writings cover a wide range, including history, biography, philosophy, and fiction. He wrote, among others, a "Life of Frederick the Great," published under the pseudonym of Theobald Chauber, and a version of Spinoza's philosophy in the German, a work displaying much painstaking care. Among a great number of other works may be mentioned "On the Heights," generally considered to be his best work in fiction, and "The Villa on the Rhine." "The Head Forester" was published two years before his death.]

HE who destroys his life does not destroy his own life alone.

The child who afflicts a father assists in preparing his grave.

Upon my brow there stands an inextinguishable print, a Cain mark from the hand of my father.

I can never again look at my own face, nor can I ever let the eye of another look on it.

Can I flee from myself? Everywhere myself must follow me.

I am a castaway, lost, and ruined —

Such was the dreary monotone that rang through Irma's soul again and again.

She lay in the darkened room, where not a sunbeam was allowed to penetrate, nor a ray of light to enter; she was alone with herself and darkness. Her thoughts called to her like voices, on the right, on the left, from above, and from below, everywhere—and it often seemed to her as if her father's hand hovered through the gloom with an outstretched finger of flame.

She heard without the voices of Bruno and the physician ; Bruno wanted to ask her many things, Gunther wished to return to the capital. Irma answered that she could see no one ; she commissioned Gunther with a thousand greetings to all who cared for her.

Gunther charged the family doctor and the maid to watch carefully over Irma ; he sent a messenger to Emmy in the convent.

Irma remained in darkness and in solitude.

The tempter came to her, and said : —

“Why dost thou pine away thy young life? the whole world lies before thee with its splendor and beauty. Where is a trace upon thy brow? the hand that left it is stiff and decayed. Rise up! the world is thine! why languish away? why mortify thyself? everything lives for itself, everything lives its time. Thy father has consummated his life, consummate thou thine own! What is sin? — death has no right to life, life alone has right —

Hither and thither the struggle tormented her, and suddenly in the gloom she seemed to have before her the New Testament scene, in which Satan and the Archangel dispute about the body of Moses.

“I am no dead body,” she burst forth, “and there are no angels and there are no devils! All is a lie! from generation to generation they sing to all sorts of tales as they do to children in the darkness.

“The day is here. I can pull aside my curtain and the world of light is mine. Have not thousands erred like me, and still live happy?”

She rushed to the window. It seemed to her as if she lay buried alive in the earth, her imagination transported her to that one grave —

“I must have light, light!”

She raised the curtain. A broad ray of light came in. She sprang back ; the curtain fell again and she lay in darkness.

Presently she heard a voice which went deep to her heart. Colonel Bronnen had come from the capital to show the last token of respect to Eberhardt ; he begged Irma — and his strong voice was half stifled — to do him the favor and let him mourn with her for the dead.

Irma's blood seemed to congeal in her heart. She opened

the door and held out her hand to her friend in the dark ; he pressed it, and she heard him, strong man as he was, weeping loudly. As if storm-driven, the thoughts passed through her mind : there stands a man who could rescue thee, and thou couldst serve him, and be subject to him—but how wouldst thou dare?

“I thank you,” she said at last; “may you ever feel the happiness of having acted kindly to the departed one and me”—

Her voice faltered ; she could not say more.

Bronnen went : he left her in the darkness.

Irma was again alone.

The last hold which she had left in life was broken. Could she have imagined what lines, from a torn letter picked up on the public way, Bronnen had in his pocket, she would have screamed aloud.

One thought alone was ever awake within her. What was it to her to see the sun rise so many thousand times more, and every sunbeam and every eye would make writing the glare, and words would be an everlasting terror to her. Father—daughter—who would efface those words from language, that she might never hear them again, never read them again?

She felt a sort of unfathomable void in her mind. The one and only thought was ever returning, it was never to be exhausted, and yet every side of it had been weighed, and brooding reflection had turned it over and over, with crushing power, indefatigably and yet wearily, in a thousand different aspects.

Then there came on that stupor of mind which is utter thoughtlessness. Nothing to think, nothing to desire, nothing to do. Chaos had fallen over the individual man, and beyond it hovered intangible objects. Let them come ; be still as a beast for sacrifice, upon whose head the ax of the officiating priest is to be uplifted. The destiny must be accomplished ; thou canst do nothing, thou canst only stand still and not shrink away from it.

Irma lay thus for hours.

Outside her room, the pendulum of the great clock ticked, and the sound seemed ever saying, “Father—daughter, daughter—father.” For hours she heard nothing but the ticking, and ever the words, Father—daughter, daughter—father ! She longed to call out and order them to stop the clock, but she forbore. She tried to force herself not to hear these words

in the ticking of the pendulum. But she could not succeed. Father — daughter, daughter — father ! the pendulum still kept on repeating.

That which had once been the free play of her humor, now played with her. "What hast thou seen of the world?" she said to herself. "A little segment. Thou must now make a journey round the whole earth; that shall be thy pilgrimage, and so thou wilt forget thyself. Thou must become acquainted with the whole planet, on which these creatures creep about, who call themselves men, and who stupefy their misery with digging and planting, with preaching and singing, with chiseling and painting, until they die. Stupefaction is everything" —

And in her mind pictures formed themselves, carrying her into boundless distances, the faithful servant pitching the tent in the desert, and perhaps some wild race approaching —

Half dreaming she heard the tomtom, and saw herself borne away, adorned with peacock's feathers, and dusky young forms dancing round her.

Her lively fancy had once amused itself with the idea, and it now arose of itself before her, half maddening her, as the sense-confusing dance closed around her.

It was the depth of the night. All were sleeping.

Irma opened her door gently and glided out.

She went to the chamber of death. A solitary light was burning at the head of the body; he lay in an open coffin, with a bunch of corn in his hand. The servant, who was watching by the corpse, looked amazed at Irma; he only nodded and did not speak a word.

Irma grasped her father's hand. Had that hand but rested in blessing on her head, instead of —

She knelt down and kissed the icy cold hand with her burning lips. A thought, a sense-distracting thought, flashed through her mind: "It was the kiss of eternity! Burning flame and icy coldness had met together. It was the kiss of eternity" —

When she awoke in her room, she knew no longer whether she had been dreaming, or whether it was a reality that she had kissed the dead hand of her father; but this she felt — that deep within her innermost soul there lay something like a drop of ice, immovable, indelible.

The kiss of eternity—she could nevermore kiss warm lips—she was united to the dead.

She heard the bells toll as they carried her father to the grave; she did not leave her room, no sound came from her lips, no tear fell from her eye; everything in her was mute, dull, and shattered.

She lay in darkness. When the pigeons cooed on the window sill outside, and flew away, she knew that it was day.

Bruno was annoyed to the utmost at his sister's eccentric conduct. He wished to leave, and he requested her to accompany him, or to say what she proposed doing. But she gave no reply. At length, equipped for starting, he went into Irma's anteroom; her maid was sitting there, reading.

Bruno had stretched out his hand to pat her under the chin, but he quickly recollected himself that he was in sorrow; and he drew his hand back.

He gave his hat to the maid to fasten a mourning band on it, and in doing so, he stroked her hand as if by accident. Then he went again to his sister's door.

"Irma," said he, "Irma, be reasonable: give me an answer at last!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked a voice within.

"Open the door."

"I hear," she replied, but she did not open it.

"Well, then, I must tell you, there has been no will of my father's found. I will arrange everything with you in a brotherly manner. Won't you go with me to my family?"

"No."

"Then I must start alone. Good-by!"

He received no answer; he listened to the footsteps retreating from the door, and turned away. The maid had fastened the crape round his hat; Bruno kissed her hand, and gave her a handsome present.

Then he set out on his journey.

It suited him well that he could travel without Irma; he could better give way to his inclinations when undisturbed by any one, and his philosophy enjoined no unnecessary sorrow! It is of no avail, and only mars life by it.

On the road, he felt very well satisfied with himself. The Wildenort estate he kept for himself on account of the name; it was small, and without some position in the state he could not live on it in a manner suitable to his rank. He resolved

to give Irma when she married, which he hoped would soon be the case, the entire value of the hereditary property as her dowry.

Bruno traveled to the capital, and his first object after having visited his family was the jockey club, which was now permanently established. By paying a moderate forfeit, he wished to withdraw his horses from the race, which was to take place in the next few days ; he was in sorrow, and they would have regard to that. On the way he met the physician, and Bruno turned back. The physician was going to the palace.

Never had this man, who was regarded at court as unmovable, been seen so agitated as when he brought back the tidings of the death of the old Count Wildenort.

He told the queen of the edifying reflections which had roused Eberhardt in his last hour, but he could not help adding that his deceased friend had not attained to the high point towards which he had so honestly striven ; for that in his very last hour he had groped for outward support, and was obliged to impress anew upon his mind all that he had labored to obtain. The queen looked with astonishment at the man who could judge so sternly even when most deeply affected.

"How does our Irma bear it?" asked she.

"Heavily and silently, your majesty," replied the physician.

"I think," said the king to the queen, "we ought to write to our friend and send a messenger to her."

The queen concurred with his opinion, and the king said aloud to the comptroller of the household : —

"The queen wishes at once to dispatch a courier to the Countess Irma ; will you make the necessary arrangement? Send the lackey Baum."

The queen was startled. Why did the king say that she wished to send a messenger, when he had suggested it, and she had only agreed? A fear passed through her, but she mastered it quickly, and reproached herself that the evil thought which had once been stirred in her had not yet entirely vanished. She went to her room, and wrote to Irma. The king also wrote.

Baum assumed a very modest and submissive expression when the comptroller of the household ordered him at once to make ready and to go as courier to the Countess of Wildenort ; he was to remain with the countess, and never to leave her,

and if she wished to travel, he was to accompany her until her return to the court.

When Baum set off with the letters, his face wore a very different expression; it was now triumphant; he was now on the point of gaining his great desire; the most delicate commission had been given him, he knew how it was, they understood him and he understood others. He turned behind to look towards the palace, and his expression was now by no means submissive; whispering behind his left hand, while he stroked his breast with the right, he said to himself, "I shall come back a made man, and I must at least be gentleman of the chamber."

Baum arrived at the castle. The maid told him that her mistress neither saw nor spoke to any one.

"If she could only cry," said the maid; "her silent grief is killing her."

There was a knock at Irma's closed door; but it was long before an answer came. At last Irma inquired what was the matter. She was obliged to support herself by the handle of the door, when she recognized Baum's voice. Had the king himself perhaps come?

Baum said that he had been sent as courier by their majesties, to deliver a letter. Irma opened the door only so far as to put out her hand; she took in the large letter and placed it on the table — she had nothing to learn of the world outside, the world outside could give her no comfort, no one could.

At length, towards evening, she drew back the curtains and broke the seal of the large envelope. Two letters were in it; one was directed in the queen's handwriting, the other in that of the king. She unfolded the queen's letter first, and read:—

DEAR, GOOD IRMA! [It was the first time that the queen had written so affectionately. Irma wiped her face with her handkerchief and went on reading.]

You have suffered the hardest sorrow in life. I should like to be with you to press your heavily beating heart to my own, and to kiss the tears from your eyes. I will not comfort you, I will only tell you that I feel with you, so far as one can feel what one has not one's self experienced. You are strong, noble, and harmonious, and I must appeal to you [Irma's hand trembled as she read this] to remember yourself and to bear your grief purely and beautifully. You are orphaned, but the world must not be desolate and void to

you. There still live hearts allied to you by friendship. I rejoice, or rather I thank God, that I can be anything to you in sorrow. I need not tell you that I am your friend, but it does one good in hours like this to tell one's self so. I should like not to spend a single hour in amusement while you are in affliction. Every feeling is shared between us. [Irma covered her face with her hand. She composed herself and went on reading.]

Let me soon know what I can be to you. Come to me, or remain in solitude, just as your nature prompts. If I could only give you that enjoyment of yourself which we feel! You don't know what great delights you have afforded us. You have enriched our wealth of perception; that is the noblest achievement. Be strong in yourself, and know that you may rely on your heartily loving

MATILDA.

Irma laid the letter on the table, but she involuntarily pushed it far away from that of the king, which was still unopened. Years should elapse, seas should lie between, before the words of the king ought to be heard after such as these. And yet—how often had she listened to them both in the same breath, and looked at them with the same glance.

With a violent movement, as if in anger, she broke open the king's letter and read :—

It is deeply painful to me that you, my sweet friend, should have to learn that you are the child of a mortal man. I lament that your beautiful eyes should weep. If the most exalted are still capable of purification—and what mortal being is not so—this sorrow will only heighten your noble sentiments. But I pray you not to mount so high as to find us mean and low. Carry us with you on your heights.

Irma's countenance assumed a bitter, petrified expression. She went on reading :—

If you torment your beautiful eyes with tears and your noble heart with sighs, for more than seven days, and wish to live alone, let me know it by one word. If you wish to protect your mourning, and to recover yourself and another self by travel, decide whither you intend to go; only not too far away, not too far into the land of sorrow, a land foreign to you. You ought to be joyful, and to subdue grief cheerfully and quickly.

Your affectionate

K.

In the letter there lay a small piece of paper with the inscription, "to be burnt at once."

I can't live without thee: I lose myself if I lose thee. The present alone is life. I can only breathe in the light of thine eyes. I want no clouds, I yearn for sun. Remember what a world of thought thou harborest beneath that feathered hat. Give the world its sway. Thou must not be sad, thou must not, for my sake. Thou must be mistress of thy grief, as thou art mistress over me. Be strong, soar above everything, and come to thy K.

The kiss of eternity! I alone can kiss away the clouds, the sadness from thy brow—I can and I will!

Irma screamed aloud; she suppressed a convulsive laugh.

Can any lips kiss this brow? How would they relish the cold touch of death stamped here forever? How would that terrible word taste to their lips? Kiss it away! kiss it away! It burns, it freezes!

The maid outside heard these last words; she wanted to hasten to Irma, but the door was locked.

After a time Irma raised her head, and was astonished to find herself on the ground. She rose, and ordered light and writing materials. She burned both the letters from the king, held her heavy head for a time in her two hands, then took her pen and wrote:—

QUEEN, — I expiate my guilt with death. Forgive and forget.
IRMA.

She wrote on the envelope, "By Gunther's hand. To the queen herself."

Then she took another sheet, and wrote: —

MY FRIEND, — I address you for the last time. We are treading a false way, a terribly false one. I expiate my guilt. You do not belong to yourself. You belong to her and to your whole state. You must expiate in life, I in death. Compose yourself, agree with the law that binds you to her and to the community. You have denied both; and I, I have helped you to do so. Our life, our love, has brought upon you a terrible fate. You could no longer be true to yourself. You must again become so, and that entirely. Dying, I impress this on you, and I die gladly, if you will abide by my entreaty. Everlasting nature knows that we did not wish to sin, but it was so. My judgment is written on my brow, inscribe thine in thy heart, and live anew. Everything is still before you. I receive the kiss of eternity from death. Hear this voice and forget it not! but forget her who calls to you. I wish for no remembrance.

THE CONFESSION.¹

By JUAN VALERA.

(From "Pepita Ximenez": translated by Mary J. Serrano.)

[JUAN VALERA: A Spanish novelist and poet; was born at Cabra, province of Cordova, October 18, 1824. His works include: "Poems" (1858), "Critical Studies" (1864-1884), "Pepita Ximenez" (1874), "The Illusions of Doctor Faustino" (1876), "The Comendador Mendoza" (1877), "Doña Luz" (1878), "New Studies" (1884), "Songs, Romances, and Poems" (1885), "Stories, Dialogues, and Fantasies" (1887), and "A Good Reputation" (1895).]

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. Pepita was in an apartment on an upper floor, contiguous to her bedroom and dressing room, where no one ever entered without being summoned, save Antoñona.

The furniture of this apartment was simple, but comfortable and in good taste. The curtains and the covering of the easy-chairs, the sofas, and the armchairs were of a flowered cotton fabric. On a mahogany table were writing materials and papers, and in a bookcase, also of mahogany, were many books of devotion and history. The walls were adorned with pictures—engravings on religious subjects, but with this particularity in their selection, unheard of, extraordinary, almost incredible in an Andalusian village, that, instead of being bad French lithographs, they were engravings in the best style of Spanish art, as the "Spasimodi Sicilia" of Rafael; the "St. Ildefonso and the Virgin," the "Conception," the "St. Bernard," and the two "Lunettes" of Murillo.

On an antique oak table, supported by fluted columns, was a small writing desk, or *escritoire*, inlaid with shell, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and brass, and containing a great many little drawers, in which Pepita kept bills and other papers. On this table were also two porcelain vases filled with flowers; and, finally, hanging against the walls, were several flower-pots of Seville Carthusian ware, containing ivy, geranium, and other plants, and three gilded cages, in which were canaries and larks.

This apartment was the retreat of Pepita, where no one entered during the daytime except the doctor and the reverend vicar, and, in the evening, only the overseer to settle ac-

¹ By permission of D. Appleton & Co., New York, and Mr. Wm. Heinemann.
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counts. This apartment was called the library, and served the purpose of one.

Pepita was seated, half reclining, on a sofa, before which stood a small table with some books upon it.

She had just risen, and was attired in a light summer wrapper. Her blond hair, not yet arranged, looked even more beautiful in its disorder. Her countenance, somewhat pale, and, although it still preserved its fresh and youthful aspect, showing dark circles under the eyes, looked more beautiful than ever under the influence of the malady that robbed it of color.

Pepita showed signs of impatience; she was waiting for some one.

At last the person she was awaiting, who proved to be the reverend vicar, arrived, and entered without announcement.

After the usual salutations, the reverend vicar settled himself comfortably in an easy-chair, and the conversation thus began :—

“I am very glad, my child, that you sent for me; but, even without your doing so, I was just coming to see you. How pale you are! What is it that ails you? Have you something of importance to tell me?”

Pepita began her answer to this series of affectionate inquiries with a deep sigh; she then said :—

“Do you not divine my malady? Have you not discovered the cause of my suffering?”

The vicar made a gesture of denial, and looked at Pepita with something like terror in his gaze; for he knew nothing of all that had taken place, and was struck by the vehemence with which she spoke.

Pepita continued :—

“I ought not to have sent for you, father. I should have gone to the church myself instead, to speak with you in the confessional, and there confess my sins. But, unhappily, far from repenting of them, my heart has hardened itself in wickedness. I have neither the courage nor the desire to speak to the confessor, but only to the friend.”

“What are you saying about sins and hardness of heart? Have you taken leave of your senses? What sins can you have committed, you who are so good?”

“No, father, I am not good. I have been deceiving you; I have been deceiving myself; I have tried to deceive God.”

"Come, come, calm yourself; speak with moderation and common sense, and don't talk foolishly."

"And how shall I avoid talking foolishly when the spirit of evil possesses me?"

"Holy Virgin! Don't talk nonsense, child; the demons most to be feared that take possession of the soul are three, and none of them, I am certain, can have dared to enter into yours. One is Leviathan, or the spirit of Pride; the other is Mammon, or the spirit of Avarice; and the other is Asmodeus, or the spirit of Unholy Love."

"Well, I am the victim of all three; all three hold dominion over me."

"This is dreadful! Calm yourself, I repeat. The real trouble with you is that you are out of your head."

"Would to God it were so! The contrary, unhappily for me, is the case. I am avaricious, because I possess riches, and do not perform the works of charity I ought to perform; I am proud, because I scorn the addresses of my many suitors, not through virtue, not through modesty, but because I thought them unworthy of my love. God has punished me; God has permitted the third enemy you have named to take possession of me."

"How is this, child? What diabolical notion has entered into your mind? Have you by chance fallen in love? And, if you have, what harm is there in that? Are you not free? Get married, then, and stop talking nonsense. I am certain it is my friend Don Pedro de Vargas who has wrought the miracle. That same Don Pedro is the very devil! I confess I am surprised, though. I did not think matters had gone quite so far as that already."

"But it is not Don Pedro de Vargas I am in love with."

"And with whom, then?"

Pepita rose from her seat, went to the door, opened it, looked to see if any one was listening outside, drew near to the reverend vicar, and, with signs of the deepest distress, in a trembling voice, and with tears in her eyes, said, almost in the ear of the good old man:—

"I am hopelessly in love with his son."

"With whose son?" cried the reverend vicar, who could not yet bring himself to believe what he had heard.

"With whose son should it be? I am hopelessly, desperately in love with Don Luis."

Consternation and dolorous surprise were depicted on the countenance of the kind and simple priest. There was a moment's pause ; the vicar then said : —

"But this is a love without hope ; a love not to be thought of. Don Luis will not love you in return."

In the midst of the tears that clouded the beautiful eyes of Pepita gleamed a joyful light ; her rosy, dewy lips, contracted by sorrow, parted in a smile, disclosing to view her pearly teeth.

"He loves me," said Pepita, with a faint and ill-concealed accent of satisfaction and triumph that rose exultant over her sorrow and her scruples of conscience.

The consternation and the astonishment of the reverend vicar here reached their highest pitch. If the saint to whom he paid his most fervent devotions had been suddenly cast down from the altar before him, and had fallen, broken into a thousand fragments, at his feet, the reverend vicar could not have felt greater consternation than he did. He still looked at Pepita with incredulity, as if doubting whether what she had said were true, or only a delusion of feminine vanity, so firmly did he believe in the holiness of Don Luis, and in his spiritual-mindedness.

"He loves me," Pepita repeated, in answer to his incredulous glance.

"Women are worse than the very devil !" said the vicar. "You would set a snare for the old boy himself."

"Did I not tell you already that I was very wicked?"

"Come, come ! calm yourself The mercy of God is infinite. Tell me all that has happened."

"What should have happened ? That he is dear to me ; that I love him ; that I adore him ; that he loves me, too, although he strives to conquer his love, and, in the end, may succeed in doing so ; and that you, without knowing it, are very much to blame for it all !"

"Well, this caps the climax ! What do you mean by saying I am very much to blame ?"

"With the extreme goodness that is characteristic of you, you have done nothing but praise Don Luis to me ; and I am sure that you have pronounced still greater eulogies on me to him, although very much less deserved. What is the natural consequence ? Am I of bronze ? Have I not the passions of youth ?"

"You are more than right ; I am a dolt : I have contributed, in great part, to this work of Lucifer."

The reverend vicar was so truly good, and so full of humanity, that, while pronouncing the preceding words, he showed as much confusion and remorse as if he were the culprit and Pepita the judge.

Pepita, conscious of her injustice and want of generosity in thus making the reverend vicar the accomplice, and scarcely less than the chief author, of her fault, spoke to him thus : —

"Don't torment yourself, father, for God's sake, don't torment yourself ! You see now how perverse I am. I commit the greatest sins, and I want to throw the responsibility of them on the best and the most virtuous of men. It is not the praises you have recited to me of Don Luis that have been my ruin, but my own eyes, and my want of circumspection. Even though you had never spoken to me of the good qualities of Don Luis, I should still have discovered them all by hearing him speak ; for, after all, I am not so ignorant, nor so great a fool. And, in any case, I myself have seen the grace of his person, the natural and untaught elegance of his manners, his eyes full of fire and intelligence, his whole self, in a word, which seems to me altogether amiable and desirable. Your eulogies of him have indeed pleased my vanity, but they did not awaken my inclinations. Your praises charmed me because they coincided with my own opinion, and were like the flattering echo — deadened, indeed, and faint — of my thoughts. The most eloquent encomium you have pronounced, in my hearing, on Don Luis, was far from being equal to the encomiums that I, at each moment, at each instant, silently pronounced upon him in my own soul."

"Don't excite yourself, child," interrupted the reverend vicar.

Pepita continued, with still greater exaltation : —

"But what a difference between your encomiums and my thoughts ! For you Don Luis was the exemplary model of the priest, the missionary, the apostle, now preaching the gospel in distant lands, now endeavoring in Spain to elevate Christianity, so degraded in our day through the impiety of some, and the want of virtue, of charity, and of knowledge of others. I, on the contrary, pictured him to myself handsome, loving, forgetting God for me, consecrating his life to me, giving me his soul, becoming my stay, my support, my sweet companion. I longed to commit a sacrilegious theft : I dreamed of stealing

him from God and from his temple, like the thief who, proclaiming himself the enemy of Heaven, robs the sacred monstrance of its most precious jewel. To commit this theft, I have put off the mourning garments of the widow and orphan, and have decked myself with profane adornments; I have abandoned my seclusion, and I have sought and gathered around me society. I have tried to make myself look beautiful; I have cared for every part of this miserable body—that must one day be lowered into the grave, and be converted into dust—with an unholy devotion; and, finally, I have looked at Don Luis with provoking glances, and on shaking hands with him I have sought to transmit from my veins to his the inextinguishable fire that is consuming me.”

“Alas! my child, what grief it gives me to hear this! Who could have imagined it?” said the vicar.

“But there is still more,” resumed Pepita; “I succeeded in making Don Luis love me. He declared it to me with his eyes. Yes, his love is as profound, as ardent, as mine. His virtues, his aspirations toward heavenly things, his manly energy, have all urged him to conquer this insensate passion. I sought to prevent this. One day, at the end of many days during which he had stayed away, he came to see me, and found me alone. When he gave me his hand, I wept; I could not speak, but hell inspired me with an accursed, mute eloquence that told him of my grief that he had scorned me, that he did not return my love, that he preferred another love—a love without stain—to mine. Then he was unable to resist the temptation, and he approached his lips to my face to kiss away my tears. Our lips met. If God had not willed that you should approach at that moment, what would have become of me?”

“How shameful! my child, how shameful!” said the reverend vicar.

Pepita covered her face with both hands and began to sob like a Magdalen. Her hands were, in truth, beautiful, more beautiful even than Don Luis had described them to be in his letters. Their whiteness, their pure transparency, the tapering form of the fingers, the roseate hue, the polish and the brilliancy of the pearl-like nails, all were such as might turn the head of any man.

The virtuous vicar could understand, notwithstanding his eighty years, the fall, or rather the slip, of Don Luis.

"Child!" he exclaimed, "don't cry so! It breaks my heart to see you. Calm yourself; Don Luis has no doubt repented of his sin; do you repent likewise, and nothing more need be said. God will pardon you both, and make a couple of saints of you. Since Don Luis is going away the day after to-morrow, it is a sure sign that virtue has triumphed in him, and that he flies from you, as he should, that he may do penance for his sin, fulfill his vow, and return to his vocation."

"That is all very well," replied Pepita; "fulfill his vow, return to his vocation, after giving me my death wound! Why did he love me, why did he encourage me, why did he deceive me? His kiss was a brand, it was as a hot iron with which he marked me and stamped me as his slave. Now that I am marked and enslaved, he abandons and betrays and destroys me. A good beginning to give to his missions, his preachings, and gospel triumphs! It shall not be! By Heaven, it shall not be!"

This outbreak of anger and scorned love confounded the reverend vicar.

Pepita had risen. Her attitude, her gesture, had something in them of tragic animation. Her eyes gleamed like daggers; they shone like two suns. The vicar was silent, and regarded her almost with terror. She paced with hasty steps up and down the apartment. She did not now seem like a timid gazelle, but like an angry lioness.

"What!" she said, once more facing the vicar, "has he nothing to do but laugh at me, tear my heart to pieces, humiliate it, trample it underfoot, after having cheated me out of it? He shall remember me! He shall pay me for this! If he is so holy, if he is so virtuous, why did he, with his glance, promise me everything? If he loves God so much, why does he seek to hurt one of God's poor creatures? Is this charity? Is this religion? No; it is pitiless selfishness."

Pepita's anger could not last long. After she had spoken the last words, it turned to dejection. She sank into a chair, weeping bitterly, and abandoning herself to an anguish heart-breaking to witness.

The vicar's heart was touched with pity; but he recovered himself on seeing that the enemy gave signs of yielding.

"Pepita, child," he said, "be reasonable; don't torment yourself in this way. Console yourself with the thought that

it was not without a hard struggle he was able to conquer himself ; that he has not deceived you ; that he loves you with his whole soul, but that God and his duty come first. This life is short, and soon passes. In heaven you will be reunited, and will love each other as the angels love. God will accept your sacrifice ; he will reward you, and repay you with interest. Even your self-love ought to be satisfied. How great must be your merit, when you have caused a man like Don Luis to waver in his resolution, and even to sin ! How deep must be the wound you have made in his heart ! Let this suffice you. Be generous ! be courageous ! Be his rival in firmness. Let him depart ; cast out from your heart the fire of impure love ; love him as your neighbor, for the love of God. Guard his image in your memory, but as that of the creature, reserving to the Creator the noblest part of your soul. I know not what I am saying to you, my child, for I am very much troubled ; but you have a great deal of intelligence and a great deal of common sense, and you will understand what I mean. Besides, there are powerful worldly reasons against this absurd love, even if the vocation and the vow of Don Luis were not opposed to it. His father is your suitor. He aspires to your hand, even though you do not love him. Does it look well that the son should turn out now to be the rival of his father ? Will not the father be displeased with the son for loving you ? See how dreadful all this is, and control yourself for the sake of Jesus and his blessed Mother."

"How easy it is to give advice !" returned Pepita, becoming a little calmer. "How hard for me to follow it, when there is a fierce and unchained tempest, as it were, raging in my soul ! I am afraid I shall go mad."

"The advice I give you is for your own good. Let Don Luis depart. Absence is a great remedy for the malady of love. In giving himself up to his studies, and consecrating himself to the service of the altar, he will be cured of his passion. When he is far away, you will recover your serenity by degrees, and will preserve in your memory only a grateful and melancholy recollection of him that will do you no harm. It will be like a beautiful poem whose music will harmonize your existence. Even if all your desires could be fulfilled — earthly love lasts, after all, but a short time. The delight the imagination anticipates in its enjoyment — what is it in comparison with the bitter dregs that remain behind, when the cup has been

drained to the bottom? How much better is it that your love, hardly yet contaminated, hardly despoiled of its purity, should be dissipated, and exhale itself now, rising up to heaven like a cloud of incense, than that, after it is once satisfied, it should perish through satiety! Have the courage to put away from your lips the cup while you have hardly tasted of its contents. Make of them a libation and an offering to the Divine Redeemer. He will give you, in exchange, the draught he offered to the Samaritan — a draught that does not satiate, that quenches the thirst, and that produces eternal life.”

“How good you are, father! Your holy words lend me courage. I will control myself; I will conquer myself. It would be shameful — would it not? — that Don Luis should be able to control and conquer himself, and that I should not be able to do so? Let him depart. He is going away the day after to-morrow; let him go with God’s blessing. See his card. He was here with his father to take leave of me, and I would not receive him. I do not even want to preserve the poetical remembrance of him of which you speak. This love has been a nightmare; I will cast it away from me.”

“Good! very good! It is thus that I want to see you — energetic, courageous.”

“Ah, father, God has cast down my pride with this blow. I was inscint in my arrogance, and the scorn of this man was necessary to my self-abasement. Could I be more humbled or more resigned than I am now? Don Luis is right: I am not worthy of him. However great the efforts I might make, I could not succeed in elevating myself to him and comprehending him, in putting my spirit into perfect communication with his. I am a rude country girl, unlearned, uncultured; and he — there is no science he does not understand, no secret of which he is ignorant, no region of the intellectual world, however exalted, to which he may not soar. Thither on the wings of his genius does he mount; and me he leaves behind in this lower sphere, poor, ignorant woman that I am, incapable of following him even in my hopes or with my aspirations.”

“But, Pepita, for Heaven’s sake don’t say such things, or think them! Don Luis does not scorn you because you are ignorant, or because you are incapable of comprehending him, or for any other of those absurd reasons that you are stringing together. He goes away because he must fulfill his obligation toward God; and you should rejoice that he is going away, for

you will then forget your love for him, and God will reward you for the sacrifice you make."

Pepita, who had left off crying, and had dried her tears with her handkerchief, answered quietly : —

"Very well, father ; I shall be very glad of it ; I am almost glad now that he is going away. I long for to-morrow to pass and for the time to come when Antofiona shall say to me on awakening, 'Don Luis is gone.' You shall see then how peace and serenity will spring up again in my heart."

"God grant it may be so !" said the reverend vicar ; and, convinced that he had wrought a miracle and almost cured Pepita's malady, he took leave of her and went home, unable to repress a certain feeling of vanity at the thought of the influence he had exercised over the noble spirit of this charming woman.



THE TRIAL AND THE VERDICT.¹

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

(From "The Sin of Joost Avelingh.")

[MAARTEN MAARTENS : A Dutch novelist whose real name is J. M. W. van der Poorten-Schwartz ; born at Amsterdam, August 15, 1858. He spent a part of his boyhood in England, was educated in Germany, and studied law at Utrecht University. He traveled much, and though intending to enter a political life, he finally drifted into literature. His novels, which are written in English, are strong, dramatic, and true to life. Their titles include : "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" (1890), "An Old Maid's Love" (1891), "A Question of Taste" (1891), "God's Fool" (1892), "The Greater Glory" (1894), and "My Lady Nobody" (1895).]

THE court was crowded. Any one could have foreseen that this would have been the case ; and accordingly ticket holders had begun to form in line almost an hour before the doors were opened. As for the ticketless, their chance seemed of the smallest. . . . The trial itself was naturally on all lips and on all ears. The opinion of great and small, rich and poor, was unanimously against the accused. The mere fact of his being a gentleman proved his guilt to the crowd. No gentleman was ever accused of crimes unless he had really committed them, and the pity which one might naturally mete out to a poor man and brother, victim of plutocratic legislation, was changed to execration and righteous vindictiveness now the

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criminal was himself a plutocrat. It had got known, besides, — and the fact had been widely disseminated by all the papers from an early stage, — that the murdered man had been the murderer's protector and benefactor from his infancy upward; that he had fed, clothed, nurtured, and educated him, and had made him his heir. As a return for this lifelong benevolence, the nephew had killed his uncle so as the sooner to possess himself of his inheritance, and he had in reality enjoyed that inheritance during ten long, guilty years. When the melancholy prison van made its appearance, yells of hate and fury rent the air. Agatha heard them, waiting with a sick yet prayerful heart in a hired room close by the Palais de Justice; the prisoner heard them as he sat in his little, carefully locked box. They drove him under a covered archway and shut the gates. . . .

He stopped for one instant in the doorway, and cast a swift glance over the sea of faces turned toward him. . . .

The prisoner passed to his bench, bowed to the president, who took no notice of the salutation, and sat down.

The act of accusation, as they call it, was read — a lengthy document, quite a small book in itself, setting forth the whole story of the crime as it presented itself to the mind of the public prosecutor — the advocate general, to give him his proper title. This document — really nothing more than a written brief against the prisoner — attacked him with violence from the very first, and ascribed to him, besides the crime now actually under consideration, as many more as it could conveniently insinuate. The man thus accused appeared to listen with great composure. The audience, however, — at least the non-legal part of it, — got impatient, and began to whisper in friendly ears that the same thing might have been said with half the words in a quarter of the time. But the slow, monotonous drone went on as if it would never come to a conclusion. It did so, nevertheless, unexpectedly; the president nodded; somebody coughed; and soon after the examination of the prisoner began.

The prisoner stood up to be examined. As he did so, even his enemies — and who but Kees Hessel was his friend in that large concourse? — even his enemies acknowledged the dignity of his bearing.

“Your name?” said the president.

“Joost Avelingh.”

"Your profession?"

"I have none."

"You have no title of any kind — no university degree?"

"None."

"No occupation?" The president, a red-faced little man, leered at the prisoner over his round spectacles. Joost smiled — a bitter little smile.

"I am a member of the council of management of some ten or twelve charitable societies," he said, "and on the board of some half-dozen industrial companies; that is all."

"Yes," said the president, "I know. You have found charity a convenient cloak to hide a multitude of sins."

Joost's soul flinched, if that expression be permissible.

"You admit," said the president, "that the Baron van Trotsem, your uncle, took you into his house when you were a destitute orphan of five, and that from that moment until the day of his death he fed, clothed, and educated you, and that finally he appointed you his heir?"

"Yes," said Joost.

"Did you know during the baron's lifetime that his will had been drawn up in your favor?"

"I had reasons to suspect it from frequent allusions which he made."

"Had you, in spite of all you owed him, any cause — in your own opinion — to dislike the Baron van Trotsem, or to feel a grudge against him?"

"Yes," said Joost, in a distinct voice. "We did not get on well together, and he made me very unhappy." He refused to see the anxious signs his advocate was covertly making him. The poor man desisted in despair.

"That is vague," said the president, "and unsatisfactory. Were there any special grievances which you could bring forward?"

"My uncle," replied the accused, "had resisted my wishes whenever he could do so. He had refused to allow me to take up a legal career, and had insisted on my studying medicine without any adequate reason. He had forbidden me to marry the lady who is at present my wife, also without in any way explaining his action in that matter."

"Ah!" said the president.

"Many a man," continued Joost's examiner, "has been compelled — by his very affection — to resist youthful desires,

to choose another profession for a son or ward, to deny his consent to an early marriage. In such cases the 'reasons' usually appear 'inadequate' to the sufferer. Are these all the offenses you charge your uncle with?"

"I charge him with nothing," replied the prisoner; "I answer your questions as best I can."

"And you admit that you hated him?"

"Yes," replied Joost, softly.

Once more quick glances were interchanged. The counsel for the defense cast up his eyes to heaven and folded his lean hands over his black robe.

"On the evening of your uncle's death you had had words with him?"

"I had."

"And you knew, when he ordered his carriage, that he was about to drive to the notary to alter his will?"

"I did."

"You knew you were bringing him there, and that it was his intention to disinherit you in case you married the Freule van Hessel?"

"Yes."

"He had told you so expressly?"

"He had."

"And you killed him before he could reach his destination?"

"No." Joost's voice rang out clear and full.

"That will do. Prisoner, you may sit down."

After that the witnesses were called — the witnesses for the prosecution; there were none for the defense.

Jan Lorentz gave his evidence brightly and decidedly enough. His account of the events of the evening flowed on smoothly till it reached the description of the moment when the crime was committed. Here the witness faltered, contradicted himself — stopped.

"Take care," said the president, sternly. "You repeatedly stated in the preliminary inquiry that you saw the accused seize his uncle by the red neckerchief he wore. That statement is fully corroborated by the evidence of the Jonker van Asveld, who says that you first made it to him when you were arrested on a charge of vagabondage, thereby causing him to communicate with the necessary authorities. Do you maintain it now?"

The witness looked round nervously at Joost Avelingh, then at Van Asveld. His eyes wandered rapidly over the glass ceiling of the hall back to the president's face.

"Yes," he said.

The notary described the arrival of the chaise with the dead man at his house. He created a great sensation by solemnly affirming that the red comforter was drawn into a tight knot round the neck of the corpse, a knot so tight indeed that it must, in his opinion, have been purposely tightened. The prisoner was once more called forward.

"Can you explain the tightness of the knot round your uncle's neck?"

"No," said Joost.

"While he was lying in the chaise in that condition — dying — that, at any rate is *in confesso* — what did you do to relieve him?"

"Nothing," said Joost.

He felt the absurdity of the answer even while he made it. There was not a man in the hall who believed him on this point — not even Kees Hessel.

"You may sit down," said the president.

The notary continued his account. It ended with the recital of the prisoner's last words that fatal evening. "When I told him the baron was dead," said the notary, "Mynheer Avelingh broke out into a wild cry. 'I knew it!' he shrieked. 'I would give the world were it not so.' That was all he said at the time."

"Can you explain that exclamation?" asked the president of the prisoner.

"I do not wish to do so."

"You will scarcely pretend, I suppose, that it was caused by grief for the loss of the man whom you regarded, as you have just admitted, with feelings of such strong aversion?"

"It was not," said Joost.

After that came the doctor. There were signs, he admitted, which pointed to strangulation, but as it was certain that the dead man had previously had a fit of some kind, it was almost impossible to say whether the tightening of the comforter, which accounted for the symptoms alluded to, had occasioned death, or had perhaps merely accompanied, or even immediately succeeded it.

"You mean to imply," said the president, "that the baron

might, judging from the condition of the brain and heart, have died before the neckerchief was drawn tight?"

"That may have been so," said the doctor. "Immediately before."

"On the other hand, the tightening of the neckerchief may have been in itself sufficient to cause death?"

"I cannot say," replied the doctor. "It depends first on how tight it was drawn; secondly, on how long it had been tightened before the notary loosened it; thirdly, on the appearance the corpse presented immediately before and immediately after the unfastening of the knot. I did not see the corpse till half an hour later, and there was no post-mortem examination. I cannot say."

"But you must say, sir!" cried the little president, pettishly; "the whole case turns on it."

"Then God help the prisoner, Mynheer the President. If my evidence and Jan Lorentz's be all the proof against him, God grant him a good escape."

"Silence!" cried the president; "you were not asked for any such expression of opinion. Step down, sir."

The Jonker van Asveld was next called.

It transpired in the course of the examination that Arthur had received money from Joost. The whole story of the legacy came out, to the amazement of the audience.

"Prisoner," said the president, "can you explain how you came to give such an enormous sum as forty thousand florins to the witness, merely because he asked you for it?"

"I considered it my duty to do so," said Joost.

"Ah, conscience is a wonderful power," said a clergyman to his neighbor; "no rest, you see, no rest."

The court adjourned at this stage of the proceedings. There were three men in it, at that moment, and three only, who did not believe the prisoner guilty; they were Kees Hessel, Joost Avelingh, and Jan Lorentz.

They locked the prisoner in a cell, while waiting for the court to reassemble. Joost Avelingh felt relieved to find himself again alone. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that matters had gone very much against him. And no doubt it was true, as his counsel had told him in passing out, that his own evidence had done most to damage his cause. "If you are condemned, Mr. Avelingh," the lawyer had said, not without a shade of bitterness in his tone, "and there is every reason

to fear you will be, you will have yourself to blame. It would have been better to confess altogether, than to confess as much as you have done, and then deny the rest."

"I have confessed the exact truth," replied Joost Avelingh.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "That is often the unwisest thing of all," he said.

And now in the quiet of this little cell the accused again told himself that he had done right. Self-deception there may have been in his conclusions, but they were undoubtedly sincere. No man need incriminate himself, he reasoned, but no man may tell a lie. I have answered each question put to me according to my inmost conviction; I need not answer questions they do not put. The charge against me is utterly and irremediably false, and I plead 'Not guilty' with all my heart and soul."

But now, while waiting there in the interval of his trial, he first began to realize what condemnation might mean! He shuddered at the idea, and once more his mind reverted to Agatha. He knelt down on the stone floor and prayed God to have pity upon her. And then the blue-coated officials came with their bunches of keys and led him forth again.

As soon as the advocate general had got through the opening sentences of his address to the judges, it became apparent to all present that he was exceptionally hostile to the prisoner. Joost Avelingh himself felt that with growing conviction, and bent forward in an attitude of anxious inquiry. It was terrible to think what opinion this man must have formed of him. Was it but the expression of the thoughts of all around? . . .

"My client has declared his innocence," said the counsel, "and the law has not succeeded in establishing his guilt. If he sinned, he sinned alone in the darkness, and in the darkness his deed has remained. And sin, ere the law can touch it, must lie red and glaring, an offense to all who tread the highway, in the resistless light of day!"

A voice from the gallery called out "Jan Lorentz!" in allusion to the words, "alone in the darkness." There was another burst of approval. Joost Avelingh, for the first time during the long trial, hid his face in his hands.

It was growing dark when the court rose. The black van again rumbled under an archway, amid the disappointed hootings of the roughs. The prisoner got into it. He was less calm and firm now, it was said, than at the beginning of the

trial. His courage seemed to be giving way. He had asked, immediately on coming out, to be allowed to see his wife. The verdict would be given, as usual, after an interval of a week.

"Silence!" cried the usher, settling his broad orange scarf as he spoke. The presiding judge took up one of the documents lying before him. A nervous thrill of expectation ran through the vast concourse. The prisoner knitted his eyebrows slightly. It was noted with some surprise that Kees Hessel was not present, as he had been all through the day of the trial.

The judge began to read the verdict in a shrill voice full of abortive attempts at impressiveness. It was a long document, comprising several folio pages, and giving first an accurate summary of the facts of the case, and then a full exposition of the legal consequences the deed must involve. Seven minutes were spent over the descriptions in the first part; the president cleared his throat and coughed solemnly as he turned over page after page. At last, however, long after every one was tired of hearing facts enumerated which most men by this time had unwillingly learned by heart—at last the legal part of the document was reached. Much of what the president read was a repetition of the address of the advocate general on the day of the trial. The same charges of ingratitude and avarice were brought against Joost. Full attention was accorded to the testimony of Jan Lorentz, the principal witness. It was supplemented by that of the notary and the doctor. And taking all things into consideration, and reckoning that the motives for the deed and the circumstances immediately connected with it, everything, in fact, but the actual commission of the crime, had been confessed by the prisoner, the judges came to the conclusion that they were justified in declaring that the necessary legal evidence had been supplied, and on the ground of that evidence, and all that had come to their knowledge in connection with it, they found the prisoner "Guilty of Murder."

THE CLOSE OF A RAINY DAY.¹

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

[1852-.]

The sky was dark and gloomy;
We heard the sound of rain
Dripping from eaves and tossing leaves
And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean,
The ocean gray and wan,
Where one lone sail before the gale
Like a spirit was driven on.

The screaming sea fowl hovered
Above the boiling main,
And flapped wide wings in narrowing rings,
Seeking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker,
Darker and wilder the sea,
And night with her dusky pinions
Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo! from the western heaven
The veil was rent in twain,
And a flood of light and glory
Spread over the heaving main.

It changed the wave-beat islands
To Islands of the Blest,
And the far-off sail like a spirit
Seemed vanishing into rest.

¹ By permission of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN AND THE ENGLISH GIRL.¹

By FRANCES C. BAYLOR.

(From "On Both Sides.")

[FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR (Mrs. Frances Courtenay Baylor Barnum), an American author, was born in Fayetteville, Ark., January 20, 1848, and is now living in Savannah, Ga. She has traveled extensively both at home and abroad, and during the years 1865-1867 and 1873-1884 resided in England. She has written much for periodicals, and is the author of "On Both Sides," an international novel; "Behind the Blue Ridge"; "Juan and Juanita," a juvenile tale; and "Claudia Hyde."]

A LARGE party assembled on the day chosen, — a fine, mild day, full of suggestions of spring, and as well adapted for the expedition as though it had been ordered on purpose. A long string of carriages went rattling out of the town into the lovely country beyond, past Cranham Wood to Witcomb, where it had been agreed that the remains of a Roman villa should be visited. Arrived at the spot, the party came to a halt, and, after endless chatter and delay, dismounted and formed into a straggling procession, which struck into a footpath that led through a farmyard full of comfortable-looking animals, hayricks, and poultry into a succession of fields, and brought up at two small stone thatched huts near the border of the wood. Entering the largest of these in detachments, all the ladies fell into the regulation fit of rapture over what remained of the remains, and gazed with enthusiasm at certain spots in the tessellated mosaic pavement which, with the aid of a vivid imagination and the eye of faith, could be made out to have been intended for fishes. Most of the guests felt but a languid interest in this piscatorial display; but Mr. Ketchum got out a foot rule and went to poking and peeping and measuring with much zeal and intelligence. He discovered that the lintels of the doorway leading into the next room were of massive stone and more than six feet high; that the floor of the room rested on pillars three feet high, and each about one foot square, set sufficiently far apart to permit combustibles to be thrust in between them and the whole room heated. He tipped the guide and got two bits of the tesserae and dug up a

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bit of the cement. "Hang it! I must find out how those old scalawags did this! They beat the world at it!" said he, as he tied the relics up in a corner of his handkerchief. He stared for ten minutes at the hypocaust under the flooring, calculated the amount of wood and coal it would take to "run" it, and declined to leave, though Kate assured him the others were getting restless, until he had satisfied himself as to what became of the ashes, and wondered what people in Tecumseh would say if he bought it and transported it bodily there. The interest he exhibited in this antiquarian research surprised his relatives, who could not understand the attraction it had for his practical mind.

At last he consented to move, and, taking carriages, they drove rapidly to Birdlip and up to the door of "The Black Horse" Inn, where everything wore an extremely festive air and a small army of servants was drawn up to meet them. Entered from the street, the house was in no way remarkable, but it must have been artfully contrived to heighten the effect produced on the mind when, walking straight through a long, narrow, dark passage, they came out suddenly upon a lovely garden laid out on the very verge of a cliff which sloped almost perpendicularly several hundred feet to the valley of the Severn and commanded one of the most extended, varied, and beautiful views in all England. The Americans were especially enraptured by it, and, long after the other ladies had gone in to lay aside their wraps, Jenny and Kate and Lucy and Mrs. Fletcher stood in a group on the terrace, picking out and admiring in detail the white Roman road stretching straight across the valley, the Severn winding through it, the towns of Gloucester and Worcester with their spires and cathedrals dotting it, the abbey tower of Tewkesbury rising out of the woods in its center, the beautiful Malvern and Shropshire hills that encircled it, and a thousand features besides of this most charming landscape.

By this time the party had assembled in a closed pavilion, which, thanks to the upholsterer and the florist, had been completely transformed. The dull gray light of an English winter's day had been shut out; it was brilliantly lit, and the long, bare, dismal room was gay with bunting and mirrors and flowers, and at the upper end an orchestra was playing delightfully. Mr. Ketchum had kept his preparations a secret even from his relatives, and, like his other guests, they found this

feature of the entertainment a most agreeable surprise. On their complimenting him upon it, he said that he was "determined it shouldn't be a one-horse, Jim Crow blow-out, if he had anything to do with it." Mrs. Vane stood transfixed when she arrived at the door, near which her host was standing. "Look here! Why don't you leave your gums outside?" said he, glancing down at her feet.

"What? What did you say?" she exclaimed.

"Your gums. You have forgotten to take them off."

"Take off my *gums*! What on earth do you mean? How can I? or why should I, if I could? I beg pardon, but I really can't have understood you," said she, putting on her glasses and peering at him in her nearsighted way, completely mystified.

"Why, your shoes I am talking about. Don't you see?" said he, pointing at them as he spoke.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, — a full, long-drawn English "Oh!" with volumes in it, — "you mean my *galoches*." And then she sat down and laughed more heartily than she had done most likely for twenty years over what was to her mind an exquisitely absurd mistake, and, seizing Miss Frynne, who was passing, began, "What *do* you suppose they call *galoches* in America, my dear? *Gums*!" and she related what had passed, and both ladies found in it a whole comic almanac. They are relating it to this day, no doubt, amidst cries of "Really, now!" and "How very remarkable!" and "What very curious people the Americans must be!" from their astonished friends, who, truth to tell, are easily surprised, and find the least variation from English customs amazing in a people who, though they went to housekeeping three thousand miles away a good while ago, and have naturally got to calling some things by different names, are in the main more easily understood than the worthy inhabitants of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, or even England, outside the large towns and below a certain rank.

When the dancing had gone on with immense spirit for a couple of hours, luncheon was announced. It was called that, but was really an elaborate banquet, in which every delicacy that Covent Garden Market could furnish and a French *chef* convert into delicious *plats* was served to perfection. At each lady's plate there was a lovely bouquet and a charming little souvenir of some kind, ordered from Paris by Mr. Ketchum, each one an elegant and tasteful trifle, and as nearly as possible of equal value. To each was fastened a card, with "Mr. Job

Ketchum, Tecumseh, Michigan," engraved on it in large letters, and, though there have been prettier names and better-known places, I doubt whether any gentleman's card ever gave more entire satisfaction. There was the prettiest possible little flutter around the table as each package was opened and its contents admired and compared, and beaming glances and cordial thanks were poured out on the smiling host, who I am afraid lost a good deal of both in his effort to catch Mabel's timid, pleased glance as she unrolled the tissue papers folded around her dainty tortoise-shell fan.

"If you please, 'm, one lady has been overlooked," whispered Walton (who was presiding over the affair with a dignity and omnipresence remarkable even in him) to young Mrs. Fletcher. "What would you wish done about it? Would one of the family, beggin' your pardon for making so bold, be willing to give up ——"

"Certainly. You see everything, Walton. Take mine," she said. And a moment later Miss Frynne, who was quite at the other end of the table, received, with a neat apology from Walton, her share of the goods the gods had provided. Partaken of under unusual circumstances and in such pleasant company, the little feast seemed a piquant improvement upon ordinary entertainments, and put every one into a state of brilliant good humor.

All the conditions for thawing English reserve were in force, and although the entire party did not make as much noise as ten average Americans would have made under the same circumstances, there was plenty of animation in the subdued current of sound, and it was evident that pleasure was at the helm as well as Walton, who, to pursue the simile, had taken command of all Higginson and Chuffey's young men early in the day, and felt as bold as an admiral on his own quarter-deck.

When they rose from the table, Mr. Ketchum walked round to where Mabel Vane was sitting, took a lovely rose from one of the *épergnes* and offered it to her. With a shy look at him and an anxious one in the direction of her mother, she accepted it and held it in her hand.

"Put it in your dress," he commanded rather than suggested, and Mabel, flushing painfully, and mindful of her mother's instructions, began to say, in her low voice:—

"I—I would rather not. At least ——" here she caught

Mrs. Vane's eye, and saw with surprise that she was smiling and nodding amicably in Mr. Ketchum's direction. Mrs. Vane had been hearing from Miss Frynne that Mr. Ketchum had "pots of money, and was no end of a catch." She had been deeply impressed by the present display, and had suddenly concluded that she would reverse her policy of the past two weeks. Glad of the permission implied by her mother's glance, Mabel said, by way of reparation, "I am afraid it will fade. However——" She did not finish the sentence, but put the rose in her belt. Mrs. Vane joined them, and was overpoweringly civil to Mr. Ketchum. She was too sorry to have missed him so often lately, but she had been selfishly absorbed in some private matters, and Mabel had been obliged to keep her room a good deal. Dear child! her throat was so delicate! But he must come very soon again and spend a nice long morning and tell them some more about his exciting adventures in—— what was the name of the place?—— Colorado.

Mr. Ketchum did not understand the situation at all, but, nothing loath, promised readily enough, and promptly asked Mabel for a dance, which she cheerfully accorded. Everybody had drifted back to the pavilion by this time, and dancing was going on with more zest than ever. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Ketchum danced five times with Miss Vane, and not much with any one else.

"Depend upon it, he is in earnest, dear Mrs. Vane! I am sure your Mabel is about to make a most brilliant match," whispered Miss Frynne. "Only do be sure about the money. It is so very difficult to find out anything about foreign fortunes."

And, though she parried her friend's congratulations discreetly and affected to pooh-pooh the idea, Mrs. Vane revolved in her own mind a dozen schemes for landing the big fish that had strayed into her net, and marked out her own line of conduct definitely.

It was almost nightfall, and Mr. Ketchum was disposing of his guests in the various carriages, when he heard a hubbub in the inn, and turned back to see what was the matter. It was briefly this: Lucy had gone back to the edge of the cliff to get a last view of the valley, which came very near being her last view of anything, for her foot slipped in some way, and she slid down ten feet, stopping on a ledge that, fortunately, jutted out just there. How it happened that Walton heard her shriek,

and, seizing one of Chuffey's men and a couple of tablecloths, managed in a few minutes to get her back on terra firma, and bear her, half fainting, to the house, she never knew; but it was one of that invaluable servant's most striking peculiarities that he was never out of the way and never in it. Here was a sensation that afforded ample food for comment as the party drove home in the twilight.

"Where did you get that fellow?" Sir Robert asked Mrs. Fletcher senior. "He is one of the best servants I ever saw. If you are not thinking of taking him to America with you, I should like to take him into my service. He is a quick-witted chap, and a plucky one, too, by Jove! That was a neat thing of his, getting your daughter up from that place like that. Most servants would have left her to tumble off into the valley while they ran all over the place collecting a mob of people and pointing out the wrong spot."

"And hasn't he a *good* face, Sir Robert? Such an honest, open countenance! I am sure we never, never can repay him," she replied.

The lights of Cheltenham were twinkling in the distance, and Mr. Ketchum, who had saved a seat for himself next to Mabel, was wishing the town a good deal farther off, when Mrs. Vane bent forward and addressed him: "If you have no engagement, could I see you to-morrow?"

"Why, of course you can," he replied heartily. "I am always at the service of the ladies. About what time?"

"In the morning, sometime. About eleven, I think, if convenient."

Not long afterward, they were all exchanging farewells and telling Mr. Ketchum what a "charming affair" and "immense success" the expedition had been.

"I hope you have had a happy day," Mr. Ketchum said to Mabel, "and that I shall see you to-morrow. I have said 'Damn it!' pretty often lately when I have found that door shut on me, though I generally draw things mild. Shall you be at home?"

Before Mabel could answer, Mrs. Vane interfered: "No: Mabel, unfortunately, is obliged to go to the dentist's to-morrow. You must put up with an ugly old woman for once," she said, with what she meant for a meaning glance, Mabel standing by and hearing of this arrangement for the first time.

At the appointed hour next day Mr. Ketchum made his

appearance in Portarlington Gardens, and was almost instantly admitted and taken up to Mrs. Vane's shabby-genteel little drawing-room, where she was waiting to receive him. As far as he had thought of the interview at all, he had quite made up his mind that he was to be consulted on some business matter. "Women are always getting into a muddle in money matters and sending — generally when it is too late — for some man to pull them out," he said to himself. He was confirmed in his impression by Mrs. Vane's thanking him effusively for his kindness in coming and apologizing for the inroad she was making upon his time. He saw that she was ill at ease and somewhat nervous in manner, and, with a view to helping her, said kindly, "Well, now, what is it? Here I am, ready to do anything in the world that I can for you and Miss Mabel."

"You are very kind; really, most kind. Thank you very much for it," she murmured, putting down the cushion on which she was making macramé lace and looking at him.

"Oh, no, I ain't. What are men for?" he rejoined.

"I am about to approach you upon a very delicate matter, — a very delicate matter indeed, — and it is highly embarrassing. But I have a sacred duty to perform, and I must do it, no matter what impression I may make upon you," she went on.

"Now, don't you bother your *cabeza* about that, my dear madam. I have told you already that you can count on yours truly to command," said he, leaning back in his chair and thinking, "In a mess with her stocks and bonds: I'd bet my bottom dollar on that." Then, aloud, "You are in some sort of fix now, ain't you?"

"If you mean trouble and anxiety, you are right, dear Mr. Ketchum. Never was a woman more sorely perplexed; and, reluctant as I am to say anything to you that —"

"Oh, that's all right. Go ahead. Never mind," he interrupted.

"Then, if you will pardon the natural solicitude of a parent, the only surviving parent of a most lovely and interesting young girl, placed in a position of most terrible responsibility" (here she took out a black-bordered handkerchief and put it up to her eyes, while Job shuffled uneasily in his seat, thinking, "Great Scott! I hope she isn't going to let on her water-works!"), "I beg of you not to be offended, dear Mr. Ketchum, if I ask you what your intentions are in regard to my dearest child."

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Ketchum, sitting bolt upright in his chair and staring at her with a fierce frown, his whole body galvanized into immediate interest. "What's that you are saying?" he repeated curtly.

Mrs. Vane trembled inwardly at the change in his manner, but went boldly on: "I am asking what your intentions are with respect to my daughter, Miss Vane," she said, putting the case more formally. "You cannot be blind to the fact that from the very first you have gone out of your way in every place and company where you have met us to shower upon her the most pronounced and compromising attentions. You have singled her out repeatedly; you know that you have, perfectly well. It is useless to deny it. And I have a right to ask whether, after coming here day after day for weeks, and sending my child books and flowers and music and boxes upon boxes of sweets, and dancing with her in public *five times in succession*, you mean to go away from here without making her a proposition of marriage?"

Her temper had risen; gone were her mellifluous accents, and her voice was as sharp and rasping as a fishwife's as she turned and glared at poor Mr. Ketchum, who, instead of attempting to answer any of the charges on which he was arraigned at the maternal bar, only sank back in his chair, and exclaimed, "Well! If this don't beat the Jews!" He was so completely taken aback that he was positively speechless for several minutes, and returned Mrs. Vane's stare with interest. Then, to that lady's intense astonishment, he suddenly burst into a roar of laughter, and, getting up from his seat, walked rapidly up and down the room, shaking his head from side to side, waving his long arms about, and exclaiming, "This beats everything! This gets me, and no mistake!"

When the paroxysm of laughter had spent itself, he resumed his seat without apology and turned a quizzical face and a pair of twinkling eyes upon Mrs. Vane, who had spent the interval in bouncing about on the sofa in a state of fury.

"Is it, has it been your intention all along to compromise my daughter by engaging in a meaningless and contemptible flirtation?" she jerked out.

"Not if the court knows itself," he replied coolly. "But, if it comes to that, I should say that *you* are doing a great deal more to compromise her than I have done. What *have* I done, by the bye? I should say that, on a rough estimate, I had paid

five hundred girls as much attention in my time, and nobody ever thought anything of it."

This was a direct realization of Mrs. Vane's worst fears and suspicions, and she broke out upon him: "That sort of thing may be customary in *America*, Mr. Ketchum, where I have heard that the relations between the sexes are of a most extraordinary character; but let me tell you that it will not do in respectable *English* families. You have done my daughter a great wrong. You have blighted her future and kept off other men."

A fresh twinkle lit up Mr. Ketchum's eye at the idea of his being supposed to have frightened off a hundred or two of Miss Vane's suitors, when that guileless child had already told him that he was the only man who, as she put it, "had ever been at all — well, you know, nice to me," or whom she had known intimately.

"I don't want to crowd the mourners," said he. "If she wants any fellow to take my place, I'm ready to take a back seat. I'll ask her about that."

"You shall do nothing of the sort," snapped mamma.

"I have a good deal to say to her about that and several other little matters," rejoined he, calmly.

And she, seeing that the battle was going against her, had recourse to the last refuge and safety valve of the sex, and burst into tears. She loved Mabel, and was really distressed and upset by the result of her interference. She dared not let the child know what she had done, feeling instinctively that it would be regarded as unpardonable. "Don't tell her," she whimpered. "She would never forgive me. And I thought I was acting for the best."

This speech not only changed the whole current of his feelings toward her, for he saw in it a genuine expression of maternal affection and solicitude, but it brought the delightful assurance that Mabel knew nothing about her mother's little plan for bringing him to book. "Now, look here! You stop crying," he said in his usual friendly tones. "I love your daughter, and I mean to ask her to be my wife. I'm a rough fellow, and I ain't fit for such a dainty, pretty piece of goods as that; but I made up my mind to it the first time I ever set eyes on her sweet face. But you oughtn't to have tried to hurry up the corpse as you have done. It may be the custom over here, but it ain't a pretty one, to my thinkin'. A man

ought to be ready to go down on his knees before a woman like that, and it hurts him to think of her being speculated with. If I thought Miss Mabel had a hand in this, I'd take the next steamer. But I know she hasn't. It would never come into her innocent mind. She'd never do anything she oughtn't to. She's the sweetest woman that ever trod shoe leather." He spoke very gently, and made little pauses after each sentence, while Mrs. Vane cried copiously in her corner. "You haven't got anything to fear from me. I want to do what's right and square," he went on presently. "I'll ask her this very day, if you say so. Lord! I wish I'd been a better man!"

At this Mrs. Vane took her hands down suddenly from her face, and, with a real burst of womanly feeling, grasped his hand and shook it warmly, half crying all the while. "You are a good man, Mr. Ketchum! You have made me ashamed of myself. If Mabel will marry you, I shall be glad and proud to have such a son!" she cried.



BALLADE OF THE MYSTERIOUS HOSTS OF THE FOREST.¹

By THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

[THÉODORE FAULLAIN DE BANVILLE, French novelist and poet, was born at Moulins, March 14, 1823; died at Paris, March 13, 1891. He was the son of a naval officer; became a Parisian man of letters. His best-known works were the volumes of poetry, "The Caryatides" (1842), "The Stalactites" (1846), "Odes Funambulesques" (1857), "New Odes Funambulesques" (1868), "Russian Idyls" (1872), and "Thirty-six Merry Ballads" (1873). He wrote also prose tales and sketches; as, "The Poor Mountebanks" (1863), "The Parisians of Paris" (1866), "Tales for Women" (1881), and "The Soul of Paris" (1890). He published his autobiography, "My Recollections," in 1882.]

STILL sing the mocking fairies, as of old,
 Beneath the shade of thorn and holly tree;
 The west wind breathes upon them pure and cold,
 And still wolves dread Diana roving free,
 In secret woodland with her company.
 'Tis thought the peasants' hovels know her rite
 When now the wolds are bathed in silver light,
 And first the moonrise breaks the dusky gray;

¹ From "Essays in Little." By permission of Mr. Andrew Lang and Longmans, Green & Co. (Cr. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.)

Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

With waterweeds twined in their locks of gold
The strange cold forest fairies dance in glee;
Sylphs overtimorous and overbold
Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may be,
The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy;
Then, 'mid their mirth, and laughter, and affright,
The sudden goddess enters, tall and white,
With one long sigh for summers passed away;
The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright,
And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

She gleans her sylvan trophies; down the wold
She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee,
Mixed with the music of the hunting rolled,
But her delight is all in archery,
And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she
More than the hounds that follow on the flight;
The tall nymph draws a golden bow of might,
And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay,
She tosses loose her locks upon the night,
And Dian through the dim wood thrids her way.

ENVOI.

Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,
The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight;
Amid the forest leaves and fountain spray
There is the mystic home of our delight,
And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

TO THE LOST CHILDREN.¹

BY THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

I KNOW Cythera long is desolate;
I KNOW the winds have stripped the garden green.
Alas, my friends! beneath the fierce sun's weight
A barren reef lies where Love's flowers have been,
Nor ever lover on that coast is seen!
So be it, for we seek a fabled shore,
To lull our vague desires with mystic lore,
To wander where Love's labyrinths beguile;

¹ From "Essays in Little." By permission of Mr. Andrew Lang and Longmans, Green & Co. (Cr. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.)

There let us land, there dream for evermore;
 "It may be we shall touch the happy isle."

The sea may be our sepulcher. If Fate,
 If tempests wreak their wrath on us, serene
 We watch the bolt of Heaven, and scorn the hate
 Of angry gods that smite us in their spleen.
 Perchance the jealous mists are but the screen
 That veils the fairy coast we would explore.
 Come, though the sea be vexed, and breakers roar,
 Come, for the breath of this old world is vile,
 Haste we, and toil, and faint not at the oar;
 "It may be we shall touch the happy isle."

Gray serpents trail in temples desecrate
 Where Cypris smiled, the golden maid, the queen,
 And ruined is the palace of our state;
 But happy loves flit round the mast, and keen
 The shrill wind sings the silken cords between.
 Heroes are we, with wearied hearts and sore,
 Whose flower is faded and whose locks are hoar.
 Haste, ye light skiffs, where myrtle thickets smile;
 Love's panthers sleep 'mid roses, as of yore:
 "It may be we shall touch the happy isle."

ENVOI.

Sad eyes! the blue sea laughs, as heretofore.
 Ah, singing birds, your happy music pour;
 Ah, poets, leave the sordid earth awhile;
 Flit to these ancient gods we still adore:
 "It may be we shall touch the happy isle."



LAST TIME AT M'GURK'S.¹

By JANE BARLOW.

(From "Bogland Studies.")

[JANE BARLOW, Irish novelist, was born in County Dublin about 1857, daughter of a professor in Dublin University. She has published: "Irish Idyls" (1892), "Bogland Studies" (1892), "Kerrigan's Quality" (1893), "The Mockers of the Shallow Waters" (1893), "Strangers at Liscounel" (1895).]

IN throth I've no call to be laid on the shelf yet, as ould as I be:
 There's Thady O'Neill up above, that's a year or so senior to me,

¹ By permission of Hodder & Stoughton. (Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.)

An' passin' his meadow just now, I seen it was mowin', and bedad,
There's himself in it stoopin' away as limber an' soople as a lad.
An' the Widdy Maclean, that was married afore I was three fut
high,
She'll thramp her three mile to the town every market day that
comes by.
 'Twas the fever, last Lent was a twelvemonth, disthroyed me;
 I'm fit for naught since.
The way of it was: Our ould cow had sthrayed off thro' the gap in
the fence,
An' Long Daly he met me an' tould me. Sez he: "An' ye'll need to
make haste,
If it's dhry-fut ye'd find her this night." For away o'er the hills to
the aist
The hail showers were slantin' in sthrikes; an' thin wanst clane
across wid a swipe
Wint the lightnin'. An': "Look-a," sez he, "there's Saint Pether
a kindlin' his pipe;
That 'ill take a good sup to put out." An', throe for him, he'd
scarce turned his back,
Whin it settled to poither an' pour, an' the sky overhead grew as
black
As the botthomless pit; not a stim could I see, nor a sight o' the
baste,
But, sthravadin' about in the bog, I slipped into a hole to me
waist,
An' was never so nigh dhrownin' dead, forby bein' dhrenched to the
skin;
So I groped me way home thro' the dark in the teeth of a freezin'
win'.
An' next mornin' I couldn't move finger nor fut, all me limbs were
that sore,
And I lay there a ravin' like wild in me bed for a month an' more;
For me head was on fire, an' the pains was like gimlits an' knives
in me bones,
Till the neighbors a goin' the road 'ud be hearin' me groans an' me
moans.
 An' thin, whin I'd over'd the worst, as the Doother'd not looked
 for at all,
Sure, the strenth was gone out o' me clane, an' I scarcely was able
to crawl,
An' that stooped, any rapin' hook's sthraighter than me, an' the
jints o' me stift,
An' me fingers as crookt as the claws of a kite, wid no use in thim
lift;

An' whin first I got on me ould brogues, I stuck fast like a wheel in
a rut,
I seemed raisin' the weight o' the world every time that I lifted me
fut.

So I sat in the door not long afther, whin Judy O'Neill comes
by,
An': "Bedad, Mick Flynn, ye're an ould man grown," sez she; an':
"Git out!" sez I.
But as soon as she'd passed I stepped round to the field that the
lads were in,
For I thought I'd been idlin' enough, an' 'twas time I set to it agin.
They were diggin' the first of the praties; I smelt thim 'fore
ever I came,
An' I dunno a pleasanter scent in the world than the smell o' thim
same,
Whin ye thrust down your spade or your fork, an' ye turn thim up
hangin' in clumps,
Wid the skins o' thim yellor, an' smooth, an' the clay shakin' off
thim in lumps.
They'd a creel on the bank be the gate, an' Pat called from his end
o' the dhrill
To be bringin' it up where he was, for he wanted another to fill;
And I thought to ha' lifted it light, but I'd betther ha' let it alone,
Tho' 'twas hardly three parts full, an' 'ud hould but a couple o'
stone;
For I hadn't the strenth to hoist it, and over it wint wid a pitch,
An' there like a sthookaun I stood, an' the praties rowled in the
ditch.

But Pat, whin he seen I was vexed, up he come an' laid hould o'
me arm,
An' he bid me never to mind, for there wasn't a ha'porth o' harm.
An' sez I: "I'm not able for aught." An' sez he: "Dad, ye've
worked in your day
Like a Trojin, an' now ye've a right to your rest, while we'll wrestle
away.
Sure it's many a creel ye've loaded afore I'd the strenth or the wit;
And ye needn't be throublin' your head, for there's plinty of help
I'll git;
Here's Larry an' Tim grown sizable lads, an' Joe'll soon be lendin'
a hand —
So ye'll just sit quite in your corner, an' see that we'll git on grand."
And he said it as kind as could be, yet me heart felt as heavy as
lead,
And I wint to the door, and I sat in the sun, but I wished I was dead.

He's been always a good son, Pat, an' the wife, there's no fau't
 in his wife,
 Sure she's doin' her best to keep house sin' me ould woman lost her
 life;
 But the trouble she's had — och! the crathur, small blame to her
 now if she'd think
 It was time they were quit of a wan fit for naught save to ait an' to
 dhrink.

For whiles, whin she's washin' the praties, or cuttin' the chil-
 dher's bread,
 I know be the look of her face she's rememb'rin' the child that's
 dead;
 The littlest, that died in last winther, and often afore it died
 Did be askin' its mammy for bread, an' thin, 'cause she'd none, it cried;
 An' the Dochter he said 'twas the hunger had kilt it; an' that was
 the case:

Ye could see thro' its wee bits of hands, an' its eyes were as big as
 its face.
 An' whiles whin I'm aitin' me crust, *I'll* be thinkin' to hear it cry —
 But *she*, that's the mother who bore it — who'd blame her? In throth
 not I.

Och! but that was the terrible winther, an' like to ha' starved us
 outright;
 Ne'er a hungrier saison I mind since the first o' the pratie blight;
 An' whine'er wan's no call to be hungry, it's three times as hungry
 wan feels,
 An' so I that worked never a sthroke, I did always be great at me
 meals.
 Yet I spared thim the most that I could, for o' nights whin I noticed
 our heap
 O' praties looked small in the pot, I'd let on I was fast asleep;
 So Molly she'd spake to the childher, an' bid thim to whisht an' be
 quite,
 For if gran'daddy sted on asleep, he'd be wantin' no supper that
 night;
 Thin, the crathurs, as cautious an' cute as the mice they'd all keep
 whin they heard,
 An' to think that the little childher'd sit watchin', not darin' a word,
 But hush-hushin' wan to the other, for fear I might happin to wake
 And ait up their morsel o' food — sure me heart 'ud be ready to
 break.

Thin I'd think: "There's the House; ay, an' thin they'd be fewer
 to starve an' to stint;"
 Yet I hated the thought, an' kep' hopin' I'd maybe be dead ere I wint.

But I'm just afther hearin' this day what has settled me plans in
me mind,
Like as if I had turned round me face; and I won't go a lookin'
behind.

I'd been shreelin' about in the slip at the back, whin I thought
I'd creep down
An' see what was up at M'Gurk's, for it's weeks since I've been in
the town;
So round to the front I was come, an' the first thing that ever I
seen

Was two gintlemen close to our door, an' a car standin' down the
boreen.

And the wan o' the two was a sthranger, a stout little man, wid each
square

O' the checks on his coateen the size of our own bit o' field over
there;

Divil much to be lookin' at aither, tho' here the lads tould me as
how

'Twas no less than our Landlord himself, that we'd never set eyes on
till now.

For away off in England he lives, where they say he's an iligant
place

Wid big walls round it sevin mile long, and owns dozens of horses
to race,

That costs him a fortin to keep; so whin all of his money is spint,
He sends word over here to the Agint; an' bids him make haste
wid the rint.

An' the other's the Agint, I know him; worse luck, I've known
many a wan,

An' it's sorra much good o' thim all. I remember the carryin's on
We'd have in the ould times at home, whin we heard he was comin'
his round:

For, suppose we'd a calf or a heifer, we'd dhrive her off into the
pound,

Or if we'd a firkin of butther, we'd hide it away in the thatch.

Ay, bedad, if we'd even so much as an old hin a sittin' to hatch,

We'd clap her in under the bed, out o' sight, for, mind you, we knew
right well

He'd be rulsin' the rint on us sthraight, if he spied that we'd aught
to sell.

I've heard tell there's a change in the law, an' the rint takes three
Judges to fix,

So it isn't as aisy these times for an Agint to play thim bad thricks;
I dunno the rights of it clear, but all's wan, for he would if he
could;

And as soon as I seen him this day, I was sure he'd come afther no good.

But I slipped the wrong side o' the bank ere they heard me, an' there I sat still,

An' they came an' stood nigh it to wait, while their car crep' along up the hill.

And Turner, the Agint, looked back to the house: "Well, yer Lordship," he sez,

"That's a case for eviction; we'll scarce see a pinny while wan o' thim stez.

Why, they haven't a goose or a hin, let alone e'er a baste on the land,

So where we're to look for our money is more nor I understand.

But in coorse the man's axin' for time." An' sez t'other, "Confound him! in coorse —

'Tis their thrade to be axin' for that, if ye're axin' a pound for your purse.

They may have their damned time, sure, an' welcome, as long as they plase, on'y first

They'll pay up or clear out." An' the Agint he laughed till ye'd think he'd ha' burst.

An' sez he, "Thin 'clear out' 'ill be the word, and my notion's we'll find that it pays,

If we pull down thim ould sticks o' cabins, an' put in the cattle to graze;

Faith, I'd liefer see sheep on the land than the likes o' that breed any day,"

Sez he, pointin' his hand to the dike, where the childher, poor sows, were at play.

An' the Lord sez, "It's on'y a pity we can't git the lap of a wave

Just for wanst, o'er the whole o' the counthry; no end to the throuble 'twould save,

And lave the the place *clane*." An' the Agint laughed hearty; sez he: "Our best start,

Since we can't git thim under the wather is sendin' thim over it smart.

An' these Flynnns here we'd imigraph aisy; they've several lads nearly grown;

The on'y dhr drawback's the ould father, we'll just have to let him alone,

For the son sez he's sheer past his work, an' that niver 'ud do in the States;

It's a burthen he's been on their hands for this great while — he'll go on the rates.

Sure, the Union's the place for the likes of him, so long as he bides above."

But be this time their car had come by, an' up wid thim, an' off they dhruv.

I'd ne'er ha' thought Patsy'd say that; an' he didn't belike—I dunno—

But it's on'y the truth if he did. A burthen? Bedad, I'm so. An' Pat, that's a rale good son, and has been all the days of his life, It's the quare thanks I'm givin' him now, to be starvin' the childher and wife.

For I often considher a sayin' we have: "Whin it's little ye've got, It's the hunger ye'll find at the botthom, if many dip spoons in your pot."

But if wanst they were shut o' meself, an' the Agint 'ud wait for a bit,

They might weather the worst o' the throuble, an' keep the ould roof o'er thim yit.

But suppose they're put out afther all, an' packed off to the divil knows where,

An' I up away in the House, I might never so happin to hear;

An' I'd liefer not know it for certin. Och! to think the ould place was a roon,

Wid naught left save the rims o' four walls, that the weeds 'ud be coverin' soon;

An' the bastes o' the field walkin' in; an' the hole where the hearth was filled

Wid the briers; an' no thrace o' the shed that I helped me poor father to build,

An' I but a slip of a lad, an' that plased to be handlin' the tools,

I 'most hammered the head off each nail that I dhruv. Och, it's boys that are fools.

'Tis sevin mile good into Westport; I never could thramp it so far,

But Tim Daly dhrives there of a Friday; he'll loan me a sate on his car.

An' Friday's to-morra, ochone! so I'm near now to seein' me last O' Barney, an' Pat, an' the childher, an' all the ould times seem past.

I remimber the House goin' by it. It stands on a bit of a rise. Stone-black, lookin' over the lan', wid its windows all starin' like eyes;

And its lonesome an' sthrange I'll be feelin', wid ne'er a frind's face
to behould;
An' the days 'ill go dhreary an' slow. But I'm ould, plase God,
I'm ould.



"POSSON JONE'."¹

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

[GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE: An American journalist and novelist; born in New Orleans, La., October 12, 1844. His works include: "Old Creole Days" (1879), "The Grandissimes" (1880), "Madame Delphine" (1881), "Dr. Sevier" (1883), "The Creoles of Louisiana" (1884), "The Silent South" (1885), "John March, Southerner," "Bonaventure," "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," "The Busy Man's Bible," and "The Negro Question."]

To Jules St.-Ange — elegant little heathen — there yet remained at manhood a remembrance of having been to school, and of having been taught by a stony-headed Capuchin that the world is round — for example, like a cheese. This round world is a cheese to be eaten through, and Jules had nibbled quite into his cheese world already at twenty-two.

He realized this as he idled about one Sunday morning where the intersection of Royal and Conti streets some seventy years ago formed a central corner of New Orleans. Yes, yes, the trouble was he had been wasteful and honest. He discussed the matter with that faithful friend and confidant, Baptiste, his yellow body servant. They concluded that, papa's patience and *tante's* pin money having been gnawed away quite to the rind, there were left open only these few easily enumerated resorts: to go to work — they shuddered; to join Major Innerarity's filibustering expedition; or else — why not? — to try some games of confidence. At twenty-two one must begin to be something. Nothing else tempted; could that avail? One could but try. It is noble to try; and, besides, they were hungry. If one could "make the friendship" of some person from the country, for instance, with money, not expert at cards or dice, but, as one would say, willing to learn, one might find cause to say some "Hail Marys."

The sun broke through a clearing sky, and Baptiste pronounced it good for luck. There had been a hurricane in the

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night. The weed-grown tile roofs were still dripping, and from lofty brick and low adobe walls a rising steam responded to the summer sunlight. Upstreet, and across the Rue du Canal, one could get glimpses of the gardens in Faubourg Ste. Marie standing in silent wretchedness, so many tearful Lucretias, tattered victims of the storm. Short remnants of the wind now and then came down the narrow street in erratic puffs heavily laden with odors of broken boughs and torn flowers, skimmed the little pools of rain water in the deep ruts of the unpaved street, and suddenly went away to nothing, like a juggler's butterflies or a young man's money.

It was very picturesque, the Rue Royale. The rich and poor met together. The locksmith's swinging key creaked next door to the bank; across the way, crouching, mendicant-like, in the shadow of a great importing house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely pronged railings upon the passers below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter groaning toward Paris after its neglectful master.

M. St-Ange stood looking up and down the street for nearly an hour. But few ladies, only the inveterate mass-goers, were out. About the entrance of the frequent *cafés* the masculine gentility stood leaning on canes, with which now one and now another beckoned to Jules, some even adding pantomimic hints of the social cup.

M. St-Ange remarked to his servant without turning his head that somehow he felt sure he should soon return those *bons* that the mulatto had lent him.

"What will you do with them?"

"Me!" said Baptiste, quickly; "I will go and see the bullfight in the Place Congo."

"There is to be a bullfight? But where is M. Cayetano?"

"Ah, got all his affairs wet in the tornado. Instead of his circus, they are to have a bullfight—not an ordinary bullfight with sick horses, but a buffalo and tiger fight. I would not miss it——"

Two or three persons ran to the opposite corner, and commenced striking at something with their canes. Others fol-

lowed. Can M. St.-Ange and servant, who hasten forward — can the Creoles, Cubans, Spaniards, San Domingo refugees, and other loungers — can they hope it is a fight? They hurry forward. Is a man in a fit? The crowd pours in from the side streets. Have they killed a so-long snake? Bareheaded shopmen leave their wives, who stand upon chairs. The crowd huddles and packs. Those on the outside make little leaps into the air, trying to be tall.

"What is the matter?"

"Have they caught a real live rat?"

"Who is hurt?" asks some one in English.

"*Personne*," replies a shopkeeper; "a man's hat blow' in the gutter; but he has it now. Jules pick' it. See, that is the man, head and shoulders on top the res'."

"He in the homespun?" asks a second shopkeeper. "Humph! an *Américain* — a West Floridian; bah!"

"But wait; 'st! he is speaking; listen!"

"To who is he speak——"

"Sh-sh-sh! to Jules."

"Jules who?"

"Silence, you! To Jules St.-Ange, what howe me a bill since long time. Sh-sh-sh!"

Then the voice was heard.

Its owner was a man of giant stature, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, as if he was making a constant, good-natured attempt to accommodate himself to ordinary doors and ceilings. His bones were those of an ox. His face was marked more by weather than age, and his narrow brow was bald and smooth. He had instantaneously formed an opinion of Jules St.-Ange, and the multitude of words, most of them lingual curiosities, with which he was rasping the wide-open ears of his listeners, signified, in short, that, as sure as his name was Parson Jones, the little Creole was a "plum gentleman."

M. St.-Ange bowed and smiled, and was about to call attention, by both gesture and speech, to a singular object on top of the still uncovered head, when the nervous motion of the *Américain* anticipated him, as, throwing up an immense hand, he drew down a large roll of bank notes. The crowd laughed, the West Floridian joining, and began to disperse.

"Why, that money belongs to Smyrny Church," said the giant.

"You are very dangerous to make your money expose like

that, Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, counting it with his eyes.

The countryman gave a start and smile of surprise.

"How d'dyou know my name was Jones?" he asked; but, without pausing for the Creole's answer, furnished in his reckless way some further specimens of West-Floridian English; and the conciseness with which he presented full intelligence of his home, family, calling, lodging house, and present and future plans, might have passed for consummate art, had it not been the most run-wild nature. "And I've done been to Mobile, you know, on business for Bethesdy Church. It's the on'yest time I ever been from home; now you wouldn't of believed that, would you? But I admire to have saw you, that's so. You've got to come and eat with me. Me and my boy ain't been fed yit. What might one call yo' name? Jools? Come on, Jools. Come on, Colossus. That's my niggah—his name's Colossus of Rhodes. Is that yo' yallah boy, Jools? Fetch him along, Colossus. It seems like a special providence. — Jools, do you believe in a special providence?"

Jules said he did.

The new-made friends moved briskly off, followed by Baptiste and a short, square, old negro, very black and grotesque, who had introduced himself to the mulatto, with many glittering and cavernous smiles, as "d'boday sarvant of d'Rev'n' Mr. Jones."

Both pairs enlivened their walk with conversation. Parson Jones descanted upon the doctrine he had mentioned, as illustrated in the perplexities of cotton growing, and concluded that there would always be "a special providence again' cotton untell folks quits a pressin' of it and haulin' of it on Sundays!"

"*Je dis*," said St.-Ange, in response, "I thing you is juz right. I believe, me, strong-strong in the improvidence, yes. You know my papa he hown a sugah plantation, you know. 'Jules, me son,' he say one time to me, 'I goin' to make one baril sugah to fedge the moze high price in New Orleans.' Well, he take his bez baril sugah — I nevah see a so careful man like me papa always to make a so beautiful sugah *et sirop*. 'Jules, go at Father Pierre an' ged this lill pitcher fill with holy water, an' tell him sen' his tin bucket, and I will make it fill with *quitte*.' I ged the holy water; my papa sprinkle it over the baril, an' make one cross on the 'ead of the baril."

"Why, Jools," said Parson Jones, "that didn't do no good."

"Din do no good! Id brougld the so great value! You can strike me dead if thad baril sugah din fedge the more high cost than any other in the city. *Parceque*, the man what buy that baril sugah he make a mistake of one hundred pound"—falling back—" *mais* certainlee!"

"And you think that was growin' out of the holy water?" asked the parson.

"*Mais*, what could make it else? Id not be the *quitte*, because my papa keep the bucket, an' forget to sen' the *quitte* to Father Pierre."

Parson Jones was disappointed.

"Well, now, Jools, you know, I don't think that was right. I reckon you must be a plum Catholic."

M. St.-Ange shrugged. He would not deny his faith.

"I am a *Catholique, mais*"—brightening as he hoped to recommend himself anew—"not a good one."

"Well, you know," said Jones—"where's Colossus? Oh! all right. Colossus strayed off a minute in Mobile, and I plum lost him for two days. Here's the place; come in. Colossus and this boy can go to the kitchen. —Now, Colossus, what *air* you a beckonin' at me faw?"

He let his servant draw him aside and address him in a whisper.

"Oh, go' way!" said the parson, with a jerk. "Who's goin' to throw me? What? Speak louder. Why, Colossus, you shayn't talk so, saw. 'Pon my soul, you're the mightiest fool I ever taken up with. Jest you go down that alleyway with this yalla boy, and don't show yo' face untell yo' called!"

The negro begged; the master wrathily insisted.

"Colossus, will you do ez I tell you, or shell I hev' to strike you, saw?"

"O Mahs Jimmy, I—I's gwine; but"—he ventured nearer—"don't on no account drink nothin', Mahs Jimmy."

Such was the negro's earnestness that he put one foot in the gutter, and fell heavily against his master. The parson threw him off angrily.

"Thar, now! Why, Colossus, you most of been doted with sumthin'; yo' plum crazy. —Humph, come on, Jools, let's eat! Humph! to tell me that when I never taken a drop, exceptin' for chills, in my life—which he knows so as well as me!"

The two masters began to ascend a stair.

"*Mais*, he is a sassy ; I would sell him, me," said the young Creole.

"No, I wouldn't do that," replied the parson ; "though there is people in Bethesdy who says he is a rascal. He's a powerful smart fool. Why, that boy's got money, Jools ; more money than religion, I reckon. I'm shore he fallen into mighty bad company" — they passed beyond earshot.

Baptiste and Colossus, instead of going to the tavern kitchen, passed to the next door and entered the dark rear corner of a low grocery, where, the law notwithstanding, liquor was covertly sold to slaves. There, in the quiet company of Baptiste and the grocer, the colloquial powers of Colossus, which were simply prodigious, began very soon to show themselves.

"For whilst," said he, "Mahs Jimmy has eddication, you know — whilst he has eddication, I has 'scretion. He has eddication and I has 'scretion, an' so we gits along."

He drew a black bottle down the counter, and, laying half its length upon the damp board, continued : —

"As a p'inciple I discredits de imbimin' of awjus liquors. De imbimin' of awjus liquors, de wiolution of de Sabbaf, de playin' of de fiddle, and de usin' of bywords, dey is de fo' sins of de conscience ; an' if any man sins de fo' sins of de conscience, de debble done sharp his fork fo' dat man. — Ain't that so, boss ?"

The grocer was sure it was so.

"Neberdeless, mind you" — here the orator brimmed his glass from the bottle and swallowed the contents with a dry eye — "mind you, a roytious man, sech as ministers of de gospel and dere body sarvants, can take a *leetle* for de weak stomach."

But the fascinations of Colossus' eloquence must not mislead us ; this is the story of a true Christian, to wit, Parson Jones.

The parson and his new friend ate. But the coffee M. St.-Ange declared he could not touch ; it was too wretchedly bad. At the French Market, near by, there was some noble coffee. This, however, would have to be bought, and Parson Jones had scruples.

"You see, Jools, every man has his conscience to guide him, which it does so in ——"

"Oh, yes !" cried St.-Ange, "conschien' ; thad is the bez,

Posson Jone'. Certainlee! I am a *Catholique*, you is a *schismatique*; you thing it is wrong to dring some coffee — well, then, it *is* wrong; you thing it is wrong to make the sugah to ged the so large price — well, then, it *is* wrong; I think it is right — well, then, it *is* right; it is all 'abit; *c'est tout*. What a man thing is right, *is right*; 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscien'. My faith! do you thing I would go again' my conscien'? *Mais allons*, led us go and ged some coffee."

"Jools."

"W'at?"

"Jools, it ain' the drinkin' of coffee, but the buyin' of it on a Sabbath. You must really excuse me, Jools, it's again' conscience, you know."

"Ah!" said St.-Ange, "*c'est* very true. For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cockfight Sunday evening. I thing it is all 'abit. *Mais*, come, Posson Jone'; I have got one friend, Miguel; led us go at his house and ged some coffee. Come; Miguel have no familie; only him and Joe — always like to see friend; *allons*, led us come yonder."

"Why, Jools, my dear friend, you know," said the shame-faced parson, "I never visit on Sundays."

"Never w'at?" asked the astounded Creole.

"No," said Jones, smiling awkwardly.

"Never visite?"

"Exceptin' sometimes amongst church members," said Parson Jones.

"*Mais*," said the seductive St.-Ange, "Miguel and Joe is church member' — certainlee! They love to talk about rilligion. Come at Miguel and talk about some rilligion. I am nearly expire for me coffee."

Parson Jones took his hat from beneath his chair and rose up.

"Jools," said the weak giant, "I ought to be in church right now."

"*Mais*, the church is right yonder at Miguel', yes. Ah!" continued St.-Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like' the bez — me, I like the *Catholique* rilligion the bez — for me it *is* the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he like his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the Creole's shoulder, as they stepped out upon the *banquette*, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St.-Ange; "I am sure-sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, *et* I thing Miguel will go, *et* Joe — everybody, I thing — *mais*, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

"Jools," said the parson, stopping in his walk — "Jools, I *don't* want to lose my niggah."

"You will not loose him. With Baptiste he *cannot* ged loose."

But Colossus' master was not reassured.

"Now," said he, still tarrying, "this is jest the way; had I of gone to church —"

"Posson Jone'," said Jules.

"What?"

"I tell you. We goin' to church!"

"Will you?" asked Jones, joyously.

"*Allons*, come along," said Jules, taking his elbow.

They walked down the Rue Chartres, passed several corners, and by and by turned into a cross street. The parson stopped an instant as they were turning, and looked back up the street.

"W'at you lookin'?" asked his companion.

"I thought I saw Colossus," answered the parson, with an anxious face; "I reckon 'twan't him, though." And they went on.

The street they now entered was a very quiet one. The eye of any chance passer would have been at once drawn to a broad, heavy, white brick edifice on the lower side of the way, with a flag pole standing out like a bowsprit from one of its great windows, and a pair of lamps hanging before a large closed entrance. It was a theater, honeycombed with gambling dens. At this morning hour all was still, and the only sign of life was a knot of little barefoot girls gathered within its narrow shade, and each carrying an infant relative. Into this place the parson and M. St.-Ange entered, the little nurses jumping up from the sills to let them pass in.

A half-hour may have passed. At the end of that time the whole juvenile company were laying alternate eyes and

ears to the chinks, to gather what they could of an interesting quarrel going on within.

"I did not, saw! I given you no cause of offense, saw! It's not so, saw! Mister Jools simply mistaken the house, thinkin' it was a Sabbath school! No such thing, saw; I *ain't* bound to bet! Yes, I kin git out! Yes, without bettin'! I hev a right to my opinion; I reckon I'm a *white man*, saw! No, saw! I on'y said I didn't think you could get the game on them cards. 'Sno such thing, saw! I do *not* know how to play! I wouldn't hev a rascal's money ef I should win it! Shoot, ef you dare! You can kill me, but you cayn't scare me! No, I shayn't bet! I'll die first! Yes, saw; Mr. Jools can bet for me if he admires to; I ain't his mostah."

Here the speaker seemed to direct his words to St.-Ange.

"Saw, I don't understand you, saw. I never said I'd loan you money to bet for me. I didn't suspicion this from you, saw. No, I won't take any more lemonade; it's the most notorious stuff I ever drank, saw!"

M. St.-Ange's replies were in *falsetto* and not without effect; for presently the parson's indignation and anger began to melt. "Don't ask me, Jools, I can't help you. It's no use; it's a matter of conscience with me, Jools."

"*Mais oui!* 'tis a matt' of conscien' wid me, the same."

"But, Jools, the money's none o' mine, nohow; it belongs to Smyrny, you know."

"If I could make jus' *one* bet," said the persuasive St.-Ange, "I would leave this place, fas'-fas', yes. If I had thing — *mais* I did not soup-spicion this from you, Posson Jone' —"

"Don't, Jools, don't!"

"No! Posson Jone'."

"You're bound to win?" said the parson, wavering.

"*Mais certainement!* But it is not to win that I want; 'tis me conscien' — me honor!"

"Well, Jools, I hope I'm not a doin' no wrong. I'll loan you some of this money if you say you'll come right out 'thout takin' your winnin's."

All was still. The peeping children could see the parson as he lifted his hand to his breast pocket. There it paused a moment in bewilderment, then plunged to the bottom. It came back empty, and fell lifelessly at his side. His head dropped upon his breast, his eyes were for a moment closed, his broad palms were lifted and pressed against his forehead, a

tremor seized him, and he fell all in a lump to the floor. The children ran off with their infant loads, leaving Jules St.-Ange swearing by all his deceased relatives, first to Miguel and Joe, and then to the lifted parson, that he did not know what had become of the money "except if" the black man had got it.

In the rear of ancient New Orleans, beyond the sites of the old rampart, a trio of Spanish forts, where the town has since sprung up and grown old, green with all the luxuriance of the wild Creole summer, lay the Congo Plains. Here stretched the canvas of the historic Cayetano, who Sunday after Sunday sowed the sawdust for his circus ring.

But to-day the great showman had fallen short of his printed promise. The hurricane had come by night, and with one fell swash had made an irretrievable sop of everything. The circus trailed away its bedraggled magnificence, and the ring was cleared for the bull.

Then the sun seemed to come out and work for the people. "See," said the Spaniards, looking up at the glorious sky with its great, white fleets drawn off upon the horizon — "see — heaven smiles upon the bullfight!"

In the high upper seats of the rude amphitheater sat the gayly decked wives and daughters of the Gascons, from the *métaries* along the Ridge, and the chattering Spanish women of the Market, their shining hair unbonneted to the sun. Next below were their husbands and lovers in Sunday blouses, milkmen, butchers, bakers, black-bearded fishermen, Sicilian fruiterers, swarthy Portuguese sailors, in little woolen caps, and strangers of the graver sort; mariners of England, Germany, and Holland. The lowest seats were full of trappers, smugglers, Canadian *voyageurs*, drinking and singing; *Américains*, too — more's the shame — from the upper rivers — who will not keep their seats, — who ply the bottle, and who will get home by and by and tell how wicked Sodom is; broad-brimmed, silver-braided Mexicans, too, with their copper cheeks and bat's eyes, and their tinkling spurred heels. Yonder, in that quieter section, are the quadroon women in their black lace shawls — and there is Baptiste; and below them are the turbaned black women, and there is — but he vanishes — Colossus.

The afternoon is advancing, yet the sport, though loudly demanded, does not begin. The *Américains* grow derisive and find pastime in gibes and raillery. They mock the various

Latins with their national inflections, and answer their scowls with laughter. Some of the more aggressive shout pretty French greetings to the women of Gascony, and one bargeman, amid peals of applause, stands on a seat and hurls a kiss to the quadroons. The mariners of England, Germany, and Holland, as spectators, like the fun, while the Spaniards look black and cast defiant imprecations upon their persecutors. Some Gascons, with timely caution, pick their women out and depart, running a terrible fire of gallantries.

In hope of truce, a new call is raised for the bull: "The bull, the bull! — hush!"

In a tier near the ground a man is standing and calling — standing head and shoulders above the rest — calling in the *Américaine* tongue. Another man, big and red, named Joe, and a handsome little Creole in elegant dress and full of laughter, wish to stop him, but the flatboatmen, ha-ha-ing and cheering, will not suffer it. Ah, through some shameful knavery of the men, into whose hands he has fallen, he is drunk! Even the women can see that; and now he throws his arms wildly and raises his voice until the whole great circle hears it. He is preaching!

Ah! kind Lord, for a special providence now! The men of his own nation — men from the land of the open English Bible and temperance cup and song are cheering him on to mad disgrace. And now another call for the appointed sport is drowned by the flatboatmen singing the ancient tune of Mear. You can hear the words —

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul"

— from ribald lips and throats turned brazen with laughter, from sinners who toss their hats aloft and roll in their seats; the chorus swells to the accompaniment of a thousand brogans —

"He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before."

A ribboned man in the arena is trying to be heard, and the Latins raise one mighty cry for silence. The big red man gets a hand over the parson's mouth, and the ribboned man seizes his moment.

"They have been endeavoring for hours," he says, "to draw the terrible animals from their dens, but such is their strength and fierceness that —"

His voice is drowned. Enough has been heard to warrant the inference that the beasts cannot be whipped out of the storm-drenched cages to which menagerie life and long starvation have attached them, and from the roar of indignation the man of ribbons flies. The noise increases. Men are standing up by hundreds, and women are imploring to be let out of the turmoil. All at once, like the bursting of a dam, the whole mass pours down into the ring. They sweep across the arena and over the showman's barriers. Miguel gets a frightful trampling. Who cares for gates or doors? They tear the beasts' houses bar from bar, and, laying hold of the gaunt buffalo, drag him forth by feet, ears, and tail; and in the midst of the *mêlée*, still head and shoulders above all, wilder, with the cup of the wicked, than any beast, is the man of God from the Florida parishes!

In his arms he bore—and all the people shouted at once when they saw it—the tiger. He had lifted it high up with its back to his breast, his arms clasped under its shoulders; the wretched brute had curled up caterpillar-wise, with its long tail against its belly, and through its filed teeth grinned a fixed and impotent wrath. And Parson Jones was shouting:—

"The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together! You dah to say they shayn't, and I'll comb you with this varmint from head to foot! The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together. They *shell*! Now, you, Joe! Behold! I am here to see it done. The lion and the buffler *shell* lay down together!"

Mouthing these words again and again, the parson forced his way through the surge in the wake of the buffalo. This creature the Latins had secured by a lariat over his head, and were dragging across the old rampart and into a street of the city.

The northern races were trying to prevent, and there was pommeling and knocking down, cursing and knife drawing, until Jules St.-Ange was quite carried away with the fun, laughed, clapped his hands, and swore with delight, and ever kept close to the gallant parson.

Joe, contrariwise, counted all this child's play an interruption. He had come to find Colossus and the money. In an unlucky moment he made bold to lay hold of the parson, but a piece of the broken barriers in the hands of a flatboatman felled him to the sod, the terrible crowd swept over him, the lariat

was cut, and the giant parson hurled the tiger upon the buffalo's back. In another instant both brutes were dead at the hands of the mob; Jones was lifted from his feet, and prating of Scripture and the millennium, of Paul at Ephesus and Daniel in the "buffler's" den, was born aloft upon the shoulders of the huzzaing *Américains*. Half an hour later he was sleeping heavily on the floor of a cell in the *calaboza*.

When Parson Jones awoke, a bell was somewhere tolling for midnight. Somebody was at the door of his cell with a key. The lock grated, the door swung, the turnkey looked in and stepped back, and a ray of moonlight fell upon M. Jules St.-Ange. The prisoner sat upon the empty shackles and ringbolt in the center of the floor.

"Misty Posson Jone'," said the visitor, softly.

"O Jools!"

"*Mais*, w'at de matter, Posson Jone'?"

"My sins, Jools, my sins!"

"Ah! Posson Jone', is that something to cry, because a man get sometime a litt' bit intoxicate? *Mais*, if a man keep *all the time* intoxicate, I think that is again' the consien'."

"Jools, Jools, your eyes is darkened—oh! Jools, where's my pore old niggah?"

"Posson Jone', never min'; he is wid Baptiste."

"Where?"

"I don' know w'ere—*mais* he is wid Baptiste. Baptiste is a beautiful to take care of somebody."

"Is he as good as you, Jools?" asked Parson Jones, sincerely.

Jules was slightly staggered.

"You know, Posson Jone', you know, a nigger cannot be good as a w'ite man—*mais* Baptiste is a good nigger."

The parson moaned and dropped his chin into his hands.

"I was to of left for home to-morrow, sun-up, on the 'Isabella' schooner. Pore Smyrny!" He deeply sighed.

"Posson Jone'," said Jules, leaning against the wall and smiling, "I swear you is the moz funny man I ever see. If I was you I would say, me, 'Ah! 'ow I am lucky! the money I los', it was not mine, anyhow!' My faith! shall a man make hisse'f to be the more sorry because the money he los' is not his? Me, I would say, 'It is a specious providence.'"

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone'," he continued, "you make a so droll sermon ad the bull ring. Ha! ha! I swear I thing you

can make money to preach thad sermon many time ad the theater St. Philippe. Hah! you is the moz brave dat I never see, *mais* ad the same time the moz rilligious man. Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make like dat? *Mais*, why you can't cheer up an' be 'appy? Me, if I should be miserabl' like that I would kill meself."

The countryman only shook his head.

"*Bien*, Posson Jone', I have the so good news for you."

The prisoner looked up with eager inquiry.

"Las' evening when they lock' you, I come right off at M. De Blanc's house to get you let out of de calaboose; M. De Blanc he is the judge. So soon I was entering — 'Ah! Jules, me boy, juz the man to make complete the game!' Posson Jone', it was a specious providence! I win in t'ree hours more dan six hundred dollah! Look." He produced a mass of bank notes, *bons*, and duebills.

"And you got the pass?" asked the parson, regarding the money with a sadness incomprehensible to Jules.

"It is here; it take the effect so soon the daylight."

"Jools, my friend, your kindness is in vain."

The Creole's face became a perfect blank.

"Because," said the parson, "for two reasons: firstly, I have broken the laws, and ought to stand the penalty; and secondly — you must really excuse me, Jools, you know, but the pass has been got onfairly, I'm afeerd. You told the judge I was innocent; and in neither case it don't become a Christian (which I hope I can still say I am one) to 'do evil that good may come.' I muss stay."

M. St.-Ange stood up aghast, and for a moment speechless, at this exhibition of moral heroism; but an artifice was presently hit upon. "*Mais*, Posson Jone'!" — in his old *falsetto* — "de order — you cannot read it, it is in French — compel you to go hout, sir!"

"Is that so?" cried the parson, bounding up with radiant face — "is that so, Jools?"

The young man nodded, smiling; but, though he smiled, the fountain of his tenderness was opened. He made the sign of the cross as the parson knelt in prayer, and even whispered, "Hail Mary," etc., quite through, twice over.

Morning broke in summer glory upon a cluster of villas behind the city, nestled under live oaks and magnolias on the banks of a deep bayou, and known as Suburb St. Jean.

With the first beam came the West Floridian and the Creole out upon the bank below the village. Upon the parson's arm hung a pair of antique saddlebags. Baptiste limped wearily behind; both his eyes were encircled with broad, blue rings, and one cheek bone bore the official impress of every knuckle of Colossus' left hand. The "beautiful to take care of somebody" had lost his charge. At mention of the negro he became wild, and, half in English, half in the "gumbo" dialect, said murderous things. Intimidated by Jules to calmness, he became able to speak confidently on one point: he could, would, and did swear that Colossus had gone home to the Florida parishes; he was almost certain; in fact, he thought so.

There was a clicking of pulleys as the three appeared upon the bayou's margin, and Baptiste pointed out, in the deep shadow of a great oak, the "Isabella," moored among the bulrushes, and just spreading her sails for departure. Moving down to where she lay, the parson and his friend paused on the bank, loath to say farewell.

"O Jools!" said the parson, "supposin' Colossus ain't gone home! O Jools, if you'll look him out for me, I'll never forget you—I'll never forget you, nohow, Jools. No, Jools, I never will believe he taken that money. Yes, I know all niggahs will steal"—he set foot upon the gang plank—"but Colossus wouldn't steal from me. Good-by."

"Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, putting his hand on the parson's arm with genuine affection, "hol' on. You see dis money—w'at I win las' night? Well, I win it by a precious providence, ain't it?"

"There's no tellin'," said the humbled Jones. "Providence

"Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

"Ah!" cried the Creole, "*c'est* very true. I ged this money in the mysterieuze way. *Mais*, if I keep dis money, you know where it goin' be to-night?"

"I really can't say," replied the parson.

"Goin' to de dev'," said the sweetly smiling young man.

The schooner captain, leaning against the shrouds, and even Baptiste, laughed outright.

"O Jools, you mustn't!"

"Well, den, w'at I shall do wid *it*?"

"Anything!" answered the parson; "better donate it away to some poor man ——"

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone', dat is w'at I want. You los' five hondred dollar' — 'twas me fault."

"No, it wa'n't, Jools."

"*Mais*, it was!"

"No!"

"It *was* me fault! I *swear* it was me fault! *Mais*, here is five hondred dollar'; I wish you shall take it. Here! I don't got no use for money. — Oh, my faith! Posson Jone', you must not begin to cry some more."

Parson Jones was choked with tears. When he found voice he said: —

"O Jools, Jools, Jools! my pore, noble, dear, misguided friend! ef you hed of hed a Christian raisin'! May the Lord show you your errors better'n I kin, and bless you for your good intentions — oh, no! I cayn't touch that money with a ten-foot pole; it wa'n't rightly got; you must really excuse me, my dear friend, but I cayn't touch it."

St.-Ange was petrified.

"Good-by, dear Jools," continued the parson. "I'm in the Lord's haynds, and he's very merciful, which I hope and trust you'll find it out. Good-by!" — the schooner swung slowly off before the breeze — "good-by!"

St.-Ange roused himself.

"Posson Jone'! make me hany'ow *dis* promise: you never, never, *never* will come back to New Orleans."

"Ah, Jools, the Lord willin', I'll never leave home again!"

"All right!" cried the Creole; "I thing he's willin'. Adieu, Posson Jone'. My faith! you are the so fighting an' moz rilligious man as I never saw! Adieu! Adieu!"

Baptiste uttered a cry and presently ran by his master toward the schooner, his hands full of clods.

St.-Ange looked just in time to see the sable form of Colossus of Rhodes emerge from the vessel's hold, and the pastor of Smyrna and Bethesda seize him in his embrace.

"O Colossus! you outlandish old nigger! Thank the Lord! Thank the Lord!"

The little Creole almost wept. He ran down the towpath, laughing and swearing, and making confused allusion to the entire *personnel* and furniture of the lower regions.

By odd fortune, at the moment that St.-Ange further dem-

onstrated his delight by tripping his mulatto into a bog, the schooner came brushing along the reedy bank with a graceful curve, the sails flapped, and the crew fell to poling her slowly along.

Parson Jones was on the deck, kneeling once more in prayer. His hat had fallen before him; behind him knelt his slave. In thundering tones he was confessing himself "a plum fool," from whom "the conceit had been jolted out," and who had been made to see that even his "nigger had the longest head of the two."

Colossus clasped his hands and groaned.

The parson prayed for a contrite heart.

"Oh, yes!" cried Colossus.

The master acknowledged countless mercies.

"Dat's so!" cried the slave.

The master prayed that they might still be "piled on."

"Glory!" cried the black man, clapping his hands; "pile on!"

"An' now," continued the parson, "bring this pore, back-slidin' jackace of a parson and this pore ole fool nigger back to thar home in peace!"

"Pray fo' de money!" called Colossus.

But the parson prayed for Jules.

"Pray fo' de money!" repeated the negro.

"And oh, give thy servant back that there lost money!"

Colossus rose stealthily, and tiptoed by his still shouting master. St.-Ange, the captain, the crew, gazed in silent wonder at the strategist. Pausing but an instant over the master's hat to grin an acknowledgment of his beholders' speechless interest, he softly placed in it the faithfully mourned and honestly prayed-for Smyrna fund; then, saluted by the gesticulative, silent applause of St.-Ange and the schooner men, he resumed his first attitude behind his roaring master.

"Amen!" cried Colossus, meaning to bring him to a close.

"Onworthy though I be——" cried Jones.

"Amen!" reiterated the negro.

"A-a-amen!" said Parson Jones.

He rose to his feet, and, stooping to take up his hat, beheld the well-known roll. As one stunned, he gazed for a moment upon his slave, who still knelt with clasped hands and rolling eyeballs; but when he became aware of the laughter and cheers that greeted him from both deck and shore, he lifted eyes and

hands to heaven, and cried like the veriest babe. And when he looked at the roll again, and hugged and kissed it, St.-Ange tried to raise a second shout, but choked, and the crew fell to their poles.

And now up runs Baptiste, covered with slime, and prepares to cast his projectiles. The first one fell wide of the mark ; the schooner swung round into a long reach of water, where the breeze was in her favor ; another shout of laughter drowned the maledictions of the muddy man ; the sails filled ; Colossus of Rhodes, smiling and bowing as hero of the moment, ducked as the main boom swept round, and the schooner, leaning slightly to the pleasant influence, rustled a moment over the bulrushes, and then sped far away down the rippling bayou.

M. Jules St.-Ange stood long, gazing at the receding vessel as it now disappeared, now reappeared, beyond the tops of the high undergrowth ; but when an arm of the forest hid it finally from sight he turned townward, followed by that fagged-out spaniel, his servant, saying, as he turned, " Baptiste."

"*Miché ?*"

" You know w'at I goin' do wid dis money ?"

"*Non, m'sieur.*"

" Well, you can strike me dead if I don't goin' to pay hall my debts ! *Allons !*"

He began a merry little song to the effect that his sweetheart was a wine bottle, and master and man, leaving care behind, returned to the picturesque Rue Royale. The ways of Providence are indeed strange. In all Parson Jones' after life, amid the many painful reminiscences of his visit to the City of the Plain, the sweet knowledge was withheld from him that by the light of the Christian virtue that shone from him even in his great fall, Jules St.-Ange arose, and went to his father an honest man.



CELIA THAXTER

THE SANDPIPER.¹

By CELIA THAXTER.

[1835-1894.]

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

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AN OLD FAMILY SERVANT.¹

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

(From "Colonel Carter of Cartersville.")

[FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH, artist, author, and civil engineer, was born in Baltimore, Md., October 3, 1838. He is one of the most popular writers of the day, and has also displayed marked ability as a painter in water colors. Besides contributing largely to magazines and reviews, he has published: "Old Lines in New Black and White," "Well-worn Roads of Spain," "Holland and Italy," "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "A Day at Laguerre's," "A Gentleman Vagabond," "Espero Gorgoni, Gondolier," and "Tom Grogan." All his works are illustrated by himself.]

THE colonel's front yard, while as quaint and old-fashioned as his house, was not—if I may be allowed—quite so well bred.

This came partly from the outdoor life it had always led and from its close association with other yards that had lost all semblance of respectability, and partly from the fact that it had never felt the refining influences of the friends of the house; for nobody ever lingered in the front yard who by any possibility could get into the front door—nobody, except perhaps now and then a stray tramp, who felt at home at once and went to sleep on the steps.

That all this told upon its character and appearance was shown in the remnants of whitewash on the high wall, scaling off in discolored patches; in the stagger of the tall fence opposite, drooping like a drunkard between two policemen of posts; and in the unkempt, bulging rear of the third wall,—the front house,—stuffed with rags and tied up with clothes-lines.

If in the purity of its youth it had ever seen better days as a garden—but then no possible stretch of imagination, however brilliant, could ever convert this miserable quadrangle into a garden.

It contained, of course, as all such yards do, one lone plant,—this time a honeysuckle,—which had clambered over the front door and there rested as if content to stay; but which later on, frightened at the surroundings, had with one great

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spring cleared the slippery wall between, reached the rain spout above, and by its helping arm had thus escaped to the roof and the sunlight.

It is also true that high up on this same wall there still clung the remains of a crisscross wooden trellis supporting the shivering branches of an old vine, which had spent its whole life trying to grow high enough to look over the tall fence into the yard beyond; but this was so long ago that not even the landlord remembered the color of its blossoms.

Then there was an old-fashioned hydrant, with a half-spiral crank of a handle on its top and the curved end of a lead pipe always aleak thrust through its rotten side, with its little statues of ice all winter and its spattering slop all summer.

Besides all this there were some broken flowerpots in a heap in one corner,—suicides from the window sills above,—and some sagging clotheslines, and a battered watering pot, and a box or two that might once have held flowers; and yet with all this circumstantial evidence against me I cannot conscientiously believe that this forlorn courtyard ever could have risen to the dignity of a garden.

But of course nothing of all this can be seen at night. At night one sees only the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market with its one blazing eye glaring high up over the fence, the little lantern hung in the tunnel, and the glow through the curtains shading the old-fashioned windows of the house itself, telling of warmth and comfort within.

To-night when I pushed open the swinging door—the door of the tunnel entering from the street—the lantern was gone, and in its stead there was only the glimmer of a mysterious light moving about the yard,—a light that fell now on the bare wall, now on the front steps, making threads of gold of the twisted iron railings, then on the posts of the leaning fence, against which hung three feathery objects,—grotesque and curious in the changing shadows,—and again on some barrels and boxes surrounded by loose straw.

Following this light, in fact, guiding it, was a noiseless, crouching figure peering under the open steps, groping around the front door, creeping beneath the windows; moving uneasily with a burglarlike tread.

I grasped my umbrella, advanced to the edge of the tunnel, and called out:—

“Who’s that?”

The figure stopped, straightened up, held a lantern high over its head, and peered into the darkness.

There was no mistaking that face.

"Oh, that's you, Chad, is it? What the devil are you doing?"

"Lookin' for one ob dese yer tar'pins Miss Nancy sent de colonel. Dey was seben ob 'em in dis box, an' now dey ain't but six. Hole dis light, Major, an' lemme fumble round dis rain spout."

Chad handed me the lantern, fell on his knees, and began crawling around the small yard like an old dog hunting for a possum, feeling in among the roots of the honeysuckle, between the barrels that had brought the colonel's china from Carter Hall, under the steps, way back where Chad kept his wood ashes — but no "brer tar'pin."

"Well, if dat don't beat de lan'! Dey was two ba'els — one had dat wild turkey an' de pair o' geese you see hangin' on de fence dar, an' de udder ba'el I jest ca'aed down de cellar full er oishters. De tar'pins was in dis box — seben ob 'em. Spec' dat rapscallion crawled ober de fence." And Chad picked up the basket with the remaining half-dozen, and descended the basement steps on his way through the kitchen to the front door above. Before he reached the bottom step I heard him break out with:—

"Oh, yer you is, you black debbil! Tryin' to git in de door, is ye? De pot is whar you'll git!"

At the foot of the short steps, flat on his back, head and legs wriggling like an overturned roach, lay the missing terrapin. It had crawled to the edge of the opening and had fallen down in the darkness.

Chad picked him up and kept on grumbling, shaking his finger at the motionless terrapin, whose head and legs were now tight drawn between its shells.

"Gre't mine to squash ye! Wearin' out my old knees lookin' for ye. Nebber mine, I'm gwine to bile ye fust an' de longest — hear dat? — de longest!" Then looking up at me, "I got him, Major — try dat do'. Spec' it's open. Colonel ain't yer yit. Reckon some ob dem moonshiners is keepin' him down town. 'Fo' I forgit it, dar's a letter for ye hangin' to de mantelpiece."

The door and the letter were both open, the latter being half a sheet of paper impaled by a pin, which alone saved it from the roaring fire that Chad had just replenished.

I held it to the light and learned, to my disappointment, that business of enormous importance to the C. & W. A. L. R. R. might preclude the possibility of the colonel's leaving his office until late. If such a calamity overtook him, would I forgive him and take possession of his house and cellar and make myself as comfortable as I could with my best friend away? This post-script followed:—

“Open the new Madeira; Chad has the key.”

Chad wreaked his vengeance upon the absconding terrapin by plunging him, with all his sins upon him, headlong into the boiling pot, and half an hour later was engaged at a side table in removing, with the help of an iron fork, the upper shell of the steaming vagabond, for my special comfort and sustenance.

“Tar'pin jes like a crab, Major, on'y got mo' meat to 'em. But you got to know 'em fust to eat 'em. Now dis yer shell is de hot plate, an' ye do all yo' eatin' right inside it,” said Chad, dropping a spoonful of butter, the juice of a lemon, and a pinch of salt into the impromptu dish.

“Now, Major, take yo' fork an' pick out all dat black meat an' dip it in de sauce, an' wid ebery mou'ful take one o' dem little yaller eggs. Dat's de way *we* eat tar'pin. Dis yer stewin' him up in pote wine is scand'lous. Can't taste nuffin' but de wine. But dat's *tar'pin*.”

I followed Chad's directions to the word, picking the terrapin as I would a crab and smothering the dainty bits in the hot sauce, until only two empty shells and a heap of little bones were left to tell the tale of my appetite.

“Gwine to crawl ober de fence, was ye?” I heard him say with a chuckle as he bore away the débris. “What I tell ye? Whar am ye now?”

“Did Miss Nancy send those terrapin?” I asked, watching the old darky drawing the cork of the new Madeira referred to in the colonel's note.

“Ob co'se, Major; Miss Nancy gibs de colonel eberythin'. Didn't ye know dat? She's de on'y one what's got anythin' to gib, an' she wouldn't hab dat on'y frough de war her money was in de bank in Baltimo'. I know, 'cause I went dar once to git some for her. De Yankee soldiers searched me; but some possums got two holes.”

“And did she send him the Madeira too?”

“No, sah; Mister Grocerman gib him dat.”

As he pronounced this name his voice fell, and for some time thereafter he kept silent, brushing the crumbs away, replacing a plate or two, or filling my wineglass, until at last he took his place behind my chair as was his custom with his master. It was easy to see that Chad had something on his mind.

Every now and then a sigh escaped him, which he tried to conceal by some irrelevant remark, as if his sorrow were his own and not to be shared with a stranger. Finally he gave an uneasy glance around, and, looking into my face with an expression of positive pain, said:—

“Don’t tell de colonel I axed, but when is dis yer railroad gwineter fotch some money in?”

“Why?” said I, wondering what extravagance the old man had fallen into.

“Nuffin’, sah; but if it don’t putty quick dar’s gwineter be trouble. Dese yer gemmen on de av’nue is gittin’ ugly. When I got dar Madary de udder day de tall one warn’t gwineter gib it to me, pass book or no pass book. On’y de young one say he’d seen de colonel, an’ he was a gemmen an’ all right, I wouldn’t ‘a’ got it at all. De tall gemmen was comin’ right around hisself—what he wanted to see, he said, was de color ob de colonel’s money. Been mo’ den two months, an’ not a cent.

“Co’s e I tole same as I been tellin’ him, dat de colonel’s folks is quality folks; but he say dat don’t pay de bills.”

“Did you tell the colonel?”

“No, sah; ain’t no use tellin’ de colonel; on’y worry him. He’s got de pass book, but I ain’t yerd him say nuffin’ yit ‘bout payin’ him. I been spectin’ Miss Nancy up here, an’ de colonel says she’s comin’ putty soon. She’ll fix ‘em; but dey ain’t no time to waste.”

While he spoke there came a loud knock at the door, and Chad returned trembling with fear, his face the very picture of despair.

“Dat’s de tall man hisself, sah, an’ his dander’s up. I knowed dese Yankees in de war, an’ I don’t like ‘em when dey’s ris’. When I tole him de colonel ain’t home, he look at me pizenlike, same as I was a lyin’; an’ den he stop an’ listen an’ say he come back to-night. Trouble comin’; old coon smells de dog. Wish we was home an’ out ob dis!”

I tried to divert his attention into other channels and to

calm his fears, assuring him that the colonel would come out all right; that these enterprises were slow, etc.; but the old man only shook his head.

"You know, Major, same as me, dat de colonel ain't nuffin' but a chile, an' about his bills he's *wuss*. But I'm yer, an' I'm 'sponsible. 'Chad,' he says, 'go out an' git six mo' bottles of dat old Madary;' an' 'Chad, don't forgit de sweet ile;' an' 'Chad, is we got claret enough to last ober Sunday?' — an' not a cent in de house. I ain't slep' none for two nights, worritin' ober dis business, an' I'm mos' crazy."

I laid down my knife and fork and looked up. The old man's lip was quivering, and something very like a tear stood in each eye.

"I can't hab nuffin' happen to de fambly, Major. You know our folks is quality, an' always was, an' I dassent look my mistress in de face if anythin' teches Marsa George." Then bending down he said in a hoarse whisper: "See dat old clock out dar wid his eye wide open? Know what's down below dat in de cellar? De jail!" And two tears roiled down his cheeks.

It was some time before I could quiet the old man's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humor, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, General John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

"Dem was high times. We ain't neber seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn, an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest quality folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scufflin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch, an' de little pickaninnies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

"An' den sich a breakfast an' sich dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fair-top boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off,—an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a br'ilin' on de gridiron.

"Dat would go on a week or mo', an' den up dey'll all git an' away dey'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy

along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

"My old marsa,"—and his eyes glistened,— "my old Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall, sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin', it was dat sweet.

"'Chad,' he use' ter say,— you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant,— 'Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head;' an' den when I come he'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de oberseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big house whar de walls was all books an' whar his desk was, 'twa'n't no birds about his voice den,— mo' like de thunder."

"Did he whip his negroes?"

"No, sah; don't reckelmember a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad — an' some niggers is dat way — den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He wouldn't hab 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

"Hab coffee, sah? Won't take I a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none."

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups — dat's one ob 'em you's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea; Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:—

“‘Chad, what ye cookin’ dat smells so nice?’

“‘Dat’s a goose,’ I says, ‘cookin’ for Marsa John’s dinner. We got quality,’ says I, pointin’ to de dinin’ room do’.

“‘Quality!’ she says. ‘Spec’ I know what de quality is. Dat’s for you an’ de cook.’

“Wid dat she grabs a caarvin’ knife from de table, opens de do’ ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an’ dis’pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

“‘Fo’ I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do’ an’ says, ‘Gittin’ late, Chad; bring in de dinner.’ You see, Major, dey ain’t no up an’ down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an’ dinin’ room all on de same flo’.

“Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an’ laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom ob de pan ‘fo’ de cook got back, put some dressin’ an’ stuffin’ ober him, an’ shet de stove do’. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an’ de hominy an’ put ‘em on de table, an’ den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an’ some mo’ dishes, an’ marsa says, lookin’ up:—

“‘I t’ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?’

“‘I ain’t yerd nothin’ ‘bout no goose,’ I says. ‘I’ll ask de cook.’

“Next minute I yerd old marsa a hollerin’:—

“‘Mammy Jane, ain’t we got a goose?’

“‘Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. — Chad, you wu’thless nigger, ain’t you tuk dat goose out yit?’

“‘Is we got a goose?’ said I.

“‘*Is we got a goose?* Didn’t you help pick it?’

“I see whar my hair was short, an’ I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do’, an’ slide de goose in jes as he was, an’ lay him down befo’ Marsa John.

“‘Now see what de ladies’ll have for dinner,’ says old marsa, pickin’ up his caarvin’ knife.

“‘What’ll you take for dinner, miss?’ says I. ‘Baked ham?’

“‘No,’ she says, lookin’ up to whar Marsa John sat; ‘I think I’ll take a leg ob dat goose’—jes so.

“Well, marsa cut off de leg an’ put a little stuffin’ an’ gravy on wid a spoon, an’ says to me, ‘Chad, see what dat gemman’ll have.’

“‘What’ll you take for dinner, sah?’ says I. ‘Nice breast o’ goose, or slice o’ ham?’

“‘No; I think I’ll take a leg of dat goose,’ he says.

“‘I didn’t say nuffin’, but I knowed bery well he wa’n’t a gwine to git it.

“‘But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin’ for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an’ dat way, an’ den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin’ fork in him an’ hel’ him up ober de dish an’ looked under him an’ on top ob him, an’ den he says, kinder sad like:—

“‘Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?’

“‘It didn’t hab none,’ says I.

“‘You mean ter say, Chad, dat de geoses on my plantation on’y got one leg?’

“‘Some ob ’em has an’ some ob ’em ain’t. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an’ we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one ’cause I cotched it fust.’

“‘Well,’ said he, lookin’ like he look when he send for you in de little room, ‘I’ll settle wid ye after dinner.’

“‘Well, dar I was shiverin’ an’ shakin’ in my shoes, an’ droppin’ gravy an’ spillin’ de wine on de tablecloth, I was dat shuck up; an’ when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an’ gemmen, an’ says, ‘Now come down to de duck pond. I’m gwineter show dis nigger dat all de geoses on my plantation got mo’ den one leg.’

“‘I followed ’long, trapesin’ after de whole kit an’ b’ilin’, an’ when we got to de pond”—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—“dar was de geoses sittin’ on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an’ de udder tucked under de wing.”

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

“‘Dar, marsa,’ says I, ‘don’t ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat’s de berry match ob de one we had to-day.’

“‘Den de ladies all hollered an’ de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd ’em at de big house.

“‘Stop, you black scoun’rel!’ Marsa John says, his face gittin’ white an’ he a jerkin’ his handkerchief from his pocket. ‘Shoo!’

“‘Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem geoses didn’t put down de udder leg!

“Now, you lyin’ nigger,’ he says, raisin’ his cane ober my head, ‘I’ll show you——’

“Stop, Marsa John!’ I hollered; ‘tain’t fair, ’tain’t fair.’

“Why ain’t it fair?’ says he.

“‘Cause,’ says I, ‘you didn’t say “Shoo!” to de goose what was on de table.’”

Chad laughed until he choked.

“And did he thrash you?”

“Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an’ den dat night he says to me as I was puttin’ some wood on de fire:—

“‘Chad, where did dat leg go?’ An’ so I ups an’ tells him all about Henny, an’ how I was lyin’ ’cause I was ’feared de gal would git hurt, an’ how she was on’y a foolin’, thinkin’ it was my goose; an’ den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an’ den he says:—

“‘Dat’s Colonel Barbour’s Henny, ain’t it, Chad?’

“‘Yes, marsa,’ says I.

“Well, de next mawnin’ he had his black horse saddled, an’ I held the stirrup for him to git on, an’ he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an’ didn’t come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa’n’t easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an’ shinin’ same as a’ angel’s.

“‘Chad,’ he says, handin’ me de reins, ‘I bought yo’ Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an’ she’s comin’ ober tomorrow, an’ you can bofe git married next Sunday.’”

A cheerful voice at the yard door, and the next moment the colonel was stamping his feet on the hall mat, his first word to Chad an inquiry after my comfort, and his second an apology to me for what he called his brutal want of hospitality.

“But I couldn’t help it, Major. I had some letters, suh, that could not be postponed. Has Chad taken good care of you? No dinner, Chad; I dined down town. How is the Madeira, Major?”

I expressed my entire approbation of the wine, and was about to fill the colonel’s glass when Chad leaned over with the same anxious look in his face.

“De grocerman was here, Colonel, an’ lef’ word dat he was comin’ agin later.”

"You don't say so, Chad, and I was out: most unfortunate occurrence! When he calls again show him in at once. It will give me great pleasure to see him."

Then turning to me, his mind on the pass book and its empty pages,— "I'll lay a wager, Major, that man's father was a gentleman. The fact is, I have not treated him with proper respect. He has shown me every courtesy since I have been here, and I am ashamed to say that I have not once entered his doors. His calling twice in one evening touches me deeply. I did not expect to find yo' tradespeople so polite."

Chad's face was a study while his master spoke, but he was too well trained, and still too anxious over the outcome of the expected interview, to do more than bow obsequiously to the colonel,—his invariable custom when receiving an order,—and to close the door behind him.

"That old servant," continued the colonel, watching Chad leave the room, and drawing his chair nearer the fire, "has been in my fam'ly ever since he was bawn. But for him and his old wife, Mammy Henny, I would be homeless to-night." And then the colonel, with that soft cadence in his voice which I always noticed when he spoke of something that touched his heart, told me with evident feeling how, in every crisis of fire, pillage, and raid, these two faithful souls had kept unceasing watch about the old house; refastening the wrenched doors, replacing the shattered shutters, or extinguishing the embers of abandoned bivouac fires. Indeed, for months at a time they were its only occupants, outside of strolling marauders and bands of foragers, and but for their untiring devotion its tall chimneys would long since have stood like tombstones over the grave of its ashes. Then he added, with a break in his voice that told how deeply he felt it:—

"Do you know, Major, that when I was a prisoner at City Point that darky tramped a hundred miles through the coast swamps to reach me, crossed both lines twice, hung around for three months for his chance, and has carried in his leg ever since the ball intended for me the night I escaped in his clothes, and he was shot in mine.

"I tell you, suh, the color of a man's skin don't make much diffe'nce sometimes. Chad was bawn a gentleman, and he'll never get over it."

As he was speaking, the object of his eulogy opened the hall door, and the next instant a tall, red-headed man with

closely trimmed side whiskers, and wearing a brown check suit and a blue necktie, ran the gantlet of Chad's profound but anxious bow, and advanced towards the colonel, hat in hand.

"Which is Mr. Carter?"

The colonel arose gracefully. "I am Colonel Carter, suh, and I presume you are the gentleman to whom I am indebted for so many courtesies. My servant tells me that you called earlier in the evenin'. I regret, suh, that I was detained so late at my office, and I have to thank you for perseve'in' the second time. I assure you, suh, that I esteem it a special honor."

The tall gentleman with the auburn whiskers wiped his face with a handkerchief, which he took from his hat, and stated with some timidity that he hoped he did not intrude at that late hour. He had sent his pass book, and—

"I have looked it over, suh, repeatedly, with the greatest pleasure. It is a custom new to us in my county, but it meets with my hearty approval. Give yo' hat to my servant, suh, and take this seat by the fire."

The proprietor of the hat after some protestations suffered Chad to bear away that grateful protection to his slightly bald head,—retaining his handkerchief, which he finally rolled up into a little wad and kept tightly clenched in the perspiring palm of his left hand,—and then threw out the additional hope that everything was satisfactory.

"Delicious, suh; I have not tasted such Madeira since the wah. In my cellar at home, suh, I once had some old Madeira of '28 that was given to my father, the late General John Carter, by old Judge Thornton. You, of course, know that wine, suh. Ah! I see that you do."

And then followed one of the colonel's delightful monologues descriptive of all the vintages of that year, the colonel constantly appealing to the dazed and delighted groceryman to be set right in minor technical matters,—the grocer understanding them as little as he did the Aztec dialects,—the colonel himself supplying the needed data and then thanking the auburn gentleman for the information so charmingly that for the moment that worthy tradesman began to wonder why he had not long before risen from the commonplace level of canned vegetables to the more sublime plane of wines in the wood.

"Now the Madeira you sent me this mornin', suh, is a trifle too fruity for my taste. Chad, open a fresh bottle."

The owner of the pass book instantly detected a very decided fruity flavor, but thought he had another wine, which he would send in the morning, that might suit the colonel's palate better.

The colonel thanked him, and then drifted into the wider field of domestic delicacies,—the preserving of fruits, the making of pickles as practiced on the plantations by the old Virginia cooks,—the colonel waxing eloquent over each production, and the future wine merchant becoming more and more enchanted as the colonel flowed on.

When he rose to go the grocer had a mental list of the things he would send the colonel in the morning all arranged in his commercial head, and so great was his delight that, after shaking hands with me once and with the colonel three times, he would also have extended that courtesy to Chad had not that perfectly trained servant checkmated him by filling his extended palm with the rim of his own hat.

When Chad returned from bowing him through the tunnel, the lines in his face a tangle of emotions, the colonel was standing on the mat, in his favorite attitude—back to the fire, coat thrown open, thumbs in his armholes, his outstretched fingers beating woodpecker tattoos on his vest.

Somehow the visit of the grocer had lifted him out of the cares of the day. How, he could not tell. Perhaps it was the fragrance of the Madeira; perhaps the respectful, overawed bow,—the bow of the tradesman the world over to the landed proprietor,—restoring to him for one brief moment that old feudal supremacy which above all else his soul loved. Perhaps it was only the warmth and cheer and comfort of it all.

Whatever it was, it buoyed and strengthened him. He was again in the old dining hall at home: the servants moving noiselessly about; the cut-glass decanters reflected in the polished mahogany; the candles lighted; his old, white-haired father, in his high-backed chair, sipping his wine from the slender glass.

Ah, the proud estate of the old plantation days! Would they ever be his again?

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

[1827-.]

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perched high upon his wagon seat;
 His somber face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 While echo faint and far replies, —
 “Hark, O! hark, O!”
 “Charco’!” — “Hark, O!” — Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
 His coat is darker far than that;
 ’Tis odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm;
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot, nor speck, — though still he cries, —
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 And many a roguish lad replies, —
 “Ark, ho! ark, ho!”
 “Charco’!” — “Ark, ho!” — Such various sounds
 Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
 He labors much for little pay;
 Yet feels no less of happiness
 Than many a richer man, I guess,
 When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home, and cries, —
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 And Martha from the door replies, —
 “Mark, ho! Mark, ho!”
 “Charco’!” — “Mark, ho!” — Such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright
 And while his hand, washed clean and white,

Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
 His glowing face bends fondly o'er
 The crib wherein his darling lies,
 And in a coaxing tone he cries,
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 And baby with a laugh replies, —
 "Ah, go! ah, go!"
 "Charco'!" — "Ah, go!" — while at the sounds
 The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
 Though dusky as an African,
 'Tis not for you, that chance to be
 A little better clad than he,
 His honest manhood to despise,
 Although from morn till eve he cries, —
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 While mocking echo still replies,
 "Hark, O! hark, O!"
 "Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Long may the sounds
 Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!



THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE.

BY BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

[ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN: A French writer and gourmand. He was born in 1755, was a magistrate and subsequently a judge in Paris. His political affiliations rendered it inexpedient for him to remain in Paris during the Reign of Terror and he fled to America, returning to France in 1796. His "Physiology of Taste," a gastronomic essay, is the work by which he is remembered.]

GASTRONOMY has at last appeared, and all the sister sciences have made a way for it.

Well; what could be refused to that which sustains us, from the cradle to the grave, which increases the gratifications of love and the confidence of friendship, which disarms hatred and offers us, in the short passage of our lives, the only pleasure which not being followed by fatigue makes us weary of all others.

Certainly, as long as it was confided to merely hired attendants, as long as the secret was kept in cellars, and where



"An' on her apples kep' to work"

dispensaries were written, the results were but the products of an art.

At last, too late, perhaps, *savants* drew near.

They examined, analyzed, and classified alimentary substances, and reduced them to simple elements.

They measured the mysteries of assimilation, and following most matter in all its metamorphoses saw how it became vivified.

They watched diet in its temporary and permanent effects, for days, months, and lives.

They even estimated its influence and thought to ascertain if the savor be impressed by the organs or if it acts without them. From all this they deduced a lofty theory which embraces all mankind, and all that portion of creation which may be animalized.

While all this was going on in the studies of *savants*, it was said in drawing-rooms that the science which fed man was at least as valuable as that which killed him. Poets sang the pleasures of the table, and books, the object of which was good cheer, awakened the greatest and keenest interest in the profound views and maxims they presented.

Such were the circumstances which preceded the invention of gastronomy.

Gastronomy is a scientific definition of all that relates to man as a feeding animal.

Its object is to watch over the preservation of man by means of the best possible food.

It does so by directing, according to certain principles, all those who procure, search for, or prepare things which may be converted into food.

To tell the truth, this is what moves cultivators, vinedressers, fishermen, huntsmen, and the immense family of cooks, whatever title or qualification they bear, to the preparation of food.

Gastronomy is a chapter of natural history, from the fact that it makes a classification of alimentary substances.

Of physics, for it examines their properties and qualities.

Of chemistry, from the various analysis and decomposition to which it subjects them.

Of cookery, from the fact that it prepares food and makes it agreeable.

Of commerce, from the fact that it purchases at as low a rate as possible what it consumes, and displays to the greatest advantage what it offers for sale.

Lastly it is a chapter of political economy, from the resources it furnishes the taxing power, and the means of exchange it substitutes between nations.

Gastronomy rules all life, for the tears of the infant cry for the bosom of the nurse ; the dying man receives with some degree of pleasure the last cooling drink, which, alas ! he is unable to digest.

It has to do with all classes of society, for if it presides over the banquets of assembled kings, it calculates the number of minutes of ebullition which an egg requires.

The material of gastronomy is all that may be eaten ; its object is direct, the preservation of individuals. Its means of execution are cultivation, which produces ; commerce, which exchanges ; industry, which prepares ; and experience, which teaches us to put them to the best use.

Gastronomy considers taste in its pleasures and in its pains. It has discovered the gradual excitements of which it is susceptible ; it regularizes its action, and has fixed limits, which a man who respects himself will never pass.

It also considers the action of food or aliments on the morale of man, on his imagination, his mind, his judgment, his courage, and his perceptions, whether he is awake, sleeps, acts, or reposes.

Gastronomy determines the degree of esculence of every alimentary subject ; all are not presentable under the same circumstances.

Some can be eaten until they are entirely developed. Such as capers, asparagus, sucking pigs, squabs, and other animals eaten only when they are young.

Others, as soon as they have reached all the perfection to which they are destined, like melons, fruit, mutton, beef, and grown animals. Others when they begin to decompose, such as snipe, woodcock, and pheasant. Others not until cooking has destroyed all their injurious properties, such as the potato, manioc, and other substances.

Gastronomy classifies all of these substances according to their qualities, and indicates those which will mingle, and measuring the quantity of nourishment they contain, distinguishes

those which should make the basis of our repast from those which are only accessories, and others which, though not necessary, are an agreeable relief, and become the *obligato* accompaniment of convivial gossip.

It takes no less interest in the beverages intended for us, according to time, place, and climate. It teaches their preparation and preservation, and especially presents them in an order so exactly calculated that the pleasure perpetually increases, until gratification ends and abuse begins.

Gastronomy examines men and things for the purpose of transporting, from one country to another, all that deserves to be known, and which causes a well-arranged entertainment to be an abridgment of the world in which each portion is represented.

Gastronomical knowledge is necessary to all men, for it tends to augment the sum of happiness. This utility becomes the greater in proportion as it is used by the more comfortable classes of society ; it is indispensable to those who have large incomes, and entertain a great deal, either because in this respect they discharge an obligation, follow their own inclination, or yield to fashion.

They have this special advantage, that they take personal pleasure in the manner their table is kept ; they can, to a certain point, superintend the depositories of their confidence, and even on many occasions direct them.

The Prince de Soubise once intended to give an entertainment, and asked for the bill of fare.

The maitre d'hôtel came with a list surrounded by *vignettes*, and the first article that met the Prince's eye was *fifty hams*. "Bertrand," said the Prince, "I think you must be extravagant ; fifty hams ! Do you intend to feast my whole regiment ?"

"No, Prince, there will be but one on the table, and the surplus I need for my *epagnole*, my *blonds*, garnitures, etc."

"Bertrand, you are robbing me. This article will not do."

"Monseigneur," said the artist, "you do not appreciate me ! Give the order, and I will put those fifty hams in a crystal flask no longer than my thumb."

What could be said to such a positive operation ? The Prince smiled, and the hams were passed.

In men not far removed from a state of nature, it is well known that all important affairs are discussed at their feasts,

Amid their festivals savages decide on war and peace ; we need not go far to know that villages decide on all public affairs at the cabinet.

This observation has not escaped those to whom the weightiest affairs are often confided. They saw that a full-stomached individual was very different from a fasting one ; that the table established a kind of alliance between the parties, and made guests more apt to receive certain impressions and submit to certain influences. This was the origin of political gastronomy. Entertainments have become governmental measures, and the fate of nations is decided on in a banquet. This is neither a paradox nor a novelty, but a simple observation of fact. Open every historian, from the time of Herodotus to our own days, and it will be seen that, not even excepting conspiracies, no great event ever took place, not conceived, prepared, and arranged at a festival.

Such, at the first glance, appears to be the domain of gastronomy, a realm fertile in results of every kind and which is aggrandized by the discoveries and inventions of those who cultivate it. It is certain that before the lapse of many years, gastronomy will have its academicians, courses, professors, and premiums.

At first some rich and zealous gastronomer will establish periodical assemblies, in which the most learned theorists will unite with artists, to discuss and measure the various branches of alimentation.

Soon (such is the history of all academies) the government will intervene, will regularize, protect, and institute ; it will seize the opportunity to reward the people for all orphans made by war, for all the Arianas whose tears have been evoked by the drum.

Happy will be the depository of power who will attach his name to this necessary institution ! His name will be repeated from age to age with that of Noah, Bacchus, Triptolemus, and other benefactors of humanity ; he will be among ministers what Henri IV. was among kings ; his eulogy will be in every mouth, though no regulation make it a necessity.



F. MARION CRAWFORD

THE UPPER BERTH.¹

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

[FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD: An American writer of fiction; born in Italy in 1854. During the past few years (1898) his stories have probably been more widely read in America than those of any other living author. He is a very prolific writer, and has published "Doctor Claudius" (1883), "To Leeward" (1883), "An American Politician" (1884), "A Roman Singer" (1884), "Zoroaster" (1885), "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" (1886), "Love in Idleness," "Katherine Lauderdale," "Casa Braccio," "A Rose of Yesterday," "Taquisara," "Greifenstein," "Mr. Isaacs," "Sant' Ilario," "Saracinesca" (1887), "Marzio's Crucifix" (1887), "Paul Patoff," "With the Immortals," besides many others. Many of his stories have been published serially in the principal magazines before appearing in book form.]

WE had been exchanging stories about our traveling experiences. Judson, the man from Alaska, had told about his gold hunting adventures in the wilds of that arctic territory; Cordeau had given a graphic account of a hunting expedition among the Indians of Georgian Bay; Blennerhassett, the Englishman, told a queer yarn of love and murder, among the African natives, that occurred while leading an expedition in Mashonaland. Lieutenant Pratt recited a thrilling experience with the head hunters of Luzon, and Scott, a commercial traveler, told a story of a vigil with a ghost in a Joss house in Canton, after which there came a lull in our recitals.

Then suddenly somebody called for cigars. We all instinctively looked towards the speaker. Brisbane was a man of five and thirty years of age, and remarkable for those gifts which chiefly attract the attention of men. He was a strong man. The external proportions of his figure presented nothing extraordinary to the common eye, though his size was above the average. He was a little over six feet in height, and moderately broad in the shoulder; he did not appear to be stout, but, on the other hand, he was certainly not thin; his small head was supported by a strong and sinewy neck; his broad, muscular hands appeared to possess a peculiar skill in breaking walnuts without the assistance of the ordinary cracker, and, seeing him in profile, one could not help remarking the extraordinary breadth of his sleeves, and the unusual thickness of his chest. He was one of those men who are commonly spoken of among men as deceptive; that is to say, that though he looked exceedingly

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strong he was in reality very much stronger than he looked. Of his features I need say little. His head is small, his hair is thin, his eyes are blue, his nose is large, he has a small mustache, and a square jaw. Everybody knows Brisbane, and when he asked for a cigar everybody looked at him.

"It is a very singular thing," said Brisbane.

Everybody stopped talking. . . .

I am an old sailor, and as I have to cross the Atlantic pretty often, I have my favorites. Most men have their favorites. I have seen a man wait in a Broadway bar for three quarters of an hour for a particular car which he liked. I believe the barkeeper made at least one third of his living by that man's preference. I have a habit of waiting for certain ships when I am obliged to cross that duck pond. It may be a prejudice, but I was never cheated out of a good passage but once in my life. I remember it very well: it was a warm morning in June, and the Customhouse officials, who were hanging about waiting for a steamer already on her way up from the Quarantine, presented a peculiarly hazy and thoughtful appearance. I had not much luggage—I never have. I mingled with the crowd of passengers, porters, and officious individuals in blue coats and brass buttons, who seemed to spring up like mushrooms from the deck of a moored steamer to obtrude their unnecessary services upon the independent passenger. I have often noticed with a certain interest the spontaneous evolution of these fellows. They are not there when you arrive; five minutes after the pilot has called "Go ahead!" they, or at least their blue coats and brass buttons, have disappeared from deck and gangway as completely as though they had been consigned to that locker which tradition unanimously ascribes to Davy Jones. But, at the moment of starting, they are there, clean-shaved, blue-coated, and ravenous for fees. I hastened on board. The "Kantschatka" was one of my favorite ships. I say was, because she emphatically no longer is. I cannot conceive of any inducement which could entice me to make another voyage in her. Yes, I know what you are going to say. She is uncommonly clean in the run aft, she has enough bluffing off in the bows to keep her dry, and the lower berths are most of them double. She has a lot of advantages, but I won't cross in her again. Excuse the digression. I got on board. I hailed a steward, whose red nose and redder whiskers were equally familiar to me.

"One hundred and five, lower berth," said I, in the businesslike tone peculiar to men who think no more of crossing the Atlantic than taking a whiskey cocktail at downtown Delmonico's.

The steward took my portmanteau, greatcoat, and rug. I shall never forget the expression of his face. Not that he turned pale. It is maintained by the most eminent divines that even miracles cannot change the course of nature. I have no hesitation in saying that he did not turn pale; but from his expression, I judged that he was either about to shed tears, to sneeze, or to drop my portmanteau. As the latter contained two bottles of particularly fine old sherry presented to me for my voyage by my old friend Snigginson van Pickyns, I felt extremely nervous. But the steward did none of these things.

"Well, I'm d——d!" said he, in a low voice, and led the way.

I supposed my Hermes, as he led me to the lower regions, had had a little grog, but I said nothing, and followed him. One hundred and five was on the port side, well aft. There was nothing remarkable about the stateroom. The lower berth, like most of those upon the "Kamtschatka," was double. There was plenty of room; there was the usual washing apparatus, calculated to convey an idea of luxury to the mind of a North American Indian; there were the usual inefficient racks of brown wood, in which it is more easy to hang a large-sized umbrella than the common toothbrush of commerce. Upon the uninviting mattresses were carefully folded together those blankets which a great modern humorist has aptly compared to cold buckwheat cakes. The question of towels was left entirely to the imagination. The glass decanters were filled with a transparent liquid faintly tinged with brown, but from which an odor less faint, but not more pleasing, ascended to the nostrils, like a far-off, seasick reminiscence of oily machinery. Sad-colored curtains half closed the upper berth. The hazy June daylight shed a faint illumination upon the desolate little scene. Ugh! how I hate that stateroom!

The steward deposited my traps and looked at me, as though he wanted to get away—probably in search of more passengers and more fees. It is always a good plan to start in favor with those functionaries, and I accordingly gave him certain coins there and then.

"I'll try and make yer comfortable all I can," he remarked,

as he put the coins in his pocket. Nevertheless, there was a doubtful intonation in his voice which surprised me. Possibly his scale of fees had gone up, and he was not satisfied ; but on the whole I was inclined to think that, as he himself would have expressed it, he was, "the better for a glass." I was wrong, however, and did the man injustice.

Nothing especially worthy of mention occurred during that day. We left the pier punctually, and it was very pleasant to be fairly under way, for the weather was warm and sultry, and the motion of the steamer produced a refreshing breeze. Everybody knows what the first day at sea is like. People pace the decks and stare at each other, and occasionally meet acquaintances whom they did not know to be on board. There is the usual uncertainty as to whether the food will be good, bad, or indifferent, until the first two meals have put the matter beyond a doubt ; there is the usual uncertainty about the weather, until the ship is fairly off Fire Island. The tables are crowded at first, and then suddenly thinned. Pale-faced people spring from their seats and precipitate themselves towards the door, and each old sailor breathes more freely as his seasick neighbor rushes from his side, leaving him plenty of elbow room and an unlimited command over the mustard.

One passage across the Atlantic is very much like another, and we who cross very often do not make the voyage for the sake of novelty. Whales and icebergs are indeed always objects of interest, but, after all, one whale is very much like another whale, and one rarely sees an iceberg at close quarters. To the majority of us the most delightful moment of the day on board an ocean steamer is when we have taken our last turn on deck, have smoked our last cigar, and having succeeded in tiring ourselves, feel at liberty to turn in with a clear conscience. On that first night of the voyage I felt particularly lazy, and went to bed in one hundred and five rather earlier than I usually do. As I turned in, I was amazed to see that I was to have a companion. A portmanteau, very like my own, lay in the opposite corner, and in the upper berth had been deposited a neatly folded rug with a stick and umbrella. I had hoped to be alone, and I was disappointed ; but I wondered who my roommate was to be, and I determined to have a look at him.

Before I had been long in bed he entered. He was, as far

as I could see, a very tall man, very thin, very pale, with sandy hair and whiskers, and colorless gray eyes. He had about him, I thought, an air of rather dubious fashion; the sort of man you might see in Wall Street, without being able precisely to say what he was doing there—the sort of man who frequents the Café Anglais, who always seems to be alone and who drinks champagne; you might meet him on a race course, but he would never appear to be doing anything there either. A little overdressed—a little odd. There are three or four of his kind on every ocean steamer. I made up my mind that I did not care to make his acquaintance, and I went to sleep, saying to myself that I would study his habits in order to avoid him. If he rose early, I would rise late; if he went to bed late, I would go to bed early. I did not care to know him. If you once know people of that kind, they are always turning up. Poor fellow! I need not have taken the trouble to come to so many decisions about him, for I never saw him again after that first night in one hundred and five.

I was sleeping soundly, when I was suddenly waked by a loud noise. To judge from the sound, my roommate must have sprung with a single leap from the upper berth to the floor. I heard him fumbling with the latch and bolt of the door, which opened almost immediately, and then I heard his footsteps as he ran at full speed down the passage, leaving the door open behind him. The ship was rolling a little, and I expected to hear him stumble or fall, but he ran as though he were running for his life. The door swung on its hinges with the motion of the vessel, and the sound annoyed me. I got up and shut it, and groped my way back to my berth in the darkness. I went to sleep again; but I have no idea how long I slept.

When I awoke it was still quite dark, but I felt a disagreeable sensation of cold, and it seemed to me that the air was damp. You know the peculiar smell of a cabin which has been wet with sea water. I covered myself up as well as I could and dozed off again, framing complaints to be made the next day, and selecting the most powerful epithets in the language. I could hear my roommate turn over in the upper berth. He had probably returned while I was asleep. Once I thought I heard him groan, and I argued that he was seasick. That is particularly unpleasant when one is below. Nevertheless, I dozed off and slept till early daylight.

The ship was rolling heavily, much more than on the previous evening, and the gray light which came in through the porthole changed in tint with every movement according as the angle of the vessel's side turned the glass seawards or skywards. It was very cold — unaccountably so for the month of June. I turned my head and looked at the porthole, and saw to my surprise that it was wide open and hooked back. I believe I swore audibly. Then I got up and shut it. As I turned back I glanced at the upper berth. The curtains were drawn close together; my companion had probably felt cold as well as I. It struck me that I had slept enough. The stateroom was uncomfortable, though, strange to say, I could not smell the dampness which had annoyed me in the night. My roommate was still asleep — excellent opportunity for avoiding him, so I dressed at once and went on deck. The day was warm and cloudy, with an oily smell on the water. It was seven o'clock as I came out — much later than I had imagined. I came across the doctor, who was taking his first sniff of the morning air. He was a young man from the West of Ireland — a tremendous fellow, with black hair and blue eyes, already inclined to be stout; he had a happy-go-lucky, healthy look about him which was rather attractive.

"Fine morning," I remarked, by way of introduction.

"Well," said he, eying me with an air of ready interest, "it's a fine morning and it's not a fine morning. I don't think it's much of a morning."

"Well, no — it is not so very fine," said I.

"It's just what I call fuggly weather," replied the doctor.

"It was very cold last night, I thought," I remarked. "However, when I looked about, I found that the porthole was wide open. I had not noticed it when I went to bed. And the stateroom was damp, too."

"Damp!" said he. "Whereabouts are you?"

"One hundred and five ——"

To my surprise the doctor started visibly, and stared at me.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh — nothing," he answered; "only everybody has complained of that stateroom for the last three trips."

"I shall complain, too," I said. "It has certainly not been properly aired. It is a shame!"

"I don't believe it can be helped," answered the doctor.

"I believe there is something — well, it is not my business to frighten passengers."

"You need not be afraid of frightening me," I replied. "I can stand any amount of damp. If I should get a bad cold, I will come to you."

I offered the doctor a cigar, which he took and examined very critically.

"It is not so much the damp," he remarked. "However, I dare say you will get on very well. Have you a roommate?"

"Yes; a deuce of a fellow, who bolts out in the middle of the night and leaves the door open."

Again the doctor glanced curiously at me. Then he lit the cigar and looked grave.

"Did he come back?" he asked presently.

"Yes. I was asleep, but I waked up and heard him moving. Then I felt cold and went to sleep again. This morning I found the porthole open."

"Look here," said the doctor, quietly, "I don't care much for this ship. I don't care a rap for her reputation. I tell you what I will do. I have a good-sized place up here. I will share it with you, though I don't know you from Adam."

I was very much surprised at the proposition. I could not imagine why he should take such a sudden interest in my welfare. However, his manner as he spoke of the ship was peculiar.

"You are very good, doctor," I said. "But, really, I believe even now the cabin could be aired, or cleaned out, or something. Why do you not care for the ship?"

"We are not superstitious in our profession, sir," replied the doctor. "But the sea makes people so. I don't want to prejudice you, and I don't want to frighten you, but if you will take my advice you will move in here. I would as soon see you overboard," he added, "as know that you or any other man was to sleep in one hundred and five."

"Good gracious! Why?" I asked.

"Just because on the last three trips the people who have slept there actually have gone overboard," he answered gravely.

The intelligence was startling and exceedingly unpleasant, I confess. I looked hard at the doctor to see whether he was making game of me, but he looked perfectly serious. I thanked him warmly for his offer, but told him I intended to be the ex-

ception to the rule by which every one who slept in that particular stateroom went overboard. He did not say much, but looked as grave as ever, and hinted that before we got across I should probably reconsider his proposal. In the course of time we went to breakfast, at which only an inconsiderable number of passengers assembled. I noticed that one or two of the officers who breakfasted with us looked grave. After breakfast I went into my stateroom in order to get a book. The curtains of the upper berth were still closely drawn. Not a word was to be heard. My roommate was probably still asleep.

As I came out I met the steward whose business it was to look after me. He whispered that the captain wanted to see me, and then scuttled away down the passage as if very anxious to avoid any questions. I went towards the captain's cabin, and found him waiting for me.

"Sir," he said, "I want to ask a favor of you."

I answered that I would do anything to oblige him.

"Your roommate has disappeared," he said. "He is known to have turned in early last night. Did you notice anything extraordinary in his manner?"

The question coming, as it did, in exact confirmation of the fears the doctor had expressed half an hour earlier, staggered me.

"You don't mean to say he has gone overboard?" I asked.

"I fear he has," answered the captain.

"This is the most extraordinary thing ——" I began.

"Why?" he asked.

"He is the fourth, then," I explained. In answer to another question from the captain, I explained, without mentioning the doctor, that I had heard the story concerning one hundred and five. He seemed very much annoyed at hearing that I knew of it. I told him what had occurred in the night.

"What you say," he replied, "coincides almost exactly with what was told me by the roommates of two of the other three. They bolt out of bed and run down the passage. Two of them were seen to go overboard by the watch; we stopped and lowered boats, but they were not found. Nobody, however, saw or heard the man who was lost last night — if he is really lost. The steward, who is a superstitious fellow, perhaps, and expected something to go wrong, went to look for him this morning, and found

his berth empty, but his clothes lying about, just as he had left them. The steward was the only man on board who knew him by sight, and he has been searching everywhere for him. He has disappeared ! Now, sir, I want to beg you not to mention the circumstance to any of the passengers ; I don't want the ship to get a bad name, and nothing hangs about an ocean goer like stories of suicides. You shall have your choice of any one of the officers' cabins you like, including my own, for the rest of the passage. Is that a fair bargain ? ”

“ Very,” said I, “ and I am much obliged to you. But since I am alone, and have the stateroom to myself, I would rather not move. If the steward will take out that unfortunate man's things, I would as lief stay where I am. I will not say anything about the matter, and I think I can promise you that I will not follow my roommate.”

The captain tried to dissuade me from my intention, but I preferred having a stateroom alone to being the chum of any officer on board. I do not know whether I acted foolishly, but if I had taken his advice I should have had nothing more to tell. There would have remained the disagreeable coincidence of several suicides occurring among men who had slept in the same cabin, but that would have been all.

That was not the end of the matter, however, by any means. I obstinately made up my mind that I would not be disturbed by such tales, and I even went so far as to argue the question with the captain. There was something wrong about the stateroom, I said. It was rather damp. The porthole had been left open last night. My roommate might have been ill when he came on board, and he might have become delirious after he went to bed. He might even now be hiding somewhere on board, and might be found later. The place ought to be aired and the fastening of the port looked to. If the captain would give me leave, I would see that what I thought necessary were done immediately.

“ Of course you have a right to stay where you are if you please,” he replied rather petulantly ; “ but I wish you would turn out and let me lock the place up, and be done with it.”

I did not see it in the same light, and left the captain, after promising to be silent concerning the disappearance of my companion. The latter had had no acquaintances on board, and was not missed in the course of the day. Towards evening I

met the doctor again, and he asked me whether I had changed my mind. I told him I had not.

"Then you will before long," he said very gravely.

We played whist in the evening, and I went to bed late. I will confess now that I felt a disagreeable sensation when I entered my stateroom. I could not help thinking of the tall man I had seen on the previous night, who was now dead, drowned, tossing about in the long swell, two or three hundred miles astern. His face rose very distinctly before me as I undressed, and I even went so far as to draw back the curtains of the upper berth, as though to persuade myself that he was actually gone. I also bolted the door of the stateroom. Suddenly I became aware that the porthole was open, and fastened back. This was more than I could stand. I hastily threw on my dressing gown and went in search of Robert, the steward of my passage. I was very angry, I remember, and when I found him I dragged him roughly to the door of one hundred and five, and pushed him towards the open porthole.

"What the deuce do you mean, you scoundrel, by leaving that port open every night? Don't you know it is against the regulations? Don't you know that if the ship heeled and the water began to come in, ten men could not shut it? I will report you to the captain, you blackguard, for endangering the ship!"

I was exceedingly wroth. The man trembled and turned pale, and then began to shut the round glass plate with the heavy brass fittings.

"Why don't you answer me?" I said roughly.

"If you please, sir," faltered Robert, "there's nobody on board as can keep this 'ere port shut at night. You can try it yourself, sir. I ain't agoing to stop hany longer on board o' this vessel, sir; I ain't indeed. But if I was you, sir, I'd just clear out and go and sleep with the surgeon, or something, I would. Look 'ere, sir, is that fastened what you may call securely, or not, sir? Try it, sir, see if it will move a hinch."

I tried the port, and found it perfectly tight.

"Well, sir," continued Robert, triumphantly, "I wager my reputation as a A 1 steward, that in 'arf an hour it will be open again; fastened back, too, sir, that's the horful thing — fastened back!"

I examined the great screw and the looped nut that ran on it.

"If I find it open in the night, Robert, I will give you a sovereign. It is not possible. You may go."

"Soverin' did you say, sir? Very good, sir. Thank ye, sir. Good night, sir. Pleasant reepose, sir, and all manner of hinchantin' dreams, sir."

Robert scuttled away, delighted at being released. Of course, I thought he was trying to account for his negligence by a silly story, intended to frighten me, and I disbelieved him. The consequence was that he got his sovereign, and I spent a very peculiarly unpleasant night.

I went to bed, and five minutes after I had rolled myself up in my blankets the inexorable Robert extinguished the light that burned steadily behind the ground-glass pane near the door. I lay quite still in the dark, trying to go to sleep, but I soon found that impossible. It had been some satisfaction to be angry with the steward, and the diversion had banished that unpleasant sensation I had at first experienced when I thought of the drowned man who had been my chum; but I was no longer sleepy, and I lay awake for some time, occasionally glancing at the porthole, which I could just see from where I lay, and which, in the darkness, looked like a faintly luminous soup plate suspended in blackness. I believe I must have lain there for an hour, and, as I remember, I was just dozing into sleep, when I was roused by a draught of cold air and by distinctly feeling the spray of the sea blown upon my face. I started to my feet, and not having allowed in the dark for the motion of the ship, I was instantly thrown violently across the stateroom upon the couch which was placed beneath the porthole. I recovered myself immediately, however, and climbed upon my knees. The porthole was again wide open and fastened back!

Now these things are facts. I was wide awake when I got up, and I should certainly have been waked by the fall had I still been dozing. Moreover, I bruised my elbows and knees badly, and the bruises were there on the following morning to testify to the fact, if I myself had doubted it. The porthole was wide open and fastened back—a thing so unaccountable that I remember very well feeling astonishment rather than fear when I discovered it. I at once closed the plate again and screwed down the loop nut with all my strength. It was very dark in the stateroom. I reflected that the port had certainly been opened within an hour after Robert had at first

shut it in my presence, and I determined to watch it and see whether it would open again. Those brass fittings are very heavy and by no means easy to move; I could not believe that the clamp had been turned by the shaking of the screw. I stood peering out through the thick glass at the alternate white and gray streaks of the sea that foamed beneath the ship's side. I must have remained there a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly, as I stood, I distinctly heard something moving behind me in one of the berths, and a moment afterwards, just as I turned instinctively to look—though I could, of course, see nothing in the darkness—I heard a very faint groan. I sprang across the stateroom, and tore the curtains of the upper berth aside, thrusting in my hands to discover if there were any one there. There was some one.

I remember that the sensation as I put my hands forward was as though I were plunging them into the air of a damp cellar, and from behind the curtain came a gust of wind that smelled horribly of stagnant sea water. I laid hold of something that had the shape of a man's arm, but was smooth, and wet, and icy cold. But suddenly, as I pulled, the creature sprang violently forward against me, a clammy, oozy mass, as it seemed to me, heavy and wet, yet endowed with a sort of supernatural strength. I reeled across the stateroom, and in an instant the door opened and the thing rushed out. I had not had time to be frightened, and quickly recovering myself, I sprang through the door and gave chase at the top of my speed, but I was too late. Ten yards before me I could see—I am sure I saw it—a dark shadow moving in the dimly lighted passage, quickly as the shadow of a fast horse thrown before a dogcart by the lamp on a dark night. But in a moment it had disappeared, and I found myself holding on to the polished rail that ran along the bulkhead where the passage turned towards the companion. My hair stood on end, and the cold perspiration rolled down my face. I am not ashamed of it in the least: I was very badly frightened.

Still I doubted my senses, and pulled myself together. It was absurd, I thought. The Welsh rabbit I had eaten had disagreed with me. I had been in a nightmare. I made my way back to my stateroom, and entered it with an effort. The whole place smelled of stagnant sea water, as it had when I had waked on the previous evening. It required my utmost strength to go in and grope among my things for a box of wax

lights. As I lighted a railway reading lantern, which I always carry in case I want to read after the lamps are out, I perceived that the porthole was again open, and a sort of creeping horror began to take possession of me which I never felt before, nor wish to feel again. But I got a light and proceeded to examine the upper berth, expecting to find it drenched with sea water.

But I was disappointed. The bed had been slept in, and the smell of the sea was strong ; but the bedding was as dry as a bone. I fancied that Robert had not had the courage to make the bed after the accident of the previous night—it had all been a hideous dream. I drew the curtains back as far as I could and examined the place very carefully. It was perfectly dry. But the porthole was open again. With a sort of dull bewilderment of horror, I closed it and screwed it down, and thrusting my heavy stick through the brass loop, wrenched it with all my might, till the thick metal began to bend under the pressure. Then I hooked my reading lantern into the red velvet at the head of the couch, and sat down to recover my senses if I could. I sat there all night, unable to think of rest—hardly able to think at all. But the porthole remained closed, and I did not believe it would now open again without the application of a considerable force.

The morning dawned at last, and I dressed myself slowly, thinking over all that had happened in the night. It was a beautiful day and I went on deck, glad to get out in the early, pure sunshine, and to smell the breeze from the blue water, so different from the noisome, stagnant odor from my stateroom. Instinctively I turned aft, towards the surgeon's cabin. There he stood, with a pipe in his mouth, taking his morning airing precisely as on the preceding day.

“Good morning,” said he, quietly, but looking at me with evident curiosity.

“Doctor, you were quite right,” said I. “There is something wrong about that place.”

“I thought you would change your mind,” he answered rather triumphantly. “You have had a bad night, eh? Shall I make you a pick-me-up? I have a capital recipe.”

“No, thanks,” I cried. “But I would like to tell you what happened.”

I then tried to explain as clearly as possible precisely what had occurred, not omitting to state that I had been scared as I had never been scared in my whole life before. I dwelt par-

ticularly on the phenomenon of the porthole, which was a fact to which I could testify, even if the rest had been an illusion. I had closed it twice in the night, and the second time I had actually bent the brass in wrenching it with my stick. I believe I insisted a good deal on this point.

"You seem to think I am likely to doubt the story," said the doctor, smiling at the detailed account of the state of the porthole. "I do not doubt it in the least. I renew my invitation to you. Bring your traps here, and take half my cabin."

"Come and take half of mine for one night," I said. "Help me to get at the bottom of this thing."

"You will get to the bottom of something else if you try," answered the doctor.

"What?" I asked.

"The bottom of the sea. I am going to leave the ship. It is not canny."

"Then you will not help me to find out——"

"Not I," said the doctor, quickly. "It is my business to keep my wits about me—not to go fiddling about with ghosts and things."

"Do you really believe it is a ghost?" I inquired rather contemptuously. But as I spoke I remembered very well the horrible sensation of the supernatural which had got possession of me during the night. The doctor turned sharply on me—

"Have you any reasonable explanation of these things to offer?" he asked. "No; you have not. Well, you say you will find an explanation. I say that you won't, sir, simply because there is not any."

"But, my dear sir," I retorted, "do you, a man of science, mean to tell me that such things cannot be explained?"

"I do," he answered stoutly. "And, if they could, I would not be concerned in the explanation."

I did not care to spend another night alone in the state-room, and yet I was obstinately determined to get at the root of the disturbances. I do not believe there are many men who would have slept there alone, after passing two such nights. But I made up my mind to try it, if I could not get any one to share a watch with me. The doctor was evidently not inclined for such an experiment. He said he was a surgeon, and that in case any accident occurred on board he must always

be in readiness. He could not afford to have his nerves unsettled. Perhaps he was quite right, but I am inclined to think that his precaution was prompted by his inclination. On inquiry, he informed me that there was no one on board who would be likely to join me in my investigations, and after a little more conversation I left him. A little later I met the captain, and told him my story. I said that if no one would spend the night with me I would ask leave to have the light burning all night, and would try it alone.

"Look here," said he, "I will tell you what I will do. I will share your watch myself, and we will see what happens. It is my belief that we can find out between us. There may be some fellow skulking on board, who steals a passage by frightening the passengers. It is just possible that there may be something queer in the carpentering of that berth."

I suggested taking the ship's carpenter below and examining the place; but I was overjoyed at the captain's offer to spend the night with me. He accordingly sent for the workman and ordered him to do anything I required. We went below at once. I had all the bedding cleared out of the upper berth, and we examined the place thoroughly to see if there was a board loose anywhere, or a panel which could be opened or pushed aside. We tried the planks everywhere, tapped the flooring, unscrewed the fittings of the lower berth and took it to pieces—in short, there was not a square inch of the stateroom which was not searched and tested. Everything was in perfect order, and we put everything back in its place. As we were finishing our work, Robert came to the door and looked in.

"Well, sir,—find anything, sir?" he asked with a ghastly grin.

"You were right about the porthole, Robert," I said, and I gave him the promised sovereign. The carpenter did his work silently and skillfully, following my directions. When he had done he spoke.

"I'm a plain man, sir," he said. "But it's my belief you had better just turn out your things and let me run half a dozen four-inch screws through the door of this cabin. There's no good never came o' this cabin yet, sir, and that's all about it. There's been four lives lost out o' here to my own remembrance, and that in four trips. Better give it up, sir,—better give it up!"

"I will try it for one night more," I said.

"Better give it up, sir, — better give it up! It's a precious bad job," repeated the workman, putting his tools in his bag and leaving the cabin.

But my spirits had risen considerably at the prospect of having the captain's company, and I made up my mind not to be prevented from going to the end of the strange business. I abstained from Welsh rabbits and grog that evening, and did not even join in the customary game of whist. I wanted to be quite sure of my nerves, and my vanity made me anxious to make a good figure in the captain's eyes.

The captain was one of those splendidly tough and cheerful specimens of seafaring humanity whose combined courage, hardihood, and calmness in difficulty leads them naturally into high positions of trust. He was not the man to be led away by an idle tale, and the mere fact that he was willing to join me in the investigation was proof that he thought there was something seriously wrong, which could not be accounted for on ordinary theories, nor laughed down as a common superstition. To some extent, too, his reputation was at stake, as well as the reputation of the ship. It is no light thing to lose passengers overboard, and he knew it.

About ten o'clock that evening, as I was smoking a last cigar, he came up to me and drew me aside from the beat of the other passengers who were patrolling the deck in the warm darkness.

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Brisbane," he said. "We must make up our minds either way — to be disappointed or to have a pretty rough time of it. You see, I cannot afford to laugh at the affair, and I will ask you to sign your name to a statement of whatever occurs. If nothing happens to-night, we will try it again to-morrow and next day. Are you ready?"

So we went below, and entered the stateroom. As we went in I could see Robert the steward, who stood a little further down the passage, watching us, with his usual grin, as though certain that something dreadful was about to happen. The captain closed the door behind us and bolted it.

"Supposing we put your portmanteau before the door," he suggested. "One of us can sit on it. Nothing can get out then. Is the port screwed down?"

I found it as I had left it in the morning. Indeed, without using a lever, as I had done, no one could have opened it. I

drew back the curtains of the upper berth so that I could see well into it. By the captain's advice I lighted my reading lantern, and placed it so that it shone upon the white sheets above. He insisted upon sitting on the portmanteau, declaring that he wished to be able to swear that he had sat before the door.

Then he requested me to search the stateroom thoroughly, an operation very soon accomplished, as it consisted merely in looking beneath the lower berth and under the couch below the porthole. The spaces were quite empty.

"It is impossible for any human being to get in," I said, "or for any human being to open the port."

"Very good," said the captain, calmly. "If we see anything now, it must be either imagination or something supernatural."

I sat down on the edge of the lower berth.

"The first time it happened," said the captain, crossing his legs and leaning back against the door, "was in March. The passenger who slept here, in the upper berth, turned out to have been a lunatic—at all events, he was known to have been a little touched, and he had taken his passage without the knowledge of his friends. He rushed out in the middle of the night, and threw himself overboard, before the officer who had the watch could stop him. We stopped and lowered a boat; it was a quiet night, just before that heavy weather came on; but we could not find him. Of course his suicide was afterwards accounted for on the ground of his insanity."

"I suppose that often happens?" I remarked, rather absently.

"Not often—no," said the captain; "never before in my experience, though I have heard of it happening on board of other ships. Well, as I was saying, that occurred in March. On the very next trip— What are you looking at?" he asked, stopping suddenly in his narration.

I believe I gave no answer. My eyes were riveted upon the porthole. It seemed to me that the brass loop nut was beginning to turn very slowly upon the screw—so slowly, however, that I was not sure it moved at all. I watched it intently, fixing its position in my mind, and trying to ascertain whether it changed. Seeing where I was looking, the captain looked too.

"It moves!" he exclaimed, in a tone of conviction. "No, it does not," he added after a minute.

"If it were the jarring of the screw," said I, "it would have opened during the day; but I found it this evening jammed tight as I left it this morning."

I rose and tried the nut. It was certainly loosened, for by an effort I could move it with my hands.

"The queer thing," said the captain, "is that the second man who was lost is supposed to have got through that very port. We had a terrible time over it. It was in the middle of the night, and the weather was very heavy; there was an alarm that one of the ports was open and the sea running in. I came below and found everything flooded, the water pouring in every time she rolled, and the whole port swinging from the top bolts — not the porthole in the middle. Well, we managed to shut it, but the water did some damage. Ever since that the place smells of sea water from time to time. We supposed the passenger had thrown himself out, though the Lord only knows how he did it. The steward kept telling me that he could not keep anything shut here. Upon my word — I can smell it now, cannot you?" he inquired, sniffing the air suspiciously.

"Yes — distinctly," I said, and I shuddered as that same odor of stagnant sea water grew stronger in the cabin. "Now, to smell like this, the place must be damp," I continued, "and yet when I examined it with the carpenter this morning everything was perfectly dry. It is most extraordinary — halloo!"

My reading lantern, which had been placed in the upper berth, was suddenly extinguished. There was still a good deal of light from the pane of ground glass near the door, behind which loomed the regulation lamp. The ship rolled heavily, and the curtain of the upper berth swung far out into the state-room and back again. I rose quickly from my seat on the edge of the bed, and the captain at the same moment started to his feet with a loud cry of surprise. I had turned with the intention of taking down the lantern to examine it, when I heard his exclamation, and immediately afterwards his call for help. I sprang towards him. He was wrestling, with all his might, with the brass loop of the port. It seemed to turn against his hands in spite of all his efforts. I caught up my cane, a heavy oak stick I always used to carry, and thrust it through the ring and bore on it with all my strength. But the strong wood snapped suddenly, and I fell upon the couch. When I rose again the port was wide open, and the captain

was standing with his back against the door, pale to the lips.

"There is something in that berth!" he cried in a strange voice, his eyes almost starting from his head. "Hold the door, while I look — it shall not escape us, whatever it is!"

But instead of taking his place, I sprang upon the lower bed, and seized something which lay in the upper berth.

It was something ghostly, horrible, beyond words, and it moved in my grip. It was like the body of a man long drowned, and yet it moved and had the strength of ten men living; but I gripped it with all my might — the slippery, oozy, horrible thing. The dead white eyes seemed to stare at me out of the dusk; the putrid odor of rank sea water was about it, and its shiny hair hung in foul wet curls over its dead face. I wrestled with the dead thing; it thrust itself upon me and forced me back and nearly broke my arms; it wound its corpse's arms about my neck, the living death, and overpowered me, so that I, at last, cried aloud and fell, and left my hold.

As I fell the thing sprang across me, and seemed to throw itself upon the captain. When I last saw him on his feet his face was white and his lips set. It seemed to me that he struck a violent blow at the dead being, and then he, too, fell forward upon his face, with an inarticulate cry of horror.

The thing paused an instant, seeming to hover over his prostrate body, and I could have screamed again for very fright, but I had no voice left. The thing vanished suddenly, and it seemed to my disturbed senses that it made its exit through the open port, though how that was possible, considering the smallness of the aperture, is more than any one can tell. I lay a long time upon the floor, and the captain lay beside me. At last I partially recovered my senses and moved, and I instantly knew that my arm was broken — the small bone of the left forearm near the wrist.

I got upon my feet somehow, and with my remaining hand I tried to raise the captain. He groaned and moved, and at last came to himself. He was not hurt, but he seemed badly stunned. . . .

I finished the trip in the surgeon's cabin. He doctored my broken arm, and advised me not to "fiddle about with ghosts and things" any more. The captain was very silent, and never sailed again in that ship, though it is still running. And I will not sail in her either.

INSOMNIA.¹

By JAMES THOMSON.

[JAMES THOMSON, Scotch poet, second of the name, was born at Port Glasgow, November 23, 1834. He was reared in an orphan asylum, and became a journalist, but was always a nervous sufferer, and died June 3, 1882, from the indirect consequences. His "City of Dreadful Night" (1870) is best known; the best of his other poems are "Insomnia," "The Doom of a City," and "Our Ladies of Death." Much of his work was done over the initials "B.V."]

I HEARD the sounding of the midnight hour;
 The others, one by one, had left the room,
 In calm assurance that the gracious power
 Of Sleep's fine alchemy would bless the gloom,
 Transmuting all its leaden weight to gold,
 To treasures of rich virtues manifold,
 New strength, new health, new life;
 Just weary enough to nestle softly, sweetly,
 Into divine unconsciousness, completely
 Delivered from the world of toil and care and strife.

Just weary enough to feel assured of rest,
 Of Sleep's divine oblivion and repose,
 Renewing heart and brain for her zest,
 Of waking life when golden morning glows,
 As young and pure and glad as if the first
 That ever on the void of darkness burst
 With ravishing warmth and light;
 On dewy grass and flowers and blithe birds singing
 And shining waters, all enraptured springing,
 Fragrance and shine and song, out of the womb of night.

But I with infinite weariness outworn,
 Haggard with endless nights unblessed with sleep,
 Ravaged by thoughts unutterably forlorn,
 Plunged in despairs unfathomably deep,
 Went cold and pale and trembling with affright
 Into the desert vastitude of Night,
 Arid and wild and black;
 Foreboding no oasis of sweet slumber,
 Counting beforehand all the countless number
 Of sands that are its minutes on my desolate track.

And so I went, the last, to my drear bed,
 Aghast as one who should go down to lie

¹ By permission of Reeves & Turner. (2 vols. Cr. 8vo. Price 12s. 6d.)

Among the blissfully unconscious dead,
 Assured that as the endless years flowed by
 Over the dreadful silence and deep gloom
 And dense oppression of the stifling tomb,
 He only of them all,
 Nerveless and impotent to madness, never
 Could hope oblivion's perfect trance forever:
 An agony of life eternal in death's pall.

But that would be forever, without cure!—
 And yet the agony be not more great;
 Supreme fatigue and pain, while they endure,
 Into Eternity their time translate;
 Be it of hours and days or countless years,
 And boundless eons, it alike appears
 To the crushed victim's soul;
 Utter despair foresees no termination,
 But feels itself of infinite duration;
 The smallest fragment instant comprehends the whole.

The absolute of torture as of bliss
 Is timeless, each transcending time and space
 The one an infinite, obscure abyss,
 The other an eternal Heaven of grace,—
 Keeping a little lamp of glimmering light
 Companion through the horror of the night.
 I laid me down aghast
 As *he* of all who pass death's quiet portal
 Malignantly reserved alone immortal,
 In consciousness of bale that must forever last.

I laid me down and closed my heavy eyes,
 As if sleep's mockery might win true sleep;
 And grew aware, with awe but not surprise,
 Blindly aware through all the silence deep,
 Of some dark Presence watching by my bed,
 The awful image of a nameless dread;
 But I lay still fordone,
 And felt its Shadow on me dark and solemn,
 And steadfast as a monumental column,
 And thought drear thoughts of Doom, and heard the bells
 chime One.

And then I raised my weary eyes and saw,
 By some slant moonlight on the ceiling thrown

And faint lamp gleam, that Image of my awe,
 Still as a pillar of basaltic stone,
 But all enveloped in a somber shroud,
 Except the wan face drooping heavy browed,
 With sad eyes fixed on mine :
 Sad, weary, yearning eyes, but fixed remorseless
 Upon my eyes yet wearier, that were forceless
 To bear the cruel pressure, cruel unmalign.

Wherefore I asked for what I knew too well,
 O ominous midnight Presence, What art Thou ?
 Whereto in tones that sounded like a knell :
 " I am the Second Hour, appointed now
 To watch beside thy slumberless unrest."
 Then I: Thus both, unlike, alike unblest;
 For I should sleep, you fly:
 Are not those wings beneath your mantle molded ?
 O Hour! unfold those wings so straitly folded
 And urge thy natural flight beneath the moonlit sky.

"My wings shall open when your eyes shall close
 In real slumber from this waking drear;
 Your wild unrest is my enforced repose;
 Ere I move hence you must not know me here."
 Could not your wings fan slumber through my brain,
 Soothing away its weariness and pain ?
 " Your sleep must stir my wings :
 Sleep, and I bear you gently on my pinions
 Athwart my span of hollow night's dominions,
 Whence hour on hour shall bear to morning's golden
 springs."

That which I ask of you, you ask of me,
 O weary Hour, thus standing sentinel
 Against your nature, as I feel and see
 Against my own your form immovable:
 Could I bring Sleep to set you on the wing,
 What other thing so gladly would I bring ?
 Truly the Poet saith :
 If that is best whose absence we deplore most,
 Whose presence in our longings is the foremost,
 What blessings equal Sleep save only love and death ?

I let my lids fall, sick of thought and sense,
 But felt the Shadow heavy on my heart;

And saw the night before me an immense
 Black waste of ridge walls, hour by hour apart,
 Dividing deep ravines; from ridge to ridge
 Sleep's flying hour was an aërial bridge;
 But I, whose hours stood fast,
 Must climb down painfully each step side hither,
 And climb more painfully each step side thither,
 And so make one hour's span for years of travail last.

Thus I went down into that first ravine,
 Wearily, slowly, blindly, and alone,
 Staggering, stumbling, sinking depths unseen,
 Shaken and bruised and gashed by stub and stone;
 And at the bottom paven with slipperiness,
 A torrent brook rushed headlong with such stress
 Against my feeble limbs,
 Such fury of wave and foam and icy bleakness
 Buffeting insupportably my weakness
 That when I would recall, dazed memory swirls and swims.

How I got through I know not, faint as death;
 And then I had to climb the awful scarp,
 Creeping with many a pause for panting breath,
 Clinging to tangled root and rock jut sharp;
 Perspiring with faint chills instead of heat,
 Trembling and bleeding hands and knees and feet;
 Falling, to rise anew;
 Until, with lamentable toil and travel
 Upon the ridge of arid sand and gravel
 I lay supine half dead and heard the bells chime Two;

And knew a change of Watchers in the room,
 Without a stir or sound beside my bed;
 Only the tingling silence of the gloom,
 The muffled pulsing of the night's deep dread;
 And felt an image mightier to appall,
 And looked; the moonlight on the bed-foot wall
 And corniced ceiling white
 Was slanting now; and in the midst stood solemn
 And hopeless as a black sepulchral column
 A steadfast shrouded Form, the Third Hour of the night.

The fixed regard implacable, austere,
 Yet none the less ineffably forlorn.
 Something transcending all my former fear
 Came jarring through my shattered frame outworn;

I knew that crushing rock could not be stirred;
I had no heart to say a single word,
 But closed my eyes again;
And set me shuddering to my task stupendous
Of climbing down and up that gulf tremendous
 Unto the next hour ridge beyond Hope's farthest ken.

Men sigh and plain and wail how life is brief:
 Ah yes, our bright eternities of bliss
Are transient, rare, minute beyond belief,
 Mere star-dust meteors in Time's night abyss;
Ah no, our black eternities intense
Of bale are lasting, dominant, immense,
 As Time which is their breath;
The memory of the bliss is yearning sorrow,
The memory of the bale clouds every morrow,
 Darkening through nights and days unto the night of
 Death.

No human words could paint my travail sore
 In the thick darkness of the next ravine,
Deeper immeasurably than that before;
 When hideous agonies, unheard, unseen,
In overwhelming floods of torture roll,
And horrors of great darkness drown the soul,
 To be is not to be
In memory save as ghastliest impression,
And chaos of demoniacal possession. . . .
 I shuddered on the ridge and heard the bells chime Three.

And like a pillar of essential gloom,
 Most terrible in stature and regard,
Black in the moonlight filling all the room
 The image of the Fourth Hour, evil-starred,
Stood over me; but there was Something more,
Something behind It undiscerned before,
 More dreadful than Its dread,
Which overshadowed it as with a fateful
Inexorable fascination hateful, —
 A wan and formless Shade from regions of the dead.

I shut my eyes against that spectral Shade,
 Which yet allured them with a deadly charm,
And that black Image of the Hour, dismayed
 By such tremendous menacing of harm;

And so into the gulf as into Hell;
Where that immeasurable depths I fell,
 With seizures of the heart
Whose each clutch seemed the end of all pulsation,
And tremors of examine prostration,
 Are horrors in my soul that never can depart.

If I for hope or wish had any force,
 It was that I might rush down sharply hurled
From rock to rock until a mangled corpse
 Down with the fury of the torrent whirled,
The fury of black waters and white foam,
To where the homeless find their only home,
 In the immense void Sea,
Whose isles are worlds, surrounding, unsurrounded,
Whose depths no mortal plummet ever sounded,
 Beneath all surface storm calm in Eternity.

Such hope or wish was as a feeble spark,
 A little lamp's pale glimmer in a tomb,
To just reveal the hopeless deadly dart
 And wordless horrors of my soul's fixed doom:
Yet some mysterious instinct obstinate,
Blindly unconscious as a law of Fate,
 Still urged me on and bore
My shattered being through the unfear'd peril
Of death less hateful than the life so sterile:
 I shuddered on the ridge, and heard the bells chime Four.

The Image of that Fifth Hour of the night
 Was blacker in the moonlight now aslant
Upon its left than on its shrouded right;
 And over and behind It, dominant,
The Shadow not Its shadow cast its spell,
Most vague and dim and wan and terrible,
 Death's ghastly aureole,
Pregnant with overpowering fascination,
Commanding by repulsive instigation,
 Despair's envenomed anodyne to tempt the Soul.

I closed my eyes, but could no longer keep
 Under that Image and most awful Shade,
Supine in mockery of blissful sleep,
 Delirious with such fierce thirst unallayed;
Of all worst agonies the most unblest

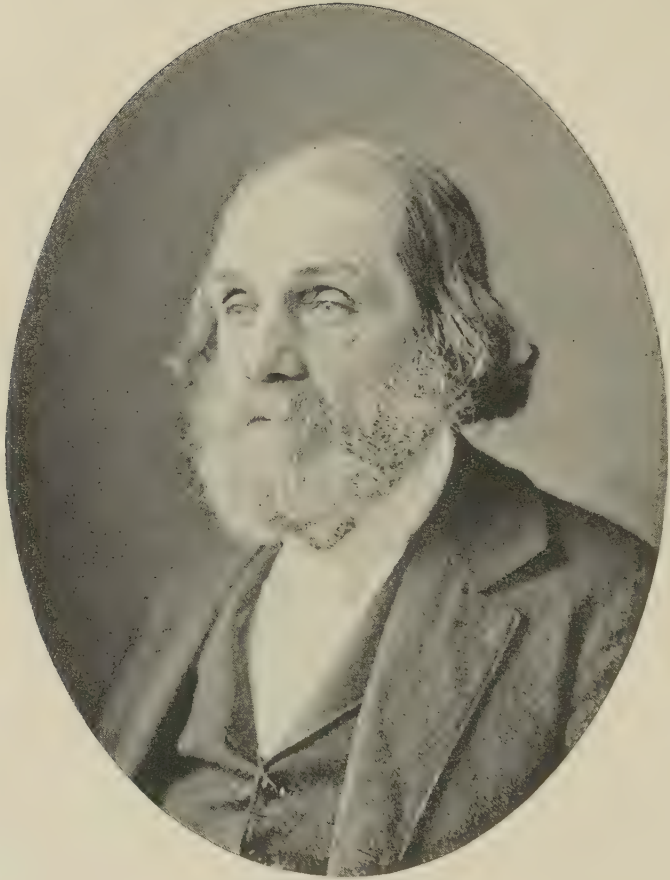
Is passive agony of wild unrest:
 Trembling and faint I rose,
 And dressed with painful efforts, and descended
 With furtive footsteps and with breath suspended,
 And left the slumbering house with my slumbering woes.

Constrained to move through the unmoving hours,
 Accurst from rest because the hours stood still;
 Feeling the hands of the Infernal Powers
 Heavy upon me for enormous ill,
 Inscrutable intolerable pain,
 Against which mortal pleas and prayers are vain,
 Gasps of dying breath,
 And human struggles, dying spasms yet vainer:
 Renounce defense when Doom is the Arraigner;
 Let impotence of Life subside appeased in Death.

I paced the silent and deserted streets
 In cold dark shade and chillier moonlight gray;
 Pondering a dolorous series of defeats
 And black disasters from life's opening day,
 Invested with the shadow of a doom
 That filled the Spring and Summer with a gloom
 Most wintry bleak and drear;
 Gloom from within as from a sulphurous censer
 Making the glooms without forever denser,
 To blight the buds and flowers and fruitage of my year.

Against a bridge's stony parapet
 I leaned, and gazed into the waters black;
 And marked an angry morning red and wet
 Beneath a livid and enormous rack
 Glare out confronting the belated moon,
 Huddled and wan and feeble as the swoon
 Of featureless Despair:
 When some stray workman, half asleep but lusty,
 Passed urgent through the rain pour wild and gusty,
 I felt a ghost already, planted watching there.

As phantom to its grave, or to its den
 Some wild beast of the night when night is sped,
 I turned unto my homeless home again
 To front a day only less charged with dread
 Than that dread night; and after day, to front
 Another night of — what would be the brunt?
 I put the thought aside



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

To be resumed when common life unfolded
 In common daylight had my brain remolded;
 Meanwhile the flaws of rain refreshed and fortified.

The day passed, and the night; and other days,
 And other nights; and all of evil doom;
 The sun hours in a sick bewildering haze,
 The star hours in a thick enormous gloom,
 With rending lightnings and with thunder knells;
 The ghastly hours of all the timeless Hells: —
 Bury them with their bane!
 I look back on the words already written,
 And writhe, by cold rage stung, by self-scorn smitten,
 They are so weak and vain and infinitely inane. . . .

“How from those hideous Malebolges deep
 I ever could win back to upper earth,
 Restored to human nights of blessed sleep
 And healthy waking with the new day’s birth?” —
 How do men climb back from a swoon whose stress,
 Crushing far deeper than all consciousness,
 Is deep as deep death seems?
 Who can the steps and stages mete and number
 By which we reëmerge from nightly slumber? —
 Our poor vast petty life is one dark maze of dreams.



THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.¹

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

[EDWARD EVERETT HALE: An American clergyman and author; born in Massachusetts, April 3, 1822. He is pastor of a large Unitarian church in Boston. Among the fifty or more stories and papers which he has written alone and in collaboration, “The Man Without a Country” (1879) is probably the most famous. Others are “My Double and How He Undid Me,” “The Ingham Papers,” “Ten Times One is Ten,” “In His Name,” “The Kingdom of God, and Twenty Other Sermons.” He was the founder and the editor for some time of the periodicals, *Lend a Hand* and *Old and New*.]

I SEE that an old chum of mine is publishing bits of confidential Confederate History in *Harper’s Magazine*. It would seem to be time, then, for the pivots to be disclosed on which

¹ Used by permission of the author.

some of the wheelwork of the last six years has been moving. The science of history, as I understand it, depends on the timely disclosure of such pivots, which are apt to be kept out of view while things are moving.

I was in the Civil Service at Richmond. Why I was there, or what I did, is nobody's affair. And I do not in this paper propose to tell how it happened that I was in New York in October, 1864, on confidential business. Enough that I was there, and that it was honest business. That business done, as far as it could be with the resources intrusted to me, I prepared to return home. And thereby hangs this tale, and, as it proved, the fate of the Confederacy.

For, of course, I wanted to take presents home to my family. Very little question was there what these presents should be,—for I had no boys nor brothers. The women of the Confederacy had one want, which overtopped all others. They could make coffee out of beans; pins they had from Columbus; straw hats they braided quite well with their own fair hands; snuff we could get better than you could in “the old concern.” But we had no hoop skirts — skeletons, we used to call them. No ingenuity had made them. No bounties had forced them. The “Bat,” the “Greyhound,” the “Deer,” the “Flora,” the “J. C. Cobb,” the “Varuna,” and the “Fore-and-Aft” all took in cargoes of them for us in England. But the “Bat” and the “Deer” and the “Flora” were seized by the blockaders, the “J. C. Cobb” sunk at sea, the “Fore-and-Aft” and the “Greyhound” were set fire to by their own crews, and the “Varuna” (our “Varuna”) was never heard of. Then the State of Arkansas offered sixteen townships of swamp land to the first manufacturer who would exhibit five gross of a home-manufactured article. But no one ever competed. The first attempts, indeed, were put to an end, when Schofield crossed the Blue Lick, and destroyed the dams on Yellow Branch. The consequence was that people's crinoline collapsed faster than the Confederacy did, of which that brute of a Grierson said there was never anything of it but the outside.

Of course, then, I put in the bottom of my new large trunk in New York, not a “duplex elliptic,” for none were then made, but a “Belmonte,” of thirty springs, for my wife. I bought, for her more common wear, a good “Belle-Fontaine.” For Sarah and Susy each, I got two “Dumb-Belles.” For Aunt Eunice and Aunt Clara, maiden sisters of my wife, who lived

with us after Winchester fell the fourth time, I got the "Scotch Harebell," two of each. For my own mother I got one "Belle of the Prairies" and one "Invisible Combination Gossamer." I did not forget good old Mamma Chloe and Mamma Jane. For them I got substantial cages, without names. With these, tied in the shapes of figure eights in the bottom of my trunk, as I said, I put in an assorted cargo of dry goods above, and, favored by a pass, and Major Mulford's courtesy on the flag-of-truce boat, I arrived safely at Richmond before the autumn closed.

I was received at home with rapture. But when, the next morning, I opened my stores, this became rapture doubly enraptured. Words cannot tell the silent delight with which old and young, black and white, surveyed these fairylike structures, yet unbroken and unmended.

Perennial summer reigned that autumn day in that reunited family. It reigned the next day, and the next. It would have reigned till now if the Belmontes and the other things would last as long as the advertisements declare; and, what is more, the Confederacy would have reigned till now, President Davis and General Lee! but for that great misery, which all families understand, which culminated in our great misfortune.

I was up in the cedar closet one day, looking for an old parade cap of mine, which I thought, though it was my third best, might look better than my second best, which I had worn ever since my best was lost at the Seven Pines. I say I was standing on the lower shelf of the cedar closet, when, as I stepped along in the darkness, my right foot caught in a bit of wire, my left did not give way in time, and I fell, with a small wooden hatbox in my hand, full on the floor. The corner of the hatbox struck me just below the second frontal sinus, and I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was in the blue chamber; I had vinegar on a brown paper on my forehead; the room was dark, and I found mother sitting by me, glad enough indeed to hear my voice, and to know that I knew her. It was some time before I fully understood what had happened. Then she brought me a cup of tea, and I, quite refreshed, said I must go to the office.

"Office, my child!" said she. "Your leg is broken above the ankle; you will not move these six weeks. Where do you suppose you are?"

Till then I had no notion that it was five minutes since I went into the closet. When she told me the time, five in the afternoon, I groaned in the lowest depths. For, in my breast pocket in that innocent coat, which I could now see lying on the window seat, were the duplicate dispatches to Mr. Mason, for which, late the night before, I had got the Secretary's signature. They were to go at ten that morning to Wilmington, by the Navy Department's special messenger. I had taken them to insure care and certainty. I had worked on them till midnight, and they had not been signed till near one o'clock. Heavens and earth, and here it was five o'clock! The man must be halfway to Wilmington by this time. I sent the doctor for Lafarge, my clerk. Lafarge did his prettiest in rushing to the telegraph. But no! A freshet on the Chowan River, or a raid by Foster, or something, or nothing, had smashed the telegraph wire for that night. And before that dispatch ever reached Wilmington the navy agent was in the office in the "Sea Maid."

"But perhaps the duplicate got through?" No, breathless reader, the duplicate did not get through. The duplicate was taken by Faucon, in the "Ino." I saw it last week in Dr. Lieber's hands, in Washington. Well, all I know is that if the duplicate had got through, the Confederate government would have had in March a chance at eighty-three thousand two hundred and eleven muskets, which, as it was, never left Belgium. So much for my treading into that blessed piece of wire on the shelf of the cedar closet, upstairs.

"What was the bit of wire?"

Well, it was not telegraph wire. If it had been, it would have broken when it was not wanted to. Don't you know what it was? Go up in your own cedar closet, and step about in the dark, and see what brings up round your ankles. Julia, poor child, cried her eyes out about it. When I got well enough to sit up, and as soon as I could talk and plan with her, she brought down seven of these old things, antiquated Belmontes and Simplex Elliptics, and horrors without a name, and she made a pile of them in the bedroom, and asked me in the most penitent way what she should do with them.

"You can't burn them," said she; "fire won't touch them. If you bury them in the garden, they come up at the second raking. If you give them to the servants, they say, 'Thank-e, missus,' and throw them in the back passage. If you give them

to the poor, they throw them into the street in front, and do not say, 'Thank-e.' Sarah sent seventeen over to the sword factory, and the foreman swore at the boy, and told him he would flog him within an inch of his life if he brought any more of his sauce there; and so—and so," sobbed the poor child, "I just rolled up these wretched things, and laid them in the cedar closet, hoping, you know, that some day the government would want something, and would advertise for them. You know what a good thing I made out of the bottle corks."

In fact, she had sold our bottle corks for four thousand two hundred and sixteen dollars of the first issue. We afterward bought two umbrellas and a corkscrew with the money.

Well, I did not scold Julia. It was certainly no fault of hers that I was walking on the lower shelf of her cedar closet. I told her to make a parcel of the things, and the first time we went to drive I hove the whole shapeless heap into the river, without saying mass for them.

But let no man think, or no woman, that this was the end of troubles. As I look back on that winter, and on the spring of 1865 (I do not mean the steel spring), it seems to me only the beginning. I got out on crutches at last; I had the office transferred to my house, so that Lafarge and Hepburn could work there nights, and communicate with me when I could not go out; but mornings I hobbled up to the Department, and sat with the Chief, and took his orders. Ah me! shall I soon forget that damp winter morning, when we all had such hope at the office. One or two of the army fellows looked in at the window as they ran by, and we knew that they felt well; and though I would not ask Old Wick, as we had nicknamed the Chief, what was in the wind, I knew the time had come, and that the lion meant to break the net this time. I made an excuse to go home earlier than usual; rode down to the house in the Major's ambulance, I remember; and hopped in, to surprise Julia with the good news, only to find that the whole house was in that quiet uproar which shows that something bad has happened of a sudden.

"What is it, Chloe?" said I, as the old wench rushed by me with a bucket of water.

"Poor Mr. George, I 'fraid he's dead, sah!"

And there he really was,—dear, handsome, bright George Schaff,—the delight of all the nicest girls of Richmond; he lay there on Aunt Eunice's bed on the ground floor, where they

had brought him in. He was not dead,—and he did not die. He is making cotton in Texas now. But he looked mighty near it then. “The deep cut in his head” was the worst I then had ever seen, and the blow confused everything. When McGregor got round, he said it was not hopeless; but we were all turned out of the room, and with one thing and another he got the boy out of the swoon, and somehow it proved his head was not broken.

No, but poor George swears to this day it were better it had been, if it could only have been broken the right way and on the right field. For that evening we heard that everything had gone wrong in the surprise. There we had been waiting for one of those early fogs, and at last the fog had come. And Jubal Early had, that morning, pushed out every man he had, that could stand; and they lay hid for three mortal hours, within I don’t know how near the picket line at Fort Powhatan, only waiting for the shot which John Streight’s party were to fire at Wilson’s Wharf, as soon as somebody on our left center advanced in force on the enemy’s line above Turkey Island stretching across to Nansemond. I am not in the War Department, and I forget whether he was to advance *en barbette* or by *échelon* of infantry. But he was to advance somehow, and he knew how; and when he advanced, you see, that other man lower down was to rush in, and as soon as Early heard him he was to surprise Powhatan, you see; and then, if you have understood me, Grant and Butler and the whole rig of them would have been cut off from their supplies, would have had to fight a battle for which they were not prepared, with their right made into a new left, and their old left unexpectedly advanced at an oblique angle from their center, and would not that have been the end of them?

Well, that never happened. And the reason it never happened was that poor George Schaff, with the last fatal order for this man whose name I forget (the same who was afterward killed the day before High Bridge), undertook to save time by cutting across behind my house, from Franklin to Green Streets. You know how much time he saved,—they waited all day for that order. George told me afterwards that the last thing he remembered was kissing his hand to Julia, who sat at her bedroom window. He said he thought she might be the last woman he ever saw this side of heaven. Just after that, it must have been, his horse—that white Messenger colt old Williams

bred — went over like a log, and poor George was pitched fifteen feet headforemost against a stake there was in that lot. Julia saw the whole. She rushed out with all the women, and had just brought him in when I got home. And that was the reason that the great promised combination of December, 1864, never came off at all.

I walked out in the lot, after McGregor turned me out of the chamber, to see what they had done with the horse. There he lay, as dead as old Messenger himself. His neck was broken. And do you think, I looked to see what had tripped him. I supposed it was one of the boys' bandy holes. It was no such thing. The poor wretch had tangled his hind legs in one of those infernal hoop wires that Chloe had thrown out in the piece when I gave her her new ones. Though I did not know it then, those fatal scraps of rusty steel had broken the neck that day of Robert Lee's army.

That time I made a row about it. I felt too badly to go into a passion. But before the women went to bed,— they were all in the sitting room together,— I talked to them like a father. I did not swear. I had got over that for a while, in that six weeks on my back. But I did say the old wires were infernal things, and that the house and premises must be made rid of them. The aunts laughed,—though I was so serious,—and tipped a wink to the girls. The girls wanted to laugh, but were afraid to. And then it came out that the aunts had sold their old hoops, tied as tight as they could tie them, in a great mass of rags. They had made a fortune by the sale,—I am sorry to say it was in other rags, but the rags they got were new instead of old,—it was a real Aladdin bargain. The new rags had blue backs, and were numbered, some as high as fifty dollars. The ragman had been in a hurry, and had not known what made the things so heavy. I frowned at the swindle, but they said all was fair with a peddler,—and I own I was glad the things were well out of Richmond. But when I said I thought it was a mean trick, Lizzie and Sarah looked demure, and asked what in the world I would have them do with the old things. Did I expect them to walk down to the bridge themselves with great parcels to throw into the river, as I had done by Julia's? Of course it ended, as such things always do, by my taking the work on my own shoulders. I told them to tie up all they had in as small a parcel as they could, and bring them to me.

Accordingly, the next day, I found a handsome brown paper parcel, not so very large, considering, and strangely square, considering, which the minxes had put together and left on my office table. They had a great frolic over it. They had not spared red tape nor red wax. Very official it looked, indeed, and on the left-hand corner, in Sarah's boldest and most contorted hand, was written, "Secret service." We had a great laugh over their success. And, indeed, I should have taken it with me the next time I went down to the Tredegar, but that I happened to dine one evening with young Norton of our gallant little navy, and a very curious thing he told us.

We were talking about the disappointment of the combined land attack. I did not tell what upset poor Schaff's horse; indeed, I do not think those navy men knew the details of the disappointment. O'Brien had told me, in confidence, what I have written down probably for the first time now. But we were speaking, in a general way, of the disappointment. Norton finished his cigar rather thoughtfully, and then said: "Well, fellows, it is not worth while to put in the newspapers, but what do you suppose upset our grand naval attack, the day the Yankee gunboats skittled down the river so handsomely?"

"Why," said Allen, who is Norton's best-beloved friend, "they say that you ran away from them as fast as they did from you."

"Do they?" said Norton, grimly. "If you say that, I'll break your head for you. Seriously, men," continued he, "that was a most extraordinary thing. You know I was on the ram. But why she stopped when she stopped I knew as little as this wineglass does; and Callender himself knew no more than I. We had not been hit. We were all right as a trivet for all we knew, when, skree! she began blowing off steam, and we stopped dead, and began to drift down under those batteries. Callender had to telegraph to the little "Mosquito," or whatever Walter called his boat, and the spunky little thing ran down and got us out of the scrape. Walter did it right well; if he had had a monitor under him he could not have done better. Of course we all rushed to the engine room. What in thunder were they at there? All they knew was they could get no water into her boiler.

"Now, fellows, this is the end of the story. As soon as the boilers cooled off they worked all right on those supply pumps. May I be hanged if they had not sucked in, somehow,

a long string of yarn, and cloth, and, if you will believe me, a wire of some woman's crinoline. And that French folly of a sham Empress cut short that day the victory of the Confederate navy, and old Davis himself can't tell when we shall have such a chance again ! ”

Some of the men thought Norton lied. But I never was with him when he did not tell the truth. I did not mention, however, what I had thrown into the water the last time I had gone over to Manchester. And I changed my mind about Sarah's "secret-service" parcel. It remained on my table.

That was the last dinner our old club had at the Spotswood, I believe. The spring came on, and the plot thickened. We did our work in the office as well as we could ; I can speak for mine, and if other people—but no matter for that ! The 3d of April came, and the fire, and the right wing of Grant's army. I remember I was glad then that I had moved the office down to the house, for we were out of the way there. Everybody had run away from the Department ; and so, when the powers that be took possession, my little sub-bureau was unmolested for some days. I improved those days as well as I could,—burning carefully what was to be burned, and hiding carefully what was to be hidden. One thing that happened then belongs to this story. As I was at work on the private bureau,—it was really a bureau, as it happened, one I had made Aunt Eunice give up when I broke my leg,—I came, to my horror, on a neat parcel of coast-survey maps of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. They were not the same Maury stole when he left the National Observatory, but they were like them. Now I was perfectly sure that on that fatal Sunday of the flight I had sent Lafarge for these, that the President might use them, if necessary, in his escape. When I found them, I hopped out and called for Julia, and asked her if she did not remember his coming for them. "Certainly," she said, "it was the first I knew of the danger. Lafarge came, asked for the key of the office, told me all was up, walked in, and in a moment was gone."

And here, on the file of April 3d, was Lafarge's line to me :—

"I got the secret-service parcel myself, and have put it in the President's own hands. I marked it 'Gulf coast,' as you bade me."

What could Lafarge have given to the President ? Not

the soundings of Hatteras Bar. Not the working drawings of the first monitor. I had all these under my hand. Could it be, — “Julia, what did we do with that stuff of Sarah’s that she marked *secret service*?”

As I live, we had sent the girls’ old hoops to the President in his flight.

And when the next day we read how he used them, and how Pritchard arrested him, we thought if he had only had the right parcel he would have found the way to Florida.

That is really the end of this memoir. But I should not have written it, but for something that happened just now on the piazza. You must know, some of us wrecks are up here at the Berkeley baths. My uncle has a place near here. Here came to-day John Sisson, whom I have not seen since Memminger ran and took the clerks with him. Here we had before, both the Richards brothers, the great paper men, you know, who started the Edgerly Works in Prince George’s County, just after the war began. After dinner, Sisson and they met on the piazza. Queerly enough, they had never seen each other before, though they had used reams of Richards’ paper in correspondence with each other, and the treasury had used tons of it in the printing of bonds and bank bills. Of course we all fell to talking of old times, — old they seem now, though it is not a year ago. “Richards,” said Sisson at last, “what became of that last order of ours for water-lined, pure linen government-callendered paper of *sûreté*? We never got it, and I never knew why.”

“Did you think Kilpatrick got it?” said Richards, rather gruffly.

“None of your chaff, Richards. Just tell where the paper went, for in the loss of that lot of paper, as it proved, the bottom dropped out of the treasury tub. On that paper was to have been printed our new issue of ten per cent, convertible, you know, and secured on that up-country cotton, which Kirby Smith had above the Big Raft. I had the printers ready for near a month waiting for that paper. The plates were really very handsome. I’ll show you a proof when we go upstairs. Wholly new they were, made by some Frenchmen we got, who had worked for the Bank of France. I was so anxious to have the thing well done, that I waited three weeks for that paper, and, by Jove, I waited just too long. We never got one of the bonds off, and that was why we had no money in March.”

Richards threw his cigar away. I will not say he swore between his teeth, but he twirled his chair round, brought it down on all fours, both his elbows on his knees and his chin in both hands.

"Mr. Sisson," said he, "if the Confederacy had lived, I would have died before I ever told what became of that order of yours. But now I have no secrets, I believe, and I care for nothing. I do not know now how it happened. We knew it was an extra nice job. And we had it on an elegant little new French Fourdrinier, which cost us more than we shall ever pay. The pretty thing ran like oil the day before. That day, I thought all the devils were in it. The more power we put on the more the rollers screamed; and the less we put on the more sulkily the jade stopped. I tried it myself every way; back current, I tried; forward current; high feed; low feed; I tried it on old stock, I tried it on new; and, Mr. Sisson, I would have made better paper in a coffee mill! We drained off every drop of water. We washed the tubs free from size. Then my brother, there, worked all night with the machinists, taking down the frame and the rollers. You would not believe it, sir, but that little bit of wire,"—and he took out of his pocket a piece of this hateful steel, which poor I knew so well by this time,— "that little bit of wire had passed in from some hoop skirt, passed the pickers, passed the screens, through all the troughs, up and down through what we call the lacerators, and had got itself wrought in, where, if you know a Fourdrinier machine, you may have noticed a brass ring riveted to the crossbar, and there this cursed little knife—for you see it was a knife, by that time—had been cutting to pieces the endless wire web every time the machine was started. You lost your bonds, Mr. Sisson, because some Yankee woman cheated one of my ragmen."

On that story I came upstairs. Poor Aunt Eunice! She was the reason I got no salary on the 1st of April. I thought I would warn other women by writing down the story.

That fatal present of mine, in those harmless hourglass parcels, was the ruin of the Confederate navy, army, ordnance, and treasury; and it led to the capture of the poor President too.

But, Heaven be praised, no one shall say that my office did not do its duty.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE:

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: An American humorist and poet; born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died in Boston, October 7, 1894. He graduated at Harvard in 1829; became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth; then at Harvard 1847-1882, when he retired as professor emeritus. His first work to attract general attention was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1858), followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." His other prose works include the novels "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy"; memoirs of Motley and Emerson; "One Hundred Days in Europe"; "Over the Teacups." His poems have been collected in "Songs in Many Keys," "Songs of Many Seasons," "Humorous Poems," "Before the Curfew," etc.]

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still
Find it somewhere you must and will, —

Above or below, or within or without, —
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
 — "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
 The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
 Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em, —
 Never an ax had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
 Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way "he put her through." —
 "There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren — where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon Earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; — it came and found
 The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they call it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came ; —
 Running as usual ; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.
 Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large ;
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake day. —
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whippetree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*,
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup !" said the parson. — Off went **they**.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the — Moses — was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'house on the hill

—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill, —
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'house clock, —
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
 —What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once, —
 All at once, and nothing first, —
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.



THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.¹

BY BRET HARTE.

[FRANCIS BRET HARTE: An American author; born in Albany, N.Y., August 25, 1839. After a common school education he went to California in 1854, where he successively taught school, mined, and worked in a printing office. He did some writing for newspapers, and was for a time associated in the management of *The Californian*, in which he published his "Condensed Novels." He was secretary of the United States branch mint at San Francisco, 1864-1870, and in 1868 organized and became editor of the *Overland Monthly*. He removed to New York city in 1871, was United States consul to Crefeld, Germany, and later at Glasgow, Scotland, and afterwards devoted his time to literary pursuits. His books include: "Condensed Novels" (1867), "Poems" (1871), "Luck of Roaring Camp" (1871), "East and West Poems" (1871), "Mrs. Skaggs' Husbands" (1872), "Tales of the Argonauts" (1875), "Thankful Blossom" (1876), "The Story of a Mine" (1877), "Echoes of the Foothills" (1879), "Flip and Found at Blazing Star" (1882), "In the Carquinez Woods" (1883), "On the Frontier" (1884), "By Shore and Sedge" (1885), "Maruja" (1885), "Snowbound at Eagle's" (1886), "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready" (1887), and "The Crusade of the Excelsior" (1887).]

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men,

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conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp — an entire stranger — carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept Fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the

expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess"; another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton"; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only, when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry, Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheater, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped

or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not

exactly alone ; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine tree where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety ; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d——d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It

was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it, — snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered; they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes, that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words, — “snowed in!”

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. “That is,” said Mr. Oakhurst, *sotto voce* to the Innocent, “if you’re willing to board us. If you ain’t — and perhaps you’d better not — you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions.” For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to

disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whisky, which he had prudently *cachéd*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whisky," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm and the group around it that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had *cachéd* his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation.

I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing

to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain : —

I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army.

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent, by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck, — nigger luck, — he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat, — you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance : —

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut, — a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason

was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering camp fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney, — story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem — having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words — in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton — once the strongest of the party — seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of

querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days, she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess' waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pil-

lowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:—

†

BENEATH THIS TREE

LIES THE BODY

OF

JOHN OAKHURST,

WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK

ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER, 1850,

AND

HANDED IN HIS CHECKS

ON THE 7TH OF DECEMBER, 1850.

‡

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

By JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

[1816-1887.]

SINGING through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale, —
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different stations
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Traveling together!

Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray
Looking rather green;

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;

Now the smiles grow thicker, —
 Wonder what they mean?
 Faith, he's got the Knicker-
 Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
 Closing up his peepers, —
 Now he snores amain,
 Like the Seven Sleepers;
 At his feet a volume
 Gives the explanation,
 How the man grew stupid
 From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
 Anxiously remarks
 That there must be peril
 'Mong so many sparks:
 Roguish-looking fellow,
 Turning to a stranger,
 Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
 Sitting vis-à-vis:
 Baby keeps a squalling,
 Woman looks at me;
 Asks about the distance,
 Says it's tiresome talking
 Noises of the cars
 Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
 Of the precious casket,
 Knowing eggs are eggs,
 Tightly holds her basket;
 Feeling that a smash,
 If it came, would surely
 Send her eggs to pot
 Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,

Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale,—
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the Rail!

CHEATING THE GALLOWS.¹

By I. ZANGWILL.

[ISRAEL ZANGWILL: An English author and playwright of Jewish race, was born in London in 1864. He was educated, first at the Jews' Free School, then at London University, where he graduated with triple honors before he was twenty-one years old. He wrote, among others, "The Premier and the Painter" (1888), in collaboration; founded *Ariel, or the London Puck* (1890); wrote "The Bachelor's Club" (1891), "Children of the Ghetto" (1892), "Ghetto Tragedies" and "A King of Schnorrers" (1894), "The Master" (1895), "Without Prejudice" (his *Pall Mall Gazette* "Causerie" reprinted) (1896), "Dreamers of the Ghetto" and "A Nineteenth Century Miracle" (1897).]

A CURIOUS COUPLE.

THEY say that a union of opposites makes the happiest marriage, and perhaps it is on the same principle that men who chum together are always so oddly assorted. You shall find a man of letters sharing diggings with an auctioneer, and a medical student pigging with a stockbroker's clerk. Perhaps each thus escapes the temptation to talk "shop" in his hours of leisure, while he supplements his own experiences of life by his companion's.

There could not be an odder couple than Tom Peters and Everard G. Roxdal—the contrast began with their names, and ran through the entire chapter. They had a bedroom and a sitting room in common, but it would not be easy to find what else. To his landlady, worthy Mrs. Seacon, Tom Peters' profession was a little vague, but everybody knew that Roxdal was the manager of the City and Suburban Bank, and it puzzled her to think why a bank manager should live with such a seedy-looking person, who smoked clay pipes and sipped whisky and water all the evening when he was at home. For Roxdal was as spruce and erect as his fellow-lodger was round-shouldered and shabby; he never smoked, and he confined himself to a small glass of claret at dinner.

¹ From "King of the Schnorrers." By permission of Author and Mr. Wm. Heinemann. (Price 6s.)

It is possible to live with a man and see very little of him. Where each of the partners lives his own life in his own way, with his own circle of friends and external amusements, days may go by without the men having five minutes together. Perhaps this explains why these partnerships jog along so much more peaceably than marriages, where the chain is drawn so much tighter, and galls the partners rather than links them. Diverse, however, as were the hours and habits of the chums, they often breakfasted together, and they agreed in one thing — they never stayed out at night. For the rest Peters sought his diversions in the company of journalists, and frequented debating rooms, where he propounded the most iconoclastic views; while Roxdal had highly respectable houses open to him in the suburbs, and was, in fact, engaged to be married to Clara Newell, the charming daughter of a retired corn merchant, a widower with no other child.

Clara naturally took up a good deal of Roxdal's time, and he often dressed to go to the play with her, while Peters stayed at home in a faded dressing gown and loose slippers. Mrs. Seacon liked to see gentlemen about the house in evening dress, and made comparisons not favorable to Peters. And this in spite of the fact that he gave her infinitely less trouble than the younger man. It was Peters who first took the apartments, and it was characteristic of his easy-going temperament that he was so openly and naïvely delighted with the view of the Thames obtainable from the bedroom window, that Mrs. Seacon was emboldened to ask twenty-five per cent more than she had intended. She soon returned to her normal terms, however, when his friend Roxdal called the next day to inspect the rooms, and overwhelmed her with a demonstration of their numerous shortcomings. He pointed out that their being on the ground floor was not an advantage, but a disadvantage, since they were nearer the noises of the street — in fact, the house being a corner one, the noises of two streets. Roxdal continued to exhibit the same finicking temperament in the petty details of the *ménage*. His shirt fronts were never sufficiently starched, nor his boots sufficiently polished. Tom Peters, having no regard for rigid linen, was always good-tempered and satisfied, and never acquired the respect of his landlady. He wore blue check shirts and loose ties even on Sundays. It is true he did not go to church, but slept on till Roxdal returned from morning service, and even then it was difficult to

get him out of bed, or to make him hurry up his toilet operations. Often the midday meal would be smoking on the table while Peters would smoke in the bed, and Roxdal, with his head thrust through the folding doors that separated the bedroom from the sitting room, would be adjuring the sluggard to arise and shake off his slumbers, and threatening to sit down without him, lest the dinner be spoilt. In revenge, Tom was usually up first on week days, sometimes at such unearthly hours that Polly had not yet removed the boots from outside the bedroom door, and would bawl down to the kitchen for his shaving water. For Tom, lazy and indolent as he was, shaved with the unfailing regularity of a man to whom shaving has become an instinct. If he had not kept fairly regular hours, Mrs. Seacon would have set him down as an actor, so clean shaven was he. Roxdal did not shave. He wore a full beard, and, being a fine figure of a man to boot, no uneasy investor could look upon him without being reassured as to the stability of the bank he managed so successfully. And thus the two men lived in an economical comradeship, all the firmer, perhaps, for their mutual incongruities.

A WOMAN'S INSTINCT.

It was on a Sunday afternoon in the middle of October, ten days after Roxdal had settled in his new rooms, that Clara Newell paid her first visit to him there. She enjoyed a good deal of liberty, and did not mind accepting his invitation to tea. The corn merchant, himself indifferently educated, had an exaggerated sense of the value of culture, and so Clara, who had artistic tastes without much actual talent, had gone in for painting, and might be seen, in pretty toilets, copying pictures in the Museum. At one time it looked as if she might be reduced to working seriously at her art, for Satan, who finds mischief still for idle hands to do, had persuaded her father to embark the fruits of years of toil in bubble companies. However, things turned out not so bad as they might have been, a little was saved from the wreck, and the appearance of a suitor, in the person of Everard G. Roxdal, insured her a future of competence, if not of the luxury she had been entitled to expect. She had a good deal of affection for Everard, who was unmistakably a clever man, as well as a good-looking one. The prospect seemed fair and cloudless. Nothing presaged

the terrible storm that was about to break over these two lives. Nothing had ever for a moment come to vex their mutual contentment, till this Sunday afternoon. The October sky, blue and sunny, with an Indian-summer sultriness, seemed an exact image of her life, with its aftermath of a happiness that had once seemed blighted.

Everard had always been so attentive, so solicitous, that she was as much surprised as chagrined to find that he had apparently forgotten the appointment. Hearing her astonished interrogation of Polly in the passage, Tom shambled from the sitting room in his loose slippers and his blue check shirt, with his eternal clay pipe in his mouth, and informed her that Roxdal had gone out suddenly earlier in the afternoon.

"G-g-one out," stammered poor Clara, all confused. "But he asked me to come to tea."

"Oh, you're Miss Newell, I suppose," said Tom.

"Yes, I am Miss Newell."

"He has told me a great deal about you, but I wasn't able honestly to congratulate him on his choice till now."

Clara blushed uneasily under the compliment, and under the ardor of his admiring gaze. Instinctively she distrusted the man. The very first tones of his deep bass voice gave her a peculiar shudder. And then his impoliteness in smoking that vile clay was so gratuitous.

"Oh, then you must be Mr. Peters," she said in return. "He has often spoken to me of you."

"Ah!" said Tom, laughingly, "I suppose he's told you all my vices. That accounts for your not being surprised at my Sunday attire."

She smiled a little, showing a row of pearly teeth. "Everard ascribes to you all the virtues," she said.

"Now that's what I call a friend!" he cried ecstatically. "But won't you come in? He must be back in a moment. He surely would not break an appointment with *you*." The admiration latent in the accentuation of the last pronoun was almost offensive.

She shook her head. She had a just grievance against Everard, and would punish him by going away indignantly.

"Do let *me* give you a cup of tea," Tom pleaded. "You must be awfully thirsty this sultry weather. There! I will make a bargain with you! If you will come in now, I promise to clear out the moment Everard returns, and not spoil your

tête-à-tête." But Clara was obstinate; she did not at all relish this man's society, and besides, she was not going to throw away her grievance against Everard. "I know Everard will slang me dreadfully when he comes in if I let you go," Tom urged. "Tell me at least where he can find you."

"I am going to take the 'bus at Charing Cross, and I'm going straight home," Clara announced determinedly. She put up her parasol in a pet, and went up the street into the Strand. A cold shadow seemed to have fallen over all things. But just as she was getting into the 'bus, a hansom dashed down Trafalgar Square, and a well-known voice hailed her. The hansom stopped, and Everard got out and held out his hand.

"I'm so glad you're a bit late," he said. "I was called out unexpectedly, and have been trying to rush back in time. You wouldn't have found me if you had been punctual. But I thought," he added, laughing, "I could rely on you as a woman."

"I *was* punctual," Clara said angrily. "I was not getting out of this 'bus, as you seem to imagine, but into it, and was going home."

"My darling!" he cried remorsefully. "A thousand apologies." The regret on his handsome face soothed her. He took the rose he was wearing in the buttonhole of his fashionably cut coat and gave it to her.

"Why were you so cruel?" he murmured, as she nestled against him in the hansom. "Think of my despair if I had come home to hear you had come and gone. Why didn't you wait a moment?"

A shudder traversed her frame. "Not with that man Peters!" she murmured.

"Not with that man Peters!" he echoed sharply. "What is the matter with Peters?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't like him."

"Clara," he said, half sternly, half cajoling, "I thought you were above these feminine weaknesses; you are punctual, strive also to be reasonable. Tom is my best friend. From boyhood we have been always together. There is nothing Tom would not do for me, or I for Tom. You must like him, Clara; you must, if only for my sake."

"I'll try," Clara promised, and then he kissed her in gratitude and broad daylight.

"You'll be very nice to him at tea, won't you?" he said anxiously. "I shouldn't like you two to be bad friends."

"I don't want to be bad friends," Clara protested; "only the moment I saw him a strange repulsion and mistrust came over me."

"You are quite wrong about him—quite wrong," he assured her earnestly. "When you know him better, you'll find him the best of fellows. Oh, I know," he said suddenly, "I suppose he was very untidy, and you women go so much by appearances!"

"Not at all," Clara retorted. "'Tis you men who go by appearances."

"Yes, you do. That's why you care for me," he said, smiling.

She assured him it wasn't, and she didn't care for him so much as he plumed himself, but he smiled on. His smile died away, however, when he entered his rooms and found Tom nowhere.

"I dare say you've made him run about hunting for me," he grumbled.

"Perhaps he knew I'd come back, and went away to leave us together," she answered. "He said he would when you came."

"And yet you say you don't like him!"

She smiled reassuringly. Inwardly, however, she felt pleased at the man's absence.

POLLY RECEIVES A PROPOSAL.

If Clara Newell could have seen Tom Peters carrying on with Polly in the passage, she might have felt justified in her prejudice against him. It must be confessed, though, that Everard also carried on with Polly. Alas! it is to be feared that men are much of a muchness where women are concerned; shabby men and smart men, bank managers and journalists, bachelors and semidetached bachelors. Perhaps it was a mistake after all to say the chums had nothing patently in common. Everard, I am afraid, kissed Polly rather more often than Clara, and although it was because he respected her less, the reason would perhaps not have been sufficiently consoling to his affianced wife. For Polly was pretty, especially on alternate Sunday afternoons, and when at ten P.M. she

returned from her outings, she was generally met in the passage by one or other of the men. Polly liked to receive the homage of real gentlemen, and set her white cap at all indifferently. Thus, just before Clara knocked on that memorable Sunday afternoon, Polly, being confined to the house by the unwritten code regulating the lives of servants, was amusing herself by flirting with Peters.

"You *are* fond of me a little bit," the graceless Tom whispered, "aren't you?"

"You know I am, sir," Polly replied.

"You don't care for any one else in the house?"

"Oh no, sir, and never let any one kiss me but you. I wonder how it is, sir?" Polly replied ingenuously.

"Give me another," Tom answered.

She gave him another, and tripped to the door to answer Clara's knock.

And that very evening, when Clara was gone and Tom still out, Polly turned without the faintest atom of scrupulosity, or even jealousy, to the more fascinating Roxdal, and accepted his amorous advances. If it would seem at first sight that Everard had less excuse for such frivolity than his friend, perhaps the seriousness he showed in this interview may throw a different light upon the complex character of the man.

"You're quite sure you don't care for any one but me?" he asked earnestly.

"Of course not, sir!" Polly replied indignantly. "How could I?"

"But you care for that soldier I saw you out with last Sunday?"

"Oh no, sir, he's only my young man," she said apologetically.

"Would you give him up?" he hissed suddenly.

Polly's pretty face took a look of terror. "I couldn't, sir! He'd kill me. He's such a jealous brute, you've no idea."

"Yes, but suppose I took you away from here?" he whispered eagerly. "Somewhere where he couldn't find you—South America, Africa, somewhere thousands of miles across the seas."

"Oh, sir, you frighten me!" whispered Polly, cowering before his ardent eyes, which shone in the dimly lit passage.

"Would you come with me?" he hissed. She did not answer; she shook herself free and ran into the kitchen, trembling with a vague fear.

THE CRASH.

One morning, earlier than his earliest hour of demanding his shaving water, Tom rang the bell violently and asked the alarmed Polly what had become of Mr. Roxdal.

"How should I know, sir?" she gasped. "Ain't he been in, sir?"

"Apparently not," Tom answered anxiously. "He never remains out. We have been here three weeks now, and I can't recall a single night he hasn't been home before twelve. I can't make it out." All inquiries proved futile. Mrs. Seacon reminded him of the thick fog that had come on suddenly the night before.

"What fog?" asked Tom.

"Lord! didn't you notice it, sir?"

"No, I came in early, smoked, read, and went to bed about eleven. I never thought of looking out of the window."

"It began about ten," said Mrs. Seacon, "and got thicker and thicker. I couldn't see the lights of the river from my bedroom. The poor gentleman has been and gone and walked into the water." She began to whimper.

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Tom, though his expression belied his words. "At the worst, I should think he couldn't find his way home, and couldn't get a cab, so put up for the night at some hotel. I dare say it will be all right." He began to whistle as if in restored cheerfulness. At eight o'clock there came a letter for Roxdal, marked "Immediate," but as he did not turn up for breakfast, Tom went round personally to the City and Suburban Bank. He waited half an hour there, but the manager did not make his appearance. Then he left the letter with the cashier and went away with anxious countenance.

That afternoon it was all over London that the manager of the City and Suburban had disappeared, and that many thousand pounds of gold and notes and disappeared with him.

Scotland Yard opened the letter marked "Immediate," and noted that there had been a delay in its delivery, for the address had been obscure, and an official alteration had been made.

It was written in a feminine hand and said, "On second thoughts I cannot accompany you. Do not try to see me again. Forget me. I shall never forget you."

There was no signature.

Clara Newell, distracted, disclaimed all knowledge of this letter. Polly deposed that the fugitive had proposed flight to her, and the routes to Africa and South America were especially watched. Some months passed without result. Tom Peters went about overwhelmed with grief and astonishment. The police took possession of all the missing man's effects. Gradually the hue and cry dwindled, died.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

"At last we meet!" cried Tom Peters, while his face lit up in joy. "How *are* you, dear Miss Newell?" Clara greeted him coldly. Her face had an abiding pallor now. Her lover's flight and shame had prostrated her for weeks. Her soul was the arena of contending instincts. Alone of all the world she still believed in Everard's innocence, felt that there was something more than met the eye, divined some devilish mystery behind it all. And yet that damning letter from the anonymous lady shook her sadly. Then, too, there was the deposition of Polly. When she heard Peters' voice accosting her, all her old repugnance resurged. It flashed upon her that this man — Roxdal's boon companion — must know far more than he had told to the police. She remembered how Everard had spoken of him, with what affection and confidence! Was it likely he was utterly ignorant of Everard's movements? Mastering her repugnance, she held out her hand. It might be well to keep in touch with him; he was possibly the clew to the mystery. She noticed he was dressed a shade more trimly, and was smoking a meer-schaum. He walked along at her side, making no offer to put his pipe out.

"You have not heard from Everard?" he asked. She flushed. "Do you think I'm an accessory after the fact?" she cried.

"No, no," he said soothingly. "Pardon me, I was thinking he might have written—giving no exact address, of course. Men do sometimes dare to write thus to women. But, of course, he knows you too well—you would have put the police on his track."

"Certainly," she exclaimed indignantly. "Even if he is innocent he must face the charge."

"Do you still entertain the possibility of his innocence?"

"I do," she said boldly, and looked him full in the face. His eyelids drooped with a quiver. "Don't you?"

"I have hoped against hope," he replied, in a voice faltering with emotion. "Poor old Everard! But I am afraid there is no room for doubt. Oh, this wicked curse of money — tempting the noblest and best of us."

The weeks rolled on. Gradually she found herself seeing more and more of Tom Peters, and gradually, strange to say, he grew less repulsive. From the talks they had together, she began to see that there was really no reason to put faith in Everard; his criminality, his faithlessness, were too flagrant. Gradually she grew ashamed of her early mistrust of Peters; remorse bred esteem, and esteem ultimately ripened into feelings so warm, that when Tom gave freer vent to the love that had been visible to Clara from the first, she did not repulse him.

It is only in books that love lives forever. Clara, so her father thought, showed herself a sensible girl in plucking out an unworthy affection and casting it from her heart. He invited the new lover to his house, and took to him at once. Roxdal's somewhat supercilious manner had always jarred upon the unsophisticated corn merchant. With Tom the old man got on much better. While evidently quite as well informed and cultured as his whilom friend, Tom knew how to impart his superior knowledge with the accent on the knowledge rather than on the superiority, while he had the air of gaining much information in return. Those who are most conscious of defects of early education are most resentful of other people sharing their consciousness. Moreover, Tom's *bonhomie* was far more to the old fellow's liking than the studied politeness of his predecessor, so that on the whole Tom made more of a conquest of the father than of the daughter. Nevertheless, Clara was by no means unresponsive to Tom's affection, and when, after one of his visits to the house, the old man kissed her fondly and spoke of the happy turn things had taken, and how, for the second time in their lives, things had mended when they seemed at their blackest, her heart swelled with a gush of gratitude and joy and tenderness, and she fell sobbing into her father's arms.

Tom calculated that he made a clear five hundred a year by

occasional journalism, besides possessing some profitable investments which he had inherited from his mother, so that there was no reason for delaying the marriage. It was fixed for May Day, and the honeymoon was to be spent in Italy.

THE DREAM AND THE AWAKENING.

But Clara was not destined to happiness. From the moment she had promised herself to her first love's friend, old memories began to rise up and reproach her. Strange thoughts stirred in the depths of her soul, and in the silent watches of the night she seemed to hear Everard's accents, charged with grief and upbraiding. Her uneasiness increased as her wedding day drew near. One night, after a pleasant afternoon spent in being rowed by Tom among the upper reaches of the Thames, she retired to rest full of vague forebodings. And she dreamt a terrible dream. The dripping form of Everard stood by her bedside, staring at her with ghastly eyes. Had he been drowned on the passage to his land of exile! Frozen with horror, she put the question.

"I have never left England!" the vision answered.

Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Never left England?" she repeated, in tones which did not seem to be hers.

The wraith's stony eyes stared on, but there was silence.

"Where have you been, then?" she asked in her dream.

"Very near you," came the answer.

"There has been foul play, then!" she shrieked.

The phantom shook its head in doleful assent.

"I knew it!" she shrieked. "Tom Peters — Tom Peters has done away with you. Is it not he? Speak!"

"Yes, it is he — Tom Peters — whom I loved more than all the world."

Even in the terrible oppression of the dream she could not resist saying, womanlike: —

"Did I not warn you against him?"

The phantom stared on silently and made no reply.

"But what was his motive?" she asked at length.

"Love of gold — and you. And you are giving yourself to him," it said sternly.

"No, no, Everard! I will not! I will not! I swear it! Forgive me!"

The spirit shook its head skeptically.

"You love him. Women are false—as false as men."

She strove to protest again, but her tongue refused its office.

"If you marry him, I shall always be with you! Beware!"

The dripping figure vanished as suddenly as it came, and Clara awoke in a cold perspiration. Oh, it was horrible! The man she had learnt to love, the murderer of the man she had learnt to forget! How her original prejudice had been justified! Distracted, shaken to her depths, she would not take counsel even of her father, but informed the police of her suspicions. A raid was made on Tom's rooms, and lo! the stolen notes were discovered in a huge bundle. It was found that he had several banking accounts, with a large recently paid amount in each bank. Tom was arrested. Attention was now concentrated on the corpses washed up by the river. It was not long before the body of Roxdal came to shore, the face distorted almost beyond recognition by long immersion, but the clothes patently his, and a pocketbook in the breast pocket removing the last doubt. Mrs. Seacon and Polly and Clara Newell all identified the body. Both juries returned a verdict of murder against Tom Peters, the recital of Clara's dream producing a unique impression in the court and throughout the country. The theory of the prosecution was that Roxdal had brought home the money,—whether to fly alone or to divide it, or whether even for some innocent purpose, as Clara believed, was immaterial. That Peters determined to have it all, that he had gone out for a walk with the deceased, and, taking advantage of the fog, had pushed him into the river, and that he was further impelled to the crime by love for Clara Newell, as was evident from his subsequent relations with her. The judge put on the black cap. Tom Peters was duly hung by the neck till he was dead.

BRIEF RÉSUMÉ OF THE CULPRIT'S CONFESSION.

When you all read this I shall be dead and laughing at you. I have been hung for my own murder. I am Everard G. Roxdal. I am also Tom Peters. We two were one. When I was a young man my mustache and beard wouldn't come. I bought false ones to improve my appearance. One day, after I had

become manager of the City and Suburban Bank, I took off my beard and mustache at home, and then the thought crossed my mind that nobody would know me without them. I was another man. Instantly it flashed upon me that if I ran away from the Bank, that other man could be left in London, while the police were scouring the world for a non-existent fugitive. But this was only the crude germ of the idea. Slowly I matured my plan. The man who was going to be left in London must be known to a circle of acquaintance beforehand. It would be easy enough to masquerade in the evenings in my beardless condition, with other disguises of dress and voice. But this was not brilliant enough. I conceived the idea of living with him. It was Box and Cox reversed. We shared rooms at Mrs. Seacon's. It was a great strain, but it was only for a few weeks. I had trick clothes in my bedroom like those of quick-change artistes; in a moment I could pass from Roxdal to Peters and from Peters to Roxdal. Polly had to clean two pairs of boots a morning, cook two dinners, etc., etc. She and Mrs. Seacon saw one or the other of us every moment; it never dawned upon them they never saw us *both together*. At meals I would not be interrupted, ate off two plates, and conversed with my friend in loud tones. At other times we dined at different hours. On Sundays he was supposed to be asleep when I was in church. There is no landlady in the world to whom the idea would have occurred that one man was troubling himself to be two (and to pay for two, including washing). I worked up the idea of Roxdal's flight, asked Polly to go with me, manufactured that feminine letter that arrived on the morning of my disappearance. As Tom Peters I mixed with a journalistic set. I had another room where I kept the gold and notes till I mistakenly thought the thing had blown over. Unfortunately, returning from here on the night of my disappearance, with Roxdal's clothes in a bundle I intended to drop into the river, it was stolen from me in the fog, and the man into whose possession it ultimately came appears to have committed suicide. What, perhaps, ruined me was my desire to keep Clara's love, and to transfer it to the survivor. Everard told her I was the best of fellows. Once married to her, I would not have had much fear. Even if she had discovered the trick, a wife cannot give evidence against her husband, and often does not want to. I made none of the usual slips, but no man can guard against a girl's nightmare after a day up the river and a supper at the

Star and Garter. I might have told the judge he was an ass, but then I should have had penal servitude for bank robbery, and that is worse than death. The only thing that puzzles me, though, is whether the law has committed murder or I suicide.

A HOLIDAY.¹

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[1824-1889.]

Out of the city, far away
 With Spring to-day!
 Where copses tufted with primrose
 Give me repose,
 Wood sorrel and wild violet
 Soothe my soul's fret,
 The pure delicious vernal air
 Blows away care,
 The birds' reiterated songs
 Heal fancied wrongs.

 Down the rejoicing brook my grief
 Drifts like a leaf,
 And on its gently murmuring flow
 Doth glide and go;
 The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,
 The sprouting sedges
 Waving beside the water's brink,
 Come like cool drink
 To fevered lips, like fresh soft mead
 To kine that feed.

 Much happier than the kine, I fed
 My dreaming head
 In grass; I see far mountains blue,
 Like heaven in view,
 Green world and sunny sky above
 Alive with love;
 All, all, however came they there,
 Divinely fair.

¹ From "Songs, Ballads and Stories." By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons.

THE SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN DESICCATION.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

(From "The Man with the Broken Ear.")

[EDMOND ABOUT, French novelist, was born in Lorraine, February 14, 1828. He became a journalist, war correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War, and editor of *Le XIXme Siècle* of Paris, and in 1884 a member of the Academy. He wrote, among other books: "Tolla Feraldi" (1855), "The King of the Mountains" (1856), "The Man with the Broken Ear" (1861), "The Nose of a Notary" (1862), "Madelon" (1863), "The Infamous One" (1869), and "The Romance of a Good Man" (1880). He died January 17, 1885.]

ON this 20th day of January, 1824, being worn down by a cruel malady and feeling the approach of the time when my person shall be absorbed in the Great All;

I have written with my own hand this testament, which is the expression of my last will.

I appoint as executor my nephew Nicholas Meiser, a wealthy brewer in the city of Dantzic.

I bequeath my books, papers, and scientific collections of all kinds, except item 3712, to my very estimable and learned friend, Herr Von Humboldt.

I bequeath all the rest of my effects, real and personal, valued at 100,000 Prussian thalers or 375,000 francs, to Colonel Pierre Victor Fougas, at present desiccated, but living, and entered in my catalogue opposite No. 3712 (Zoölogy).

I trust that he will accept this feeble compensation for the ordeals he has undergone in my laboratory, and the service he has rendered to science.

Finally, in order that my nephew Nicholas Meiser may exactly understand the duties I leave him to perform, I have resolved to inscribe here a detailed account of the desiccation of Colonel Fougas, my sole heir.

It was on the 11th of November in that unhappy year 1813, that my relations with this brave young man began. I had long since quitted Dantzic, where the noise of cannon and the danger from bombs had rendered all labor impossible, and retired with my instruments and books under the protection of the Allied Armies in the fortified town of Liebenfeld. The French garrisons of Dantzic, Stettin, Custrin, Glogau, Hamburg, and several other German towns could not communicate



EDMOND ABOUT

with each other or with their native land ; meanwhile General Rapp was obstinately defending himself against the English fleet and the Russian army. Colonel Fougas was taken by a detachment of the Barclay de Tolly corps, as he was trying to pass the Vistula on the ice, on the way to Dantzic. They brought him prisoner to Liebenfeld on the 11th of November, just at my supper time, and Sergeant Garok, who commanded in the village, forced me to be present at the examination and act as interpreter.

The open countenance, manly voice, proud firmness, and fine carriage of the unfortunate young man won my heart. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His only regret, he said, was having stranded so near port, after passing through four armies ; and being unable to carry out the Emperor's orders. He appeared animated by that French fanaticism which has done so much harm to our beloved Germany. Nevertheless, I could not help defending him ; and I translated his words less as an interpreter than as an advocate. Unhappily, they found upon him a letter from Napoleon to General Rapp, of which I preserved a copy : —

Abandon Dantzic, break the blockade, unite with the garrisons of Stettin, Custrin, and Glogau, march along the Elbe, arrange with St. Cyr and Davoust to concentrate the forces scattered at Dresden, Forgau, Wittenberg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg ; roll up an army like a snowball ; cross Westphalia, which is open, and come to defend the line of the Rhine with an army of 170,000 Frenchmen which you will have saved !

NAPOLÉON.

This letter was sent to the headquarters of the Russian army, whilst a half-dozen illiterate soldiers, drunk with joy and bad brandy, condemned the brave Colonel of the 23d of the line to the death of a spy and a traitor. The execution was fixed for the next day, the 12th, and M. Pierre Victor Fougas, after having thanked and embraced me with the most touching sensibility (he is a husband and a father), was shut up in the little battlemented tower of Liebenfeld, where the wind whistles terribly through all the loopholes.

The night of the 11th and 12th of November was one of the severest of that terrible winter. My self-registering thermometer, which hung outside my window with a southeast exposure, marked nineteen degrees below zero, centigrade. I went early

in the morning to bid the Colonel a last farewell, and met Sergeant Garok, who said to me in bad German : —

“We won’t have to kill the Frantzouski, he is frozen to death.”

I ran to the prison. The Colonel was lying on his back, rigid. But I found after a few minutes’ examination that the rigidity of the body was not that of death. The joints, though they had not their ordinary suppleness, could be bent and extended without any great effort. The limbs, the face, and the chest gave my hands a sensation of cold, but very different from that which I had often experienced from contact with corpses.

Knowing that he had passed several nights without sleep, and endured extraordinary fatigues, I did not doubt that he had fallen into that profound and lethargic sleep which is superinduced by intense cold, and which if too far prolonged slackens respiration and circulation to a point where the most delicate physiological tests are necessary to discover the continuance of life. The pulse was insensible ; at least my fingers, benumbed with cold, could not feel it. My hardness of hearing (I was then in my sixty-ninth year) prevented my determining by auscultation whether the beats of the heart still aroused those feeble though prolonged vibrations which the ear continues to hear some time after the hand fails to detect them.

The Colonel had reached that point of torpor produced by cold, where to revive a man without causing him to die requires numerous and delicate attentions. Some hours after, congelation would supervene, and with it, impossibility of restoration to life.

I was in the greatest perplexity. On the one hand I knew that he was dying on my hands by congelation ; on the other, I could not, by myself, bestow upon him the attentions that were indispensable. If I were to administer stimulants without having him, at the same time, rubbed on the trunk and limbs by three or four vigorous assistants, I would revive him only to see him die.

And even if I should succeed in bringing him back to health and strength, was not he condemned by court-martial? Did not humanity forbid my rousing him from this repose akin to death, to deliver him to the horrors of execution?

I must confess that in the presence of this organism where life was suspended, my ideas on reanimation took, as it were, fresh hold upon me. I had so often desiccated and revived

beings quite elevated in the animal scale, that I did not doubt the success of the operation, even on a man. By myself alone I could not revive and save the Colonel; but I had in my laboratory all the instruments necessary to desiccate him without assistance.

To sum up, three alternatives offered themselves to me. I. To leave the Colonel in the crenellated tower, where he would have died the same day of congelation. II. To revive him by stimulants, at the risk of killing him. And for what? To give him up, in case of success, to inevitable execution. III. To desiccate him in my laboratory with the quasi certainty of resuscitating him after the restoration of peace. All friends of humanity will doubtless comprehend that I could not hesitate long.

I had Sergeant Garok called, and I begged him to sell me the body of the Colonel. It was not the first time that I had bought a corpse for dissection, so my request excited no suspicion. The bargain concluded, I gave him four bottles of kirschwasser, and soon two Russian soldiers brought me Colonel Fougas on a stretcher.

As soon as I was alone with him, I pricked one of his fingers: pressure forced out a drop of blood. To place it under a microscope between two plates of glass was the work of a minute. Oh, joy! The fibrin was not coagulated. I was not deceived then, it was a torpid man that I had under my eyes, and not a dead one!

I placed him on a pair of scales. He weighed one hundred and forty pounds, clothing included. I did not care to undress him, for I had noticed that animals desiccated directly in contact with the air died oftener than those which remained covered with moss and other soft materials, during the ordeal of desiccation.

My great air pump, with its immense platform, its enormous oval wrought-iron receiver, which a rope running on a pulley firmly fixed in the ceiling easily raised and lowered by means of a windlass — all these thousand and one contrivances which I had so laboriously prepared in spite of the railleries of those who envied me, and which I felt desolate at seeing unemployed, were going to find their use! Unexpected circumstances had arisen at last to procure me such a subject for experiment, as I had in vain endeavored to procure, while I was attempting to reduce to torpidity dogs, rabbits, sheep, and other mammals by

the aid of freezing mixtures. Long ago, without doubt, would these results have been attained if I had been aided by those who surrounded me, instead of being made the butt of their railleries — if our authorities had sustained me with their influence instead of treating me as a subversive spirit.

I shut myself up *tête-à-tête* with the Colonel, and took care that even old Gretchen, my housekeeper, now deceased, should not trouble me during my work. I had substituted for the wearisome lever of the old-fashioned air pumps a wheel arranged with an eccentric, which transformed the circular movement of the axis into the rectilinear movement required by the pistons: the wheel, the eccentric, the connecting rod, and the joints of the apparatus all worked admirably, and enabled me to do everything by myself. The cold did not impede the play of the machine, and the lubricating oil was not gummed: I had refined it myself by a new process founded on the then recent discoveries of the French *savant*, M. Chevreul.

Having extended the body on the platform of the air pump, lowered the receiver and luted the rim, I undertook to submit it gradually to the influence of a dry vacuum and cold. Capsules filled with chloride of calcium were placed around the Colonel to absorb the water which should evaporate from the body, and to promote the desiccation.

I certainly found myself in the best possible situation for subjecting the human body to a process of gradual desiccation without sudden interruption of the functions, or disorganization of the tissues or fluids. Seldom had my experiments on rotifers and tardigrades been surrounded with equal chances of success, yet they had always succeeded. But the particular nature of the subject, and the special scruples imposed upon my conscience, obliged me to employ a certain number of new conditions, which I had long since, in other connections, foreseen the expediency of. I had taken the pains to arrange an opening at each end of my oval receiver, and fit into it a heavy glass, which enabled me to follow with my eye the effects of the vacuum on the Colonel. I was entirely prevented from shutting the windows of my laboratory, from fear that a too elevated temperature might put an end to the lethargy of the subject, or induce some change in the fluids. If a thaw had come on, all would have been over with my experiment. But the thermometer kept for several days between six and eight

degrees below zero, and I was very happy in seeing the lethargic sleep continue, without having to fear congelation of the tissues.

I commenced to produce the vacuum with extreme slowness, for fear that the gases distributed through the blood, becoming free on account of the difference of their tension from that of rarefied air, might escape in the vessels and so bring on immediate death. Moreover, I watched, every moment, the effects of the vacuum on the intestinal gases, for by expanding inside in proportion as the pressure of the air diminished outside of the body, they could have caused serious disorders. The tissues might not have been entirely ruptured by them, but an internal lesion would have been enough to occasion death in a few hours after reanimation. One observes this quite frequently in animals carelessly desiccated.

Several times, too rapid a protrusion of the abdomen put me on my guard against the danger which I feared, and I was obliged to let in a little air under the receiver. At last, the cessation of all phenomena of this kind satisfied me that the gases had disappeared by exosmose or had been expelled by the spontaneous contraction of the viscera. It was not until the end of the first day that I could give up these minute precautions, and carry the vacuum a little further.

The next day, the 13th, I pushed the vacuum to a point where the barometer fell to five millimeters. As no change had taken place in the position of the body or limbs, I was sure that no convulsion had been produced. The Colonel had been desiccated, had become immobile, had lost the power of performing the functions of life, without death having supervened, and without the possibility of returning to activity having departed. His life was suspended, not extinguished.

Each time that a surplus of watery vapor caused the barometer to ascend, I pumped. On the 14th, the door of my laboratory was literally broken in by the Russian General, Count Trollohub, who had been sent from headquarters. This distinguished officer had run in all haste to prevent the execution of the Colonel and to conduct him into the presence of the Commander in Chief. I loyally confessed to him what I had done under the inspiration of my conscience; I showed him the body through one of the bull's-eyes of the air pump; I told him that I was happy to have preserved a man who could furnish useful information to the liberators of my country; and I offered to resuscitate him at my own expense if they would promise me to

respect his life and liberty. The General, Count Trollohub, unquestionably a distinguished man, but one of an exclusively military education, thought that I was not speaking seriously. He went out slamming the door in my face, and treating me like an old fool.

I set myself to pumping again, and kept the vacuum at a pressure of from three to five millimeters for the space of three months. I knew by experience that animals can revive after being submitted to a dry vacuum and cold for eighty days.

On the 12th of February, 1814, having observed that for a month no modification had taken place in the shrinking of the flesh, I resolved to submit the Colonel to another series of operations, in order to insure more perfect preservation by complete desiccation. I let the air reënter by the stopcock arranged for the purpose, and, after raising the receiver, proceeded at once to my experiment.

The body did not weigh more than forty-six pounds; I had then reduced it nearly to a third of its original weight. It should be borne in mind that the clothing had not lost as much water as the other parts. Now the human body contains nearly four fifths of its own weight of water, as is proved by a desiccation thoroughly made in a chemical drying furnace.

I accordingly placed the Colonel on a tray, and, after sliding it into my great furnace, gradually raised the temperature to seventy-five degrees, centigrade. I did not dare to go beyond this heat, from fear of altering the albumen and rendering it insoluble, and also of taking away from the tissues the capacity of reabsorbing the water necessary to a return to their functions.

I had taken care to arrange a convenient apparatus so that the furnace was constantly traversed by a current of dry air. This air was dried in traversing a series of jars filled with sulphuric acid, quicklime, and chloride of calcium.

After a week passed in the furnace, the general appearance of the body had not changed, but its weight was reduced to forty pounds, clothing included. Eight days more brought no new decrease of weight. From this, I concluded that the desiccation was sufficient. I knew very well that corpses mummified in church vaults for a century or more end by weighing no more than a half-score of pounds, but they do not become so light without a material alteration in their tissues.

On the 27th of February, I myself placed the Colonel in the

boxes which I had had made for his occupancy. Since that time, that is to say during a space of nine years and eleven months, we have never been separated. I carried him with me to Dantzic. He stays in my house. I have never placed him, according to his number, in my zoölogical collection; he remains by himself, in the chamber of honor. I do not grant any one the pleasure of re-using his chloride of calcium. I will take care of you till my dying day, O Colonel Fougas, dear and unfortunate friend! But I shall not have the joy of witnessing your resurrection. I shall not share the delightful emotions of the warrior returning to life. Your lachrymal glands, inert to-day, but some day to be reanimated, will not pour upon the bosom of your old benefactor the sweet dew of recognition. For you will not recover your life until a day when mine will have long since departed! Perhaps you will be astonished that I, loving you as I do, should have so long delayed to draw you out of this profound slumber. Who knows but that some bitter reproach may come to taint the tenderness of the first offices of gratitude that you will perform over my tomb! Yes! I have prolonged, without any benefit to you, an experiment of general interest to others. I ought to have remained faithful to my first intention, and restored your life, immediately after the signature of peace. But what! Was it well to send you back to France when the sun of your fatherland was obscured by our soldiers and allies? I have spared you that spectacle—one so grievous to such a soul as yours. Without doubt you would have had, in March, 1815, the consolation of again seeing that fatal man to whom you had consecrated your devotion; but are you entirely sure that you would not have been swallowed up with his fortune, in the shipwreck of Waterloo?

For five or six years past, it has not been your welfare, nor even the welfare of science, that prevented me from reanimating you: it has been . . . Forgive me, Colonel, it has been a cowardly attachment to life. The disorder from which I am suffering, and which will soon carry me off, is an aneurism of the heart; violent emotions are interdicted to me. If I were myself to undertake the grand operation whose process I have traced in a memorandum annexed to this instrument, I would without any doubt succumb before finishing it; my death would be an untoward accident which might trouble my assistants and cause your resuscitation to fail.

Rest content ! You will not have long to wait, and moreover, what do you lose by waiting ? You do not grow old, you are always twenty-four years of age ; your children are growing up, you will be almost their contemporary when you come to life again. You came to Liebenfeld poor, you are now in my house poor, and my will makes you rich. That you may be happy also, is my dearest wish.

I direct that, the day after my death, my nephew, Nicholas Meiser, shall call together, by letter, the ten physicians most illustrious in the kingdom of Prussia, that he shall read to them my will and the annexed memorandum, and that he shall cause them to proceed without delay, in my own laboratory, to the resuscitation of Colonel Fougas. The expenses of travel, maintenance, etc., etc., shall be deducted from the assets of my estate. The sum of two thousand thalers shall be devoted to the publication of the glorious results of the experiment, in German, French, and Latin. A copy of this pamphlet shall be sent to each of the learned societies then existing in Europe.

In the entirely unexpected event of the efforts of science being unable to reanimate the Colonel, all my effects shall revert to Nicholas Meiser, my sole surviving relative.

JOHN MEISER, M.D.

It did not take long to get spread about the town that M. Martout and the Messieurs Renault, intended, in conjunction with several Paris *savants*, to resuscitate a dead man.

M. Martout had sent a detailed account of the case to the celebrated Karl Nibor, who had hastened to lay it before the Biological Society. A committee was forthwith appointed to accompany M. Nibor to Fontainebleau. The six commissioners and the reporter agreed to leave Paris the 15th of August, being glad to escape the din of the public rejoicings. M. Martout was notified to get things ready for the experiment, which would probably last not less than three days.

Some of the Paris papers announced this great event among their "Miscellaneous Items," but the public paid little attention to it. The grand reception of the army returning from Italy engrossed everybody's interest, and, moreover, the French do not put more than moderate faith in miracles promised in the newspapers. . . .

On the morning of the 15th of August, M. Karl Nibor pre-

sented himself at M. Renault's with Doctor Martout and the committee appointed by the Biological Society of Paris.

M. Nibor and his colleagues, after the usual compliments, requested to see the subject. They had no time to lose, as the experiment could hardly last less than three days. Leon hastened to conduct them to the laboratory and to open the three boxes containing the Colonel.

They found that the patient presented quite a favorable appearance. M. Nibor took off his clothes, which tore like tinder from having been too much dried in Father Meiser's furnace. The body, when naked, was pronounced entirely free from blemish and in a perfectly healthy condition. No one would yet have guaranteed success, but every one was full of hope.

After this preliminary examination, M. Renault put his laboratory at the service of his guests. He offered them all that he possessed, with a munificence which was not entirely free from vanity. In case the employment of electricity should appear necessary, he had a powerful battery of Leyden jars and forty of Bunsen's elements, which were entirely new. M. Nibor thanked him smilingly.

"Save your riches," said he. "With a bath tub and caldron of boiling water, we will have everything we need. The Colonel needs nothing but humidity. The thing is to give him the quantity of water necessary to the play of the organs. If you have a small room where one can introduce a jet of vapor, we will be more than content."

M. Audret, the architect, had very wisely built a little bath-room near the laboratory, which was convenient and well lighted. The celebrated steam engine was not far off, and its boiler had not, up to this time, answered any other purpose than that of warming the baths of M. and Mme. Renault.

The Colonel was carried into this room, with all the care necessitated by his fragility. It was not intended to break his second ear in the hurry of moving. Leon ran to light the fire under the boiler, and M. Nibor created him Fireman, on the field of battle.

Soon a jet of tepid vapor streamed into the bathroom, creating round the Colonel a humid atmosphere which was elevated by degrees, and without any sudden increase, to the temperature of the human body. These conditions of heat and humidity were maintained with the greatest care for

twenty-four hours. No one in the house went to sleep. The members of the Parisian Committee encamped in the laboratory. Leon kept up the fire; M. Nibor, M. Renault, and M. Martout took turns in watching the thermometer. Mme. Renault was making tea and coffee, and punch too. Gothou, who had taken communion in the morning, kept praying to God, in the corner of her kitchen, that this impious miracle might not succeed. A certain excitement already prevailed throughout the town, but one did not know whether it should be attributed to the *fête* of the 15th, or the famous undertaking of the seven wise men of Paris.

By two o'clock on the 16th, encouraging results were obtained. The skin and muscles had recovered nearly all their suppleness, but the joints were still hard to bend. The collapsed condition of the walls of the abdomen and the interval between the ribs, still indicated that the viscera were far from having reabsorbed the quantity of water which they had previously lost with Herr Meiser. A bath was prepared and kept at a temperature of thirty-seven degrees and a half. They left the Colonel in it two hours and a half, taking care to frequently pass over his head a fine sponge soaked with water.

M. Nibor removed him from the bath as soon as the skin, which was filled out sooner than the other tissues, began to assume a whitish tinge and wrinkle slightly. They kept him until the evening of the 16th in this humid room, where they arranged an apparatus which, from time to time, occasioned a fine rain of a temperature of thirty-seven and a half degrees. A new bath was given in the evening. During the night, the body was enveloped in flannel, but kept constantly in the same steaming atmosphere.

On the morning of the 17th, after a third bath of an hour and a half, the general characteristics of the figure and the proportions of the body presented their natural aspect: one would have called it a sleeping man. Five or six curious persons were admitted to see it, among others the colonel of the 23d. In the presence of these witnesses, M. Nibor moved successively all the joints, and demonstrated that they had recovered their flexibility. He gently kneaded the limbs, trunk, and abdomen. He partly opened the lips, and separated the jaws, which were quite firmly closed, and saw that the tongue had returned to its ordinary size and consistency. He also partly opened the eyelids: the eyeballs were firm and bright.

"Gentlemen," said the philosopher, "these are indications which do not deceive; I prophesy success. In a few hours you shall witness the first manifestations of life."

"But," interrupted one of the bystanders, "why not immediately?"

"Because the *conjunctivæ* are still a little paler than they ought to be. But the little veins traversing the whites of the eyes have already assumed a very encouraging appearance. The blood is almost entirely restored. What is the blood? Red globules floating in serum, or a sort of whey. The serum in poor Fougas was dried up in his veins; the water which we have gradually introduced by a slow endosmose has saturated the albumen and fibrin of the serum, which is returned to the liquid state. The red globules which desiccation had agglutinated, had become motionless like ships stranded in shoal water. Now behold them afloat again: they thicken, swell, round out their edges, detach themselves from each other, and prepare to circulate in their proper channels at the first impulse which shall be given them by the contractions of the heart."

"It remains to see," said M. Renault, "whether the heart will put itself in motion. In a living man, the heart moves under the impulse of the brain, transmitted by the nerves. The brain acts under the impulse of the heart, transmitted by the arteries. The whole forms a perfectly exact circle, without which there is no wellbeing. And when neither heart nor brain acts, as in the Colonel's case, I don't see which of the two can set the other in motion. You remember the scene in the 'École des Femmes,' where Arnolphe knocks at his door? The valet and the maid, Alain and Georgette, are both in the house. 'Georgette!' cries Alain.—'Well?' replies Georgette. 'Open the door down there!'—'Go yourself! Go yourself!'—'Gracious me! I shan't go!'—'I shan't go either!'—'Open it right away!'—'Open it yourself!' And nobody opens it. I am inclined to think, Monsieur, that we are attending a performance of this comedy. The house is the body of the Colonel; Arnolphe, who wants to get in, is the Vital Principle. The heart and brain act the parts of Alain and Georgette. 'Open the door!' says one.—'Open it yourself!' says the other. And the Vital Principle waits outside."

"Monsieur," replied M. Nibor, smiling, "you forget the ending of the scene. Arnolphe gets angry, and cries out:

‘Whichever of you two doesn’t open the door, shan’t have anything to eat for four days!’ And forthwith Alain hurries himself, Georgette runs and the door is opened. Now bear in mind that I speak in this way only in order to conform to your own course of reasoning, for the term ‘Vital Principle’ is at variance with the actual assertions of science. Life will manifest itself as soon as the brain, or the heart, or any one of the organs which have the capacity of working spontaneously, shall have absorbed the quantity of water it needs. Organized matter has inherent properties which manifest themselves without the assistance of any foreign principle, whenever they are surrounded by certain conditions. Why do not M. Fougas’ muscles contract yet? Why does not the tissue of the brain enter into action? Because they have not yet the amount of moisture necessary to them. In the fountain of life there is lacking, perhaps, a pint of water. But I shall be in no hurry to refill it: I am too much afraid of breaking it. Before giving this gallant fellow a final bath, it will be necessary to knead all his organs again, to subject his abdomen to regular compressions, in order that the serous membranes of the stomach, chest, and heart may be perfectly disagglutinated and capable of slipping on each other. You are aware that the slightest tear in these parts, or the least resistance, would be enough to kill our subject at the moment of his revival.”

While speaking, he united example to precept and kept kneading the trunk of the Colonel. . . .

Never had the little Rue de la Faisanderie seen such a crowd. An astonished passer-by stopped and inquired:—

“What’s the matter here? Is it a funeral?”

“Quite the reverse, Sir.”

“A christening, then?”

“With warm water!”

“A birth?”

“A being born again!” . . .

At noon, the commissioner of police and the lieutenant of *gens d’armes* made way through the crowd and entered the house. These gentlemen hastened to declare to M. Renault that their visit had nothing of an official character, but that they had come merely from curiosity. In the corridor they met the Sub-prefect, the Mayor, and Gothon, who was lamenting in loud tones that she should see the government lend its hand to such sorceries.

About one o'clock, M. Nibor caused a new and prolonged bath to be given the Colonel, on coming out of which the body was subjected to a kneading harder and more complete than before.

"Now," said the Doctor, "we can carry M. Fougas into the laboratory, in order to give his resuscitation all the publicity desirable. But it will be well to dress him, and his uniform is in tatters."

"I think," answered good M. Renault, "that the Colonel is about my size; so I can lend him some of my clothes. Heaven grant that he may use them! But, between us, I don't hope for it."

Gothon brought in, grumbling, all that was necessary to dress an entirely naked man. But her bad humor did not hold out before the beauty of the Colonel:—

"Poor gentleman!" she exclaimed, "he is young, fresh, and fair as a little chicken. If he doesn't revive, it will be a great pity!"

There were about forty people in the laboratory when Fougas was carried thither. M. Nibor, assisted by M. Martout, placed him on a sofa, and begged a few moments of attentive silence. During these proceedings, Mme. Renault sent to inquire if she could come in. She was admitted.

"Madame and gentlemen," said M. Nibor, "life will manifest itself in a few minutes. It is possible that the muscles will act first, and that their action may be convulsive, on account of not yet being regulated by the influence of the nervous system. I ought to apprise you of this fact, in order that you may not be frightened if such a thing transpires." . . .

He again began making systematic compressions of the lower part of the chest, rubbing the skin with his hands, half opening the eyelids, examining the pulse, and auscultating the region of the heart.

The attention of the spectators was diverted an instant by a hubbub outside. A battalion of the 23d was passing, with music at the head, through the Rue de la Faisanderie. While the saxhorns were shaking the windows, a sudden flush mantled on the cheeks of the Colonel. His eyes, which had stood half open, lit up with a brighter sparkle. At the same instant, M. Nibor, who had his ear applied to the chest, cried:—

"I hear the beatings of the heart!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the chest rose with a violent inspiration, the limbs contracted, the body straightened up, and out came a cry: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

RELIGION AND LOVE.¹

BY B. P. GALDOS.

(From "Gloria.")

[BENITO PEREZ GALDOS: A Spanish novelist; born in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, May 10, 1845. Among his works are: "Gloria," "Doña Perfecta," "The Fountain of Gold," and "Halma."]

MORTON decided to walk back to X.; in order to avoid passing through Ficóbriga, he made a circuit which took him behind the Abbey. Just as he reached the narrow passage which runs past the eastern porch, he heard the rusty hinges of the door groan, and looking round, his eyes beheld Gloria de Lantigua. Morton could not have been more startled and agitated if a vision from heaven had dawned upon him. His first instinct was to fly to her, but he controlled the impulse, and shrinking into a niche in the old Abbey wall, he stood as still as if he had been part of it. Gloria turned homewards, and passed him like some bright flash of thought across the darkness of his despair. He saw her disappear round the corner of the lane and mechanically came out of his nook to follow her.

"I am condemned never to see her again," thought he. "Then this once at least ——" But he kept at some distance, stopping when he had gained upon her, but hurrying after her when she had got far ahead; and at last, when Gloria entered the garden gate, he stopped short.

"It is all over ——" he said. "Now I will go." And yet, before he could make up his mind to start, he sat for half an hour on a stone in the side street, which led from the little Abbey plaza down to the grass slope that led to the shore.

A large tepid drop of water, falling on his hand, roused him from his dream, and, looking up at the sky, he saw a dense yellow cloud with shadows of the gloomiest gray, and felt that the atmosphere was chokingly oppressive. Then a gust of wind rushed down upon him, sweeping whirling pillars of dust before it, and great drops began to fall which splashed up the dust, making black pits in it, as if it were raining penny pieces. Daniel, seeking shelter from the storm, which was now upon

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him, went out of that alley into another, and at last found a large empty shed where he was perfectly sheltered. By this time the rain was falling in a deluge that was positively terrifying, inundating the streets and seeming very capable of washing the miserable little town bodily away.

"This is just how it rained on the wretched Plantagenet, the day it was wrecked. It seems to be a fate that pursues me; I came in a tempest, and I am leaving in a tempest. The way of the Lord is past finding out." And then looking up at the clouds, which were rent by the lightning and pouring out rivers, he said softly to himself: "The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee and were afraid, the depths also were troubled, the clouds poured out water, the air thundered and Thine arrows went abroad: The voice of Thy thunder was heard round about. . . . Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths in the great waters and Thy footsteps are not known."

It was now quite dark, for the storm had anticipated the night, the day was already declining. Morton looked up at the west front of the Lantiguas' house, which was on the opposite side of the street, and saw lights in the upper windows.

"They are all in there," thought he, "by this time, and Gloria is soothing the hours of the two old men with songs that are like angels' songs — O God! how happy are they!"

Time went on, the streets were now rivers; cataracts poured from the roofs as if the flood gates of a reservoir had burst above them; the rain lashed the walls as with a thousand whips, the few passers-by hurried along in dismay. At last, after about half an hour of this deluge, the skies seemed to have emptied themselves; the torrent thinned out, the clouds passed over, and Nature seemed ready to smile again, with a revulsion as prompt as her rage had been, as though she had been indulging in a mere practical joke.

"It seems to me I can get on now," thought Morton, "but how am I to navigate these streets? It would seem that I am to suffer shipwreck not once, but twice, in Ficóbriga."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he heard voices and shouts in the little plaza and also inside Lantigua's garden. A number of persons hurried to the spot, and Daniel also went forward, slowly, at first, but as quickly as possible when he distinguished Gloria's voice amid the cries of alarm.

"What has happened?" he asked the first man he met.

"The sudden flood has broken down the bridge, and Señorita Gloria is dreadfully alarmed, for Don Juan and his Reverence the Bishop had not returned from Brijan."

Morton found the garden open and went in; the first thing he saw was Gloria rushing across the garden. She was wrapped in a red cloak, and on her head and face sparkled a few drops of the rain, which had not yet quite ceased. She was tremulous with the chill and with alarm, and her pretty face was very pale.

"Daniel!" she exclaimed in surprise. "You here! what do you want?" And she fled back to the house.

Morton followed her.

"Good God!" she exclaimed. "Do you not know what is happening? The rain has carried away the bridge; my father and my uncle must have started from the Copse—oh! I cannot live in this suspense—I must go there at once."

"But you cannot cross," said one.

"Yes, you can just get across," said another. "Francisquin has this moment come from the curé's house. There is a gap in the middle, but by clinging and jumping he could get across."

"Is Francisquin here, did you say?" asked Gloria.

"Yes, Señorita, he is here with a message from the master."

"Francisquin, here, come here!" Gloria shouted across the garden. A lean, dark boy came forward, drenched from head to foot like a water god.

"And my father, my uncle?" asked the girl.

"Nothing has happened to them," said the boy; "but no one can cross in a coach, and only with great danger on foot. The river has risen tremendously."

"Did they give you no message for me?"

"Yes, Señorita; that you are not to be uneasy, as all the gentlemen will stay at the Copse to-night, but will return to-morrow; they will have to go up to Villamojada to cross the bridge at San Mateo, though I think they would do better to cross in boats."

"Thank God! I am easy now," said Gloria.

At the same moment she fixed her eyes on Daniel Morton; her terrors being relieved, her mind was wholly absorbed in gazing at this ominous apparition.

"Good-by," said the foreigner, "since I can be of no use here——"

Gloria hesitated for a moment, agitated and confused.

"Good-by," she repeated. "I thought you were already on your way to England. Has the ship again been wrecked? Good Heavens! you always come with a storm. Why have you come again? Why did you come before?—For God's sake, Daniel, what does it all mean?"

Her eager face betrayed anxious curiosity and the love which mastered her and which had not been wholly beaten out.

"Will you not show me so much favor as to give me your hand?"

The servants, one after another, had left them.

"But I want to know," said Gloria, "why you are here and not on your way to England. I never thought of seeing you again. Why have you come back?—But no, I do not want to know—I want to know nothing."

"It was the direct will of God that I should see you this night. Give me your hand."

"Take it—and farewell." Morton kissed it with devotion. "Farewell, in earnest."

"In earnest," said Daniel.

"Where is your horse?" asked Gloria.

"I have lost it."

"Lost it! But then——"

"I am going on foot."

"Where to, if there is no bridge?" Morton reflected seriously—strange! that the bridge should just now be broken down.

"It is a long way round," added the girl, probing her friend's very soul, as it seemed, with her gaze.

"I will go to the inn here, in Ficóbriga."

"To be sure. Good night."

Still Morton stood rooted to the ground.

"Good night," he repeated in a tone of anguish. "But are you going already? Oh! this is horrible and wicked!" Gloria herself could not move from the spot.

"Yes, I am going; I must"—she said sadly. "This unexpected meeting is a trick of the devil. My friend, go. Good-by."

"You turn me out? Oh! this is too horrible. But I will not obey, I call God to witness——" and Morton took a step towards the house.

"I turn you from the house, only because I must, because

God demands the sacrifice," cried Gloria, vainly endeavoring to choke down the torrent of her passion.

"It is false! it is false!" cried Morton, in a fever of excitement. "You do not love me, you have mocked at me, at me—a miserable stranger flung here by the waves, and who cannot escape though he desires to fly."

"You are not reasonable and kind, as you were last time we met. My friend, if you care for me and respect me, go. I implore you."

The poor child was almost choked with the words.

"And never see you again!—If I fly, God will drag me back to you. Never see you again! I will tear my eyes out before I obey you."

"You can see me better in your memory than with your eyes. It was you who advised that we should each make some sacrifice. Why do you now oppose it?"

"Because God himself has led me to you, and said to me: 'Go and take that which is thine to all eternity.'"

"Who is your God?"

"The same as yours. There is but one God."

Gloria felt her passion seething in her soul; it was becoming uncontrollable.

"Morton, my friend," she said wildly, "I implore and beseech you to go. Go at once, if you care to remain enshrined in my heart."

"I do not care, I cannot care!" he exclaimed, with such vehemence that she quailed.

A fearful turmoil confused her senses and clouded her discernment, as the rising of noxious vapors clouds the sun.

"My friend," she said once more in desperation that was almost a delirium, "if you care for my love—and I love you more than my life—go, leave me in peace. Will you believe what I say? I love you more than ever, most of all when we are parted."

"It is false!" he said, "false, false!"

"You are mean!" cried the girl, with a desperate appeal to his better mind. "This is unworthy of you, Daniel; you are not what I thought you."

"I am—as I am," muttered Morton. "I can be nothing else."

"I shall hate you."

"Then hate me. Oh, I would rather you should, a thousand times rather!"

"All ties and bonds between us are broken," said Gloria, in an agonized tone. "Leave me — ah! why do you not leave me?"

"I did leave you — but fate, or God, or I know not what, brought me again to your side."

"God?" she exclaimed. "God?"

"I cannot believe in chance."

"But I believe in Satan!" she cried.

A furious blast suddenly swept down upon them; they could hardly hear each other speak.

"Gloria," said Morton, with the solemnity of passion, "in the name of God, who is our creator, I appeal to you — darling of my heart, love of my life — come, fly with me; come, follow me."

"Merciful Savior!" cried the girl, in helpless terror.

"You do not hear the mysterious call of destiny — of God; I do; the sky, the earth, all, everything says to me: 'She is for you.'"

"Oh! go, good-by, farewell!" exclaimed Gloria, clasping her hands over her ears, and tearing herself away, she rushed into the house; but Daniel followed her. She was in, and tried to shut the door, but Morton opposed it, with all his strength, and entered behind her.

"What dreadful weather!" muttered Francisca. "It seems as though the end of the world were come! Mercy! the wind has blown out the light on the stairs — and how the doors are slamming! Roque, Roque!"

At the worthy housekeeper's call, Roque made his appearance, half asleep, and met her as she came along the low passage.

"Come, man, bestir yourself," said Francisca, feeling her way along the corridor. "Holy Savior! Blessed Virgin and Joseph! how frightened I am! I thought I saw a figure, a shape, a dark object, flying up the back stairs."

"Ah! you see visions, dame Francisca."

"It is bad enough to see you, you ugly lout. Lock the garden door, as the gentlemen are not coming home. What a fearful gale. After the storm, the hurricane; this is the way St. James treats us. It is just as if the demons were let loose,

and wanted to lift the house up bodily into the air. Tell me, stupid head, have you seen the Señorita go upstairs?"

"Yes, some time since."

"How could you have seen her then, when you were fast asleep? Can she be in the dining room? No, it is all dark. Go and lock the door and light the lantern, and we will search the house."

"Search it?"

"Yes, man; I am not easy in my mind. I fancied I saw! — Holy Saint Anthony preserve us ——"

"A ghost, a spirit?"

"There, that will do; lock the door, come upstairs, and hold your tongue," and they went upstairs together.

"Ah!" said Francisca, as they reached the top passage.

"Señorita Gloria is shut up in her room. I see the light through her door," and going up to it she called out: —

"Good night, Señorita."

Then they went over the whole house, but they found no one. The wind did not cease; it stormed the house, on all sides, as if to fling it to the ground and to tear it from its strong foundations and whirl it away in fragments. It seemed as though all Ficóbriga, with the Abbey and the tower, might be swept away by the tornado, like a boat that has lost its rudder. The trees in the garden leaned from the gale, their branches waving like wild disheveled hair, and the squalls of rain rattled like hoofs upon the windows. When the mad fury of the gale abated, the sound was like that of violent weeping, mingled with bitter sighs and piercing groans, which rose and fell, and echoed through the house — a monologue of grief, with imprecations, sobs, and tears.

Then the blast rose again as furious as ever; the boughs, in their giddy writhing, lashed each other, and amid the turmoil of noises that filled the vault of heaven, it was not difficult to fancy that one heard the beating of the crushed wings of an angel expelled from Paradise.

Gloria felt as if her body and soul both had been frozen to numbness, and she only very slowly recovered her ordinary frame of mind. When she first dared to cast a glance into her conscience, she was horrified at herself. All was dark and hideous there, and when she remembered her family, her name, her honor — she felt abandoned alike by God and man.

"Daniel, Daniel!" she cried, covering her eyes with one

hand and stretching out the other, as though she saw an abyss before her and was craving help. "Where are you?" Morton clasped her in his arms.

"Here," he said. "At your side, and I will never leave you."

"How madly you talk! — you must go — you ought to fly; but ah! for God's sake do not leave me now. I am dying."

"Now?" said Daniel, resolutely. "Never; nothing shall tear me from you."

"My father!" she murmured.

"I do not care for him."

"My religion!"

Her lover was silent, and his head sank on his breast.

"Daniel!" cried the girl, in tones of anguish. "What is the matter?"

He did not answer, and laying her hand under his beard, she gently forced him to raise his head.

"You have said the fatal word. I can never accept that," said he. "You have frozen the blood in my veins, and wrung my heart as if you had lashed it with a whip."

"Why are you so agitated?" said the girl, herself terrified at his terrors. "Daniel, friend of my soul, do not widen the gulf that parts us; on the contrary, let us try to fill it up."

"But how?"

"Let us make an effort, let us amalgamate our beliefs in one creed, and bring our consciences to meet halfway. Have we not sinned together? Then let us be one in something good — in truth. Let us honestly examine what it is that divides us, and we shall find that it cannot be such an insuperable distance."

"In the eyes of heaven and earth, no — but in the eyes of men — immense."

"O God!" cried Gloria, bursting into tears: "Hast Thou no mercy in store for us?"

"My love, my darling," cried Morton, kissing her passionately. "The moment has in truth come when all must be clear between us."

"And when we must boldly face this hideous question."

"Yes — it is inevitable."

"Remorse stands before us and threatens us with its terrors; still it cries out to us: 'Ye are one now and forever!'"

"Forever!" he murmured.

"We can never part now."

"Never! — and the hour for truth has struck."

"Ah! Daniel!" cried Gloria, with a sudden and fervid surging up of religious emotion. "Love of my life, companion of my soul, husband of my choice, let us kneel together, before that image of our crucified Redeemer, and make a solemn vow this night to agree upon our religious differences, making every possible concession, I as much as you. We are both the children of the Savior Christ, let us fix our eyes on Him — Daniel, Daniel, why do you turn away?"

Gloria had fallen on her knees in front of the crucifix, and clung to Morton's arm that he might do the same; but he only stood upright, with his head sunk upon his breast. Never had his face seemed to her so beautiful or so pathetic. Pale and grave, his blue eyes looked down with a gaze of infinite sadness, and seen in profile, the line of his features, his smooth brow and soft, pointed beard, made his resemblance to the image of the incarnate Son quite perfect.

"Why do you not even look at me?" asked Gloria, in despair.

"I can do no more ——" cried Morton, with a sudden flash of resolve. "Gloria, I am not a Christian."

"What? — Daniel. O Mary, Virgin Mother!"

"I must at last tell you all," said her lover, with the deepest emotion. "I am not a Christian; I am a Jew."

"Holy Savior! — Father, Redeemer!" The words broke from Gloria in a cry of horror and anguish, like the dying breath of a man who falls stabbed through and again, or who sees a gulf yawn at his feet revealing the flames of hell. Her voice died on her lips, and she sank senseless on the floor.



VESTA.

By EDGAR FAWCETT

[1847—]

WHEN skies are starless yet when day is done,
When odors of the freshened sward are sweeter,
When light is dreamy round the sunken sun,
At limit of the grassy lane I meet her.

She steals a gracious hand across the gate;
 My own its timid touch an instant flatters;
 Below the glooming leaves we linger late,
 And gossip of a thousand airy matters.

I gladden that the hay is stored with luck;
 I smile to hear the pumpkin bed is turning;
 I mourn the lameness of her speckled duck;
 I marvel at the triumphs of her churning.

From cow to cabbage, and from horse to hen,
 I treat bucolics with my rustic charmer,
 At heart the most unpastoral of men,
 Converted by this dainty little farmer.

And yet if one soft syllable I chance,
 As late below the glooming leaves we linger,
 The pretty veto sparkles in her glance,
 And cautions in her brown uplifted finger.

O happy trysts at blossom time of stars!
 O moments when the glad blood thrills and quickens!
 O all-inviolable gateway bars!
 O Vesta of the milking pails and chickens!



HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.

By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

[HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, philosophical historian, was born at Lee, Kent, November 24, 1821, and on account of his delicate health was educated at home, chiefly by his mother. In 1840, on the death of his father, a wealthy London shipowner, he inherited an ample fortune, which enabled him to indulge his fondness for books and to give himself up to literary pursuits. In 1857 he published the first volume of his famous "History of Civilization in England," which produced a sensation in Europe and America. The special doctrine that it sought to uphold was that climate, soil, food, and the aspects of nature are the determining factors in intellectual progress. After the publication of the second volume (1861), Buckle set out on an Eastern tour, and died of typhoid fever at Damascus, Syria, May 29, 1862. For twenty years he was reckoned one of the finest chess players in the world.]

THOSE readers who are acquainted with the manner in which in the physical world the operations of the laws of nature are constantly disturbed, will expect to find in the

moral world disturbances equally active. Such aberrations proceed, in both instances, from minor laws, which at particular points meet the larger laws, and thus alter their normal action. Of this, the science of mechanics affords a good example in the instance of that beautiful theory called the parallelogram of forces—according to which the forces are to each other in the same proportion as is the diagonal of their respective parallelograms. This is a law pregnant with great results; it is connected with those important mechanical resources, the composition and resolution of forces; and no one acquainted with the evidence on which it stands ever thought of questioning its truth. But the moment we avail ourselves of it for practical purposes, we find that in its action it is warped by other laws, such as those concerning the friction of air, and the different density of the bodies on which we operate, arising from the chemical composition, or, as some suppose, from their atomic arrangement. Perturbations being thus let in, the pure and simple action of the mechanical law disappears. Still, and although the results of the law are incessantly disturbed, the law itself remains intact. Just in the same way, the great social law that the moral actions of men are the product not of their volition, but of their antecedents, is itself liable to disturbances which trouble its operation without affecting its truth. And this is quite sufficient to explain those slight variations which we find from year to year in the total amount of crime produced by the same country. Indeed, looking at the fact that the moral world is far more abundant in materials than the physical world, the only ground for astonishment is that these variations should not be greater; and from the circumstances that the discrepancies are so trifling, we may form some idea of the prodigious energy of those vast social laws which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle, and which, when examined by the aid of large numbers, scarcely undergo any sensible perturbation.

Nor is it merely the crimes of men which are marked by this uniformity of sequence. Even the number of marriages annually contracted is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority. It is now known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and in England the experience of a century has proved that,

Manuscript of Queen Victoria.

Letter to Miss Mary Augusta Gordon thanking her for the gift of a Bible which had belonged to her brother, General C. G. Gordon. Windsor Castle, 16 March, 1885.

Windsor Castle,
March 16, 1885.

DEAR MISS GORDON,—It is most kind and good of you to give me this precious Bible and I only hope you are not depriving yourself and family of such a treasure, if you have no other. May I ask you during how many years your dear heroic brother had it with him? I shall have a case made for it with an Inscription and place it in the Library here with your letter and the touching extract from his last to you.

I have ordered as you know a Marble Bust of your dear Brother to be placed in the Corridor here, where so many Busts and Pictures of our greatest Generals and Statesmen are, and I hope that you will see it before it is finished, to give your opinion as to the likeness. Believe me always

Yours very sincerely,
VICTORIA, R. I.

others. Many I ask in the Corridor here
from during how often so many books
many of your ^{British} ~~own~~ ^{of our} present General
don, Sir Isaac Newton & Saltzman are
had it with him? I hope that you

I shall have a will see it before
Case made for it it is finished to
with an inscription 'Giv' your opinion
& place it in the as to the library.
Library here with
your letter & the
touching extract
from his last to you.

I have ordered
as you know a ^{small}
shot of your dear
Brother, to be placed

Believe me always,
your very sincerely
F. A. A. A.

My dear friend
I have just received
your letter of the 10th
and am very glad to hear
from you. I am well and
hope this finds you the same.
I have been thinking much
of late about the future
of our country and the
state of the world.
I feel that we are
in a very critical position
and that the future
of our country depends
upon the wisdom and
courage of the people.
I hope that you will
be able to do something
to help our country
in this time of need.

instead of having any connection with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people : so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food and by the rate of wages. In other cases, uniformity has been detected, though the causes of the uniformity are still unknown. Thus, to give a curious instance, we are now able to prove that the aberrations of memory are marked by this general character of necessary and invariable order. The post offices of London and of Paris have latterly published returns of the number of letters which the writers, through forgetfulness, omitted to direct ; and, making allowance for the difference of circumstances, the returns are year after year copies of each other. Year after year the same proportion of letter writers forget this simple act ; so that for each successive period we can actually foretell the number of persons whose memory will fail them in regard to this trifling and, as it might appear, accidental occurrence.

To those who have steady conception of the regularity of events, and have firmly seized the great truth that the actions of men, being guided by their antecedents, are in reality never inconsistent, but, however capricious they may appear, only form part of one vast scheme of universal order, of which we in the present state of knowledge can barely see the outline,—to those who understand this, which is at once the key and the basis of history, the facts just adduced, so far from being strange, will be precisely what would have been expected, and ought long since to have been known. Indeed, the progress of inquiry is becoming so rapid and so earnest, that I entertain little doubt that before another century has elapsed, the chain of evidence will be complete, and it will be as rare to find an historian who denies the undeviating regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the regularity of the material world.

It will be observed that the preceding proofs of our actions, being regulated by law, have been derived from statistics—a branch of knowledge which, though still in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together. But although the statisticians have been the first to investigate this great subject by treating it according to those methods of reasoning which in other fields have been found successful ; and although they have, by the

application of numbers, brought to bear upon it a very powerful engine for eliciting truth,—we must not, on that account, suppose that there are no other resources remaining by which it may likewise be cultivated ; nor should we infer that because the physical sciences have not yet been applied to history, they are therefore inapplicable to it. Indeed, when we consider the incessant contact between man and the external world, it is certain that there must be an intimate connection between human actions and physical laws ; so that if physical science has not hitherto been brought to bear upon history, the reason is, either that historians have not perceived the connection, or else that, having perceived it, they have been destitute of the knowledge by which its workings can be traced. Hence there has arisen an unnatural separation of the two great departments of inquiry, the study of the internal, and that of the external : and although, in the present state of European literature, there are some unmistakable symptoms of a desire to break down this artificial barrier, still it must be admitted that as yet nothing has been actually accomplished towards effecting so great an end. The moralists, the theologians, and the metaphysicians continue to prosecute their studies without much respect for what they deem the inferior labors of scientific men ; whose inquiries, indeed, they frequently attack, as dangerous to the interests of religion, and as inspiring us with an undue confidence in the resources of the human understanding. On the other hand, the cultivators of physical science, conscious that they are an advancing body, are naturally proud of their own success ; and, contrasting their discoveries with the more stationary position of their opponents, are led to despise pursuits the barrenness of which has now become notorious.

It is the business of the historian to mediate between these two parties, and reconcile their hostile pretensions by showing the point at which their respective studies ought to coalesce. To settle the terms of this coalition will be to fix the basis of all history. For since history deals with the actions of men, and since their actions are merely the product of a collision between internal and external phenomena, it becomes necessary to examine the relative importance of those phenomena ; to inquire into the extent to which their laws are known ; and to ascertain the resources for future discovery possessed by these two great classes, the students of the mind and the students of nature.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

ETHICS OF THE HEROIC AGE.¹

By WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

(From "Juventus Mundi.")

[WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE: An English statesman and writer; born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809; died May 19, 1898. He was sent to Eton and then to Oxford, taking the highest honors at the university. He then studied law; entered Parliament; became president of the Board of Trade, chancellor of the exchequer; succeeded Lord Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons; in 1868 succeeded Disraeli as first lord of the treasury; and held many other high offices. He was the greatest statesman in England, and also took a high rank among men of letters. His writings are many and varied, including essays, translations, and works on theology and philology. Among the more notable are: "The State in its Relations with the Church" (1838), "Church Principles considered in their Results" (1840), "Manual of Prayers from the Liturgy" (1845), "On the Place of Homer in Classical Education" (1857), "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" (3 vols., 1858), "'Ecce Homo'" (1868), "A Chapter of Autobiography" (1868), "Juventus Mundi" (1869), "The Vatican Decrees" (1874), "Homeric Synchronism" (1876), "Homer" (1878), "Gleanings of Past Years" (7 vols., 1879), "Landmarks of Homeric Study" (1890), "An Introduction to the People's Bible History" (1895), "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler" (1896), and "On the Condition of Man in a Future Life" (1896).]

THE point in which the ethical tone of the heroic age stands highest of all is, perhaps, the strength of the domestic affections.

They are prevalent in Olympus; and they constitute an amiable feature in the portraiture even of deities who have nothing else to recommend them. Not only does Poseidon care for the brutal Polyphemus, and Zeus for the noble and gallant Sarpedon, but Ares for Ascalaphus, and Aphrodite for Æneas. In the Trojan royal family there is little of the higher morality; but parental affection is vehement in the characters, somewhat relaxed as they are in fiber, both of Priam and of Hecuba. Odysseus chooses for the title, by which he would be known, that of the Father of Telemachus. The single portraiture of Penelope, ever yearning through twenty years for her absent husband, and then praying to be removed from life, that she may never gladden the spirit of a meaner man, could not have been designed or drawn, except in a country where the standard, in this great branch of morality, was a high one. This is the palmary and all-sufficient instance. Others might be mentioned to follow, though none can equal it.

Perhaps even beyond other cases of domestic relation, the

¹ By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

natural sentiment, as between parents and children, was profoundly ingrained in the morality of the heroic age. The feeling of Achilles for Peleus, of Odysseus for his father Laertes and his mother Anticlea, exhibits an affection alike deep and tender. Those who die young, like Simoisius by the hand of Ajax, die before they have had time to repay to their parents their threptra, the pains and care of rearing them. Phoenix, in the height of wrath with his father, and in a country where homicide was thought a calamity far more than a crime, is restrained from offering him any violence, lest he should be branded, among the Achaians, with the stamp of Parricide. All this was reciprocated on the side of parents: even in Troy, as we may judge from the conduct and words of Hector, of Andromache, of Priam. While the father of Odysseus pined on earth for his return, his mother died of a broken heart for his absence. And the Shade of Achilles in the Underworld only craves to know whether Peleus is still held in honor; and a momentary streak of light and joy gilds his dreary and gloomy existence, when he learns that his son Neoptolemus has proved himself worthy of his sire, and has attained to fame in war. The very selfish nature of Agamemnon does not prevent his feeling a watchful anxiety for his brother Menelaus. Where human interests spread and ramify by this tenacity of domestic affections, there the generations of men are firmly knit together; concern for the future becomes a spring of noble action; affection for the past engenders an emulation of its greatness; and as it is in history that these sentiments find their means of subsistence, the primitive poet of such a country scarcely can but be an historian.

We do not find, indeed, that relationships are traced in Homer by name beyond the degree of first cousins. But that the tie of blood was much more widely recognized, we may judge from the passage in the Second Iliad, which shows that the divisions of the army were subdivided into tribes and clans. Guestship likewise descended through generations: Diomed and Glaucus exchange arms, and agree to avoid one another in fight, because their grandfathers had been xenoi.

The intensity of the Poet's admiration for beautiful form is exhibited alike with reference to men, women, and animals. Achilles, his greatest warrior, is also his most beautiful man: Ajax, the second soldier, has also the second place in beauty, according to Odysseus. Nireus, his rival for that place, is

Manuscript of William Ewart Gladstone.

Letter to Anthony Panizzi, Principal Librarian of the British Museum, with reference to the latter's criticisms on his comparison between Homer and Tasso in his article "Homer and his Successors in Epic Poetry," published in the "Quarterly Review" for January, 1857, and explaining his ideas of the principles which should govern foreign policy. Written at Hawarden, 29 Nov., 1856.

Hawarden, Nov. 29, 1856.

MY DEAR PANIZZI,—You treat me cruelly; I see your criticisms floating before me in the air and catch at them like Tantalus stretching out his neck for water—when they are withdrawn again out of my reach.

I am sure that, if you thought I was in any flagrant error such as a mis-statement of fact, you would not have failed to keep me out of it. As to what is beyond, I know that to ask for criticisms is to ask a great and commonly ill-requited favor; I thank you sincerely for what you have done.

I am no Achilles, and have had no provocation, great or small; nor am I, nor can I well be, asked to render any help, when the help I should render would be in the wrong direction. My ideas of foreign policy are, I fear, nearly the contradictories of those now in vogue. I am for trusting to the moral influence of England for uttering no threats except such as I mean to execute, for declining to revile to-day the men whom I lauded yesterday, for thinking too well of my own countrymen to suppose they require to be loaded with fulsome adulation and cannot bear the truth, for treating as vicious in ourselves what we denounce as vicious in others and in short for a long list of heresies which the Times daily anathematizes *ex cathedra* and for which I am most thankful not to be burned by a slow fire.

I do not expect to be in London until *late* in January.

Most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

A. Panizzi, Esq.

and commonly are ill requited
favours: I thank you sincerely for what
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with fulsome adulation & cannot bear
the truth, for treating as vicious in
quarters what we denounce as vicious
in others, and in short for a long list
of heresies which the Times daily
anathematizes ex cathedra & for which
I am most thankful not to be
troubled by a show fire.

I do not expect to be in London
until later in January

Most sincerely yours

W. E. Gladstone.
A. Panizotti

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1856.

BRIT. MUS. ADD. MS.

commemorated for his beauty, though in other respects he is declared to have been an insignificant personage. Odysseus, elderly, if not old, is carried into rapture by the beauty of Nausicaa. Not Helen alone, but his principal women in general, short of positive old age (for Penelope is included), are beautiful. He felt intensely, as appears from many passages, the beauty of the horse. But this admiring sentiment towards all beauty of form appears to have been an entirely pure one. His only licentious episode, that of the Net of Hephæstus, he draws from an Eastern mythology. He recounts it as sung before men only, not women; and not in Greece, but in Scheria, to an audience of Phœnician extraction and associations. It is in Troy that the gloating eyes of the old men follow Helen as she walks. The only Greeks to whom the like is imputed are the dissolute and hateful Suitors of the Odyssey. The proceedings of Here in the Fourteenth Iliad are strictly subordinated to policy. They are scarcely decent; and a single sentiment of Thetis may be criticised. But the observations I would offer are, first that all the questionable incidents of sentiments are in the sphere of the mythology, which in several important respects tended to corrupt, and not to elevate, mankind. Secondly, how trifling an item do they contribute to the great Encyclopedia of human life, which is presented to us in the Poems. Thirdly, even among the great writers of the Christian ages, how few will abide the application of a rigid test in this respect so well as Homer. And lastly, let us observe the thorough rectitude of purpose which governs the Poems: where Artemis, the severely pure, is commonly represented as an object of veneration, but Aphrodite is as commonly represented in such a manner as to attract aversion or contempt, and when, among human characters, no licentious act is ever so exhibited as to confuse or pervert the sense of right and wrong. The Poet's treatment on Paris on earth, whom he has made his only contemptible prince or warrior, is in strict keeping with his treatment of Aphrodite among Immortals.

With regard to anything which is unbecoming in the human person, the delicacy of Homer is uniform and perhaps unrivaled. In the case of women, there is not a single allusion to it. In the case of men, the only allusions we find are grave and admirably handled. When Odysseus threatens to strip Ther-sites, it is only to make him an object of general and unmitigated

disgust. When Priam foretells the mangling of his own naked corpse by animals, the insult to natural decency thus anticipated serves only to express the intense agony of his mind. The scene in which Odysseus emerges from the sea on the coast of Scheria, is perhaps among the most careful, and yet the most simple and unaffected, exhibitions of true modesty in all literature. And the mode in which all this is presented to us suggests that it forms a true picture of the general manners of the nation at the time. That this delicacy long subsisted in Greece, we learn from Thucydides. The morality of the Homeric period is that of the childhood of a race: the morality of the classic times belongs to its manhood. On the side of the latter, it may be urged that two causes in particular tend to raise its level. With regular forms of political and civil organization, there grows up in written law a public testimonial on behalf, in the main, of truth, honesty, and justice. For, while private conduct represents the human mind under the bias of every temptation, the law, as a general rule, speaks that which our perceptions would affirm were there no such bias. But further, with law and order comes the clearer idea and fuller enjoyment of the fruits of labor; and for the sake of security each man adopts, and in general acts upon, a recognition of the rights of property. These are powerful agencies for good in a great department of morals. Besides these, with a more imposing beauty, but probably with less of practical efficacy, the speculative intellect of man goes to work, and establishes abstract theories of virtue, vice, and their consequences, which by their comprehensiveness and method put out of countenance the indeterminate ethics of remote antiquity. All this is to be laid in one scale. But the other would, I think, predominate, if it were only from the single consideration that the creed of the Homeric age brought both the sense and the dread of the divine justice to bear in restraint of vice and passion. And upon the whole, after the survey which has been taken, it would in my opinion be somewhat rash to assert that either the duties of men to the deity, or the larger claims of man upon man, were better understood in the age of Pericles or Alexander, of Sylla or Augustus, than in the age of Homer.

Perhaps the following sketch of Greek life in the heroic age may not be far wide of the truth.

The youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence of his

parents, and in desire to emulate their fame ; he shares in manly and in graceful sports ; acquires the use of arms ; hardens himself in the pursuit, then of all others the most indispensable, the hunting down of wild beasts ; gains the knowledge of medicine, probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plow firm and straight down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn.

And, when scarcely a man, he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes part in its government, learns by direct instruction and by practice how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive power in political assemblies, attends and assists in sacrifices to the gods. For, all this time, he has been in kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

He is indeed mistaught with reference to the use of the strong hand. Human life is cheap ; so cheap that even a mild and gentle youth may be betrayed, upon a casual quarrel over some childish game with his friend, into taking it away. And even so throughout his life, should some occasion come that stirs up his passions from their depths, a wild beast, as it were, awakes within him, and he loses his humanity for the time, until reason has reëstablished her control. Short, however, of such a desperate crisis, though he could not for the world rob his friend or his neighbor, yet he might be not unwilling to triumph over him to his cost, for the sake of some exercise of signal ingenuity ; while, from a hostile tribe or a foreign shore, or from the individual who has become his enemy, he will acquire by main force what he can, nor will he scruple to inflict on him by stratagem even deadly injury. He must, however, give liberally to those who are in need ; to the wayfarer, to the poor, to the suppliant who begs from him shelter and protection. On the other hand, should his own goods be wasted, the liberal and open-handed contributions of his neighbors will not be wanting to replace them.

His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it glaring in his eye and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is hardly known ; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character, and by the evil consequences that flow so straight from it ; and it is abhorred.

But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests, gathered in his father's hall, enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the strains of the minstrel, who celebrates before them the newest and the dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood, and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion; the maiden's hand upon his wrist, and the gilded knife gleaming from his belt, as they course from point to point, or wheel in round on round. That maiden, some Nausicaa, or some Hermione of a neighboring district, in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her, "from the flower to the ripeness of the grape," with respect, fidelity, and love.

Whether as a governor or as governed, politics bring him, in ordinary circumstances, no great share of trouble. Government is a machine, of which the wheels move easily enough; for they are well oiled by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires; by unity of interest; by respect for authority, and for those in whose hands it is reposed; by love of the common country, the common altar, the common festivals and games, to which already there is large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people, in war he lends them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them, and advises with them, on all grave affairs; and his wakeful care for their interests is rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the prince by the people. Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the scepter to his son, and leaving much peace and happiness around him.

Such was, probably, the state of society amidst the concluding phase of which Homer's youth, at least, was passed. But a dark and deep social revolution seems to have followed the Trojan war; we have its workings already become visible in the *Odyssey*. Scarcely could even Odysseus cope with it, contracted though it was for him within the narrow bounds of Ithaca. On the mainland, the bands of the elder society are soon wholly broken. The Pelopid, Neleid, Cœnid houses are a wreck: disorganization invites the entry of new forces to control it; the Dorian lances bristle on the Ætolian beach, and the primitive Greece, the patriarchal Greece, the Greece of Homer, is no more.



GEN. LEW WALLACE

THE CHARIOT RACE AT ANTIOCH.¹

By LEW WALLACE.

(From "Ben-Hur : A Tale of the Christ.")

[LEWIS WALLACE: generally known as Lew Wallace, American general, lawyer, diplomatist, and novelist, was born at Brookville, Ind., April 10, 1827. He served as lieutenant in the Mexican War, attained the rank of major general of volunteers during the Civil War, and from 1881 to 1885 was United States minister to Turkey. When not engaged in public service he has practiced law and devoted himself to literature. He is chiefly celebrated as the author of the historical novel, "Ben-Hur" (1880), which has had a phenomenal sale. He has written two other historical novels, "The Fair God" and "The Prince of India"; "The Boyhood of Christ"; and a life of Benjamin Harrison.]

At length the recess came to an end.

The trumpeters blew a call, at which the absentees rushed back to their places. At the same time some attendants appeared in the arena, and, climbing upon the division wall, went to an entablature near the second goal at the west end, and placed upon it seven wooden balls; then returning to the first goal, upon an entablature there they set up seven other pieces of wood hewn to represent dolphins.

"What shall they do with the balls and fishes, O sheik?" asked Balthasar.

"Hast thou never attended a race?"

"Never before; and hardly know I why I am here."

"Well, they are to keep the count. At the end of each round run thou shalt see one ball and one fish taken down."

The preparations were now complete, and presently a trumpeter in gaudy uniform arose by the editor, ready to blow the signal of commencement promptly at his order. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by, and in the lessening perspective, turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The unusual flush upon his face gave proof that even Simonides had caught the universal excitement. Ilderim pulled his beard fast and furious.

"Look now for the Roman," said the fair Egyptian to Esther, who did not hear her, for, with close-drawn veil and beating heart, she sat watching for Ben-Hur.

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The structure containing the stalls, it should be observed, was in form of the segment of a circle, retired on the right so that its central point was projected forward, and midway the course, on the starting side of the first goal. Every stall consequently was equally distant from the starting line or chalked rope above mentioned.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp, whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the four proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gatekeepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again.

They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the tramping of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gatekeepers called their men, instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had waited! this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

"He is come—look!" cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

"I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a multitude came to her, and she understood ever after how, at such times, the souls of men, in frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully. The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended;

on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for—the position next the division wall on the inner side of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true—

It is not strength but art obtained the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise—

all on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? Or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance,—just one,—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the late result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them, Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the

motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought—in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked or hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn—limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers, every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly, and with such distinctness as the picture comes he may share the satisfaction and deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable: a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore leg of the Athenian's right-hand tracemate, flinging the brute over against its yokefellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will, at least in part. The thousand held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tailpiece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds; a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting.

"Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench on which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was **to** the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on, the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

* * * * *

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased;

but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which they were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass darkly, cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve. In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon fortune; he did not believe in fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed to glow with renewed transparency.

When not halfway across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there were no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flashlike insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant the competitors were prudentially checking their fours.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time. The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under the urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvelous skill shown in making

the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches; the circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then it would seem Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practiced hand. — "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; upon the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was the spring

of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled around the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time. In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared. And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the latter Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below. In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside of Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators

bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quit combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent—or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best. How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound: they screamed and howled and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home stretch — sixth round — Messala leading, and next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story : —

First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his ear behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.

Thus to the first goal and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel tracks of the two cars, could have said here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them. As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim the moment the rivals turned into the course: "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered: "Saw you how clean they were, and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures, and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with the like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! Loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again! Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for halfway round the course, and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change.

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotion, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs.

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple, seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction, that is on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong. To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted, and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which by look, word, and gesture he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and the Corinthian were halfway down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

The consul arose, the people shouted themselves hoarse, the editor came down from his seat and crowned the victors.

The procession was then formed, and, 'midst the shouting of the multitude which had had its will, passed out of the Gate of Triumph.

And the day was over.



THE WOUNDED SENTINEL.

By EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

[EDMONDO DE AMICIS: An Italian writer; born at Oneglia in Liguria, October 21, 1846. After serving several years in the Italian army, he made his home in Turin and gave his time wholly to literary work. His writings are strong, sympathetic, at times humorous, and always graceful in style. Their titles include: "Army Life" (1869), "Recollections of 1870-1871" (1872), "The College Friends," "The Paternal Home" (1872), "A Great Day," "Hearts," and several works of travel, including, "Spain," "Recollections of London," "Constantinople," and "Morocco."]

It was growing dark. The streets of the city were full of people. Those shops which are generally open during the evening were in great part closed, and the remainder were being shut one by one. Here and there, at the corners, on the squares, in front of the cafés, on the steps of the churches, were groups of men and boys, who were talking in low and excited voices, turning from time to time to look around them in order to see that no suspicious person was listening. There was a continuous descent of people from the houses to the street; they stopped a moment on the doorway, looked to the right and left as if uncertain which way to go, and then mingled in the crowd. In the whispering of the crowd, although it was much denser and more noisy than usual, there was perceptible a suppressed and almost timid tone. Now and then a knot of people crossed the street hurriedly, and behind them a long train of gamins who made way for themselves between the legs of the people with their elbows and shoulders, whistling and shrieking as they did so. At the sound of any voice which made itself heard above the general murmur, many stopped and turned back to ask what was the matter. It was only some one who had made use of an expression a little stronger than the others — that was all. After the people had

looked at him a moment and he at the people, every one went on his way. A moment later a great blow was heard on one side of the street; every one turned in the direction of the sound. Who is it? What is it? What's happened? It was a shopkeeper who had closed and barred his door. The carriages passed slowly, and the coachmen begged the crowd to make way, with an unusually polite smile, and a motion of the whip that was excessively courteous. On the corners, by the light of the lamps, were seen those poor newspaper venders assailed by ten people at a time, who, holding out the sou with one hand, seized the desired sheet with the other, drew to one side, then unfolded it in haste, and searched with avidity for some important news. Some of the passers-by stopped, formed a circle round the possessor of the journal, and the latter read in a low voice while the others listened attentively.

Suddenly all the people are seen running toward the end of a street; there is instantly a great press, a loud shout, a tremendous confusion; above the heads can be seen four or five muskets knocked here and there; a clapping of hands is heard; the crowd vacillates, falls back, opens on one side; four or five dark figures appear with muskets in their hands, give a glance about them with an air of triumph, turn into an alley, and off they dash; a troop of boys, howling and whistling, follow them. What was it? What's happened? Nothing, nothing. A patrol of the national guard has been disarmed. A moment later, the crowd opens on another side and four or five unfortunate fellows appear, with pale faces, bare heads, disheveled hair, and clothes torn and disordered. Round about them there rises a murmur of compassion; some sympathetic person takes them by the arm, leads them out of the throng, and accompanies them home, exhorting them by word and gesture to be courageous.

Meanwhile confusion, great excitement, and deafening noises have sprung up in the multitude. "Give way there! Make way there!" is suddenly shouted on one side of the street. All turn in that direction. Who is it? What is it? What's happened? "Make way there! Make way there!" The crowd divides, falls back rapidly, forms a hedge on the sides of the street, and a company of sharpshooters traverse it on a run. A dirty, noisy troop of gamins follow them. The crowd closes up again.

Suddenly a confused sound of angry, menacing voices breaks out on another side; the crowd gathers and forms at this point; above the heads two or three carabineers' hats appear and disappear, then a burst of applause, the crowd opens, a man breathless and disfigured runs out and disappears. "They wanted to put handcuffs on him," some one remarks in a tone of satisfaction, "but they did not succeed in doing so; there were some strong people who took his part. We should like to see them!"

The crowd proceeds slowly in one direction, and reaches the corner of a street. Suddenly the people in front stop and those behind press on to them; the former recede a few steps, the latter are violently forced back, then begin to push forward again, and then recede once more; all of which gives rise to indescribable disorder. "What is the matter? Who is preventing our going on? Forward, forward!" "Oh, yes, it is very fine to say forward! There is a company of soldiers with bayonets fixed who are barring the passage." Then follow shouts, hisses, oaths, and imprecations. "Down with the oppressors! We don't want oppression, down with those muskets, give us a free passage—out of the way!" All at once the crowd turn their backs on the soldiers and take flight, leaving the pavement strewn with the fallen and invade in less than a moment the side streets, cafés, vestibules, and courts of the neighboring houses. The soldiers have lowered their bayonets.

"Make way there! Make way there!" they shriek, on one side. From one of the side alleys comes the sound of horses' tramp and the clinking of swords; it is a squad of cavalry that is advancing; the gleam of the first helmets is seen; a troop of horses break through the crowd, which spring to the right and left against the walls of the houses; the squad passes in the midst of profound silence; when it is almost by, a voice or a hiss is heard here and there; it has passed—then follow shouts, whistles, reproaches, and a shower of cabbage heads and lemon peel on to the last horses. The squad stops, the last horses back a few paces, the crowd turns and clears the street for a hundred steps.

In the nearest group is heard from time to time a furious outburst of oaths, a beating of sticks, a sharp cry, a feeble moan, and then a long whisper followed by a timid silence. "What has happened? What was it? Nothing, nothing;

they have driven a few inches of steel into the back of a public guard." The crowds draw back on the right and left, and a carabineer, with bare head and both hands buried in his hair, crosses the street tottering and staggering like a drunken man. "What is the matter? What have they done?" "They have given him a blow on the head." "To the square! To the square!" suddenly shouts a powerful voice. "To the square!" comes the unanimous response from all sides. And the multitude burst tumultuously into the nearest street and start toward the square.

All this occurred not many years since in one of the principal cities of Italy, while in a neighboring street, in the midst of the tumult, a band of eight soldiers passed with a corporal and sergeant, to relieve another body standing guard at a public building in a little square near by. The squad moved slowly, and the soldiers looked curiously on this side and that. Just in this street the excitement seemed greatest and the conduct of the people most resolute.

The patrol passed near a large group of those people who are only seen on certain evenings, and who with surly and heated faces hold forth loudly in the midst of roughs, around whom there is always a group of gamins. One of the group sees the patrol, turns, and pointing his finger at the soldiers, exclaims, *sotto voce*: "Look at them!" The whole circle turns in that direction, and one after the other, gradually raising his voice, begins to say: "Yes, look at the men who never fail to come out when the people wish to make their rights felt. They reason with the butt end of their muskets; the bayonets are made to drive holes in the bodies of those who are hungry. They don't lack bread, you understand, but others starve; what does it matter to them? Powder and lead for those who are hungry!"

The soldiers went on without turning back. The group moved forward, and, preceded by an advance guard of gamins, followed them. In a moment they caught up with them and accompanied them for a few paces. The soldiers continued to march without turning their heads. One of the group begins to cough; another sneezes; a third coughs harder; a fourth makes ready to expectorate, and, turning toward the band, spits with a rattling sound, which ends in a burst of uncontrollable laughter; all the others clap their hands. The small boys whistle, scream, and, instigated by the larger ones, slowly

approach the soldiers. The latter continue to march without giving any sign of having noticed anything. The former approach nearer and walk beside the soldiers, looking them in the face with an expression intended to say: "I defy you." One of them begins to imitate quite grotesquely their regular step, crying in a nasal tone, as he does: "One, two! one, two!" Another mimics the gait of the soldiers bent and limping under the weight of the knapsacks. A third, urged on by one of those at the rear, seizes the hem of the corporal's cloak, gives a tug, and runs off. The corporal turns and raises his hand as if to give him a box on the ear.

"Eh! eh!" they shout all around. "Now we'll see. Give a blow to a boy! Shame! The time of the Croats has passed! You must try other methods now! A blow to a boy! Try again!"

One of the soldiers, on hearing these words, bites his finger, planting his teeth well in, and uttering a groan of rage. At that point he feels his canteen struck a hard blow; the blood rushes to his head; he turns and gives a hit on the shoulder of the gamin who had struck him, throwing him back several paces.

"Here! Here!" breaks out menacingly from the crowd. "Here are the ruffians! Worse than the Croats! Worse than the bailiffs. Now we'll give them a lesson; we'll make you pay, you dog! Oppressors! Worse than Croats! For shame to beat an unarmed boy!"

The boys, emboldened by the anger of the mob and the surety of impunity, went and stuck their heads between the soldiers, whispering in a hoarse and aggravating voice: "Ugly soldier! Ugly hangman! Traitorous bread eater! Convict officer! Burst, you face of a dog!"

And the throng all around: "Shame! To beat an unarmed boy!"

"You cowards!" said the poor soldier to himself, biting, meanwhile, his lips until he drew blood. "Cowards! An unarmed boy! Don't you know that there are words which kill? Hangman! Croat! To me! To me! Oh!"—And he bit his hand again, shaking his head in a desperate way.

After a few moments, followed always by the people, the squad arrived at the square and entered the guardhouse, which was a little, low, squalid room, lighted by one lantern. The sentinel at the door of the palace was instantly changed twenty or thirty feet from the guard, the squad who had been there

first went off, and those newly arrived began arranging their knapsacks on the racks, and hanging their haversacks and canteens on the hooks.

On arriving within fifty paces of the guardroom, the people who had followed the squad stopped, and from there began provoking the soldiers by words and deeds, but the latter paid no attention to them. Seeing that there was no way of exciting a riot, they were on the point of moving off, when one of them observed that the soldier in the sentinel box was the one who a short time before had given the boy a blow on the shoulder. "Is it really he?" "Yes." "Really?" "Yes, I tell you it is that rascal." "You wretch. Now we'll fix you. Just wait!"

And they all moved toward the sentinel. At the distance of about thirty paces they stopped, drew up in line, and began to look at him out of the corner of their eyes. The soldier stood there, near his box, motionless and firmly, with his head erect and his eyes fixed on those provoking faces which were ranged before him. Suddenly, out of the group steps a ragged youth, with a hat crushed over one ear, the stump of a cigar in his mouth, moves forward with his hands in his pockets, humming in a mocking way, and comes and plants himself within fifteen paces of the sentinel, looking insolently into his face, crossing his arms and assuming an attitude of defiant impertinence.

The soldier looked at him.

Then the man whirled suddenly on his heel, turned his back, bursting into a concerted laugh with the others, who stood watching him and urging him on by signs.

The soldier shook his head two or three times, bit his lips, uttered a sigh, tapping the ground impatiently with his foot as if to say: "Ah, patience! patience! it is hard to bear!"

The rough turned, facing the soldier once more, and, after a moment's hesitation, took from his mouth the cigar stump and threw it at his feet, retreating eight or ten paces to place himself beyond the reach of a sudden assault.

The soldier turned pale, raised his eyes to heaven, clinched his fists, and ground his teeth; his mind was growing confused. "Why do you do this to me?" he then said sadly to himself, turning his eyes and face toward those people as if he were really speaking to them. "What have you against me? Have I done anything to you? I have done nothing. Why

did I give that boy a blow? But why did he come and insult me? Who had provoked him? Who was annoying you? What do you wish of me? I have offended no one, I do not know you even; I am a poor soldier and am doing my duty, and stand here because I am ordered to do so. Yes, ridicule and hiss at me, you do yourselves honor to treat your soldiers in such a way . . . just as if they were brigands!"

At that point, a stump of cabbage thrown with great force grazed the ground, and bouncing and whistling fell at his feet. "God! God!" he murmured in a desperate tone of voice, covering his face with one hand and resting his forehead on the other, which was leaning on the mouth of his gun. "I shall lose my head! I cannot control myself much longer. The blood is rushing to my head! . . .

"But it is quite useless," he added a moment later in a trembling and stifled voice; "it is useless to make us wear these" . . . and he gave a hard blow on the two medals that he wore on his breast, making them hit each other and resound; "it is useless for them to give us medals because we have fought for our country, if afterward they are to throw cigar stumps and cabbage heads in our faces! Oh, you wish to make me abandon my post, do you? You wish me to betray my trust. If you were fifty or even a hundred, you could not force me to move from here; if you should all spring upon me at once, I would sooner be torn to pieces like a dog. Come on, you cowards! Don't insult me from a distance. Yes, yes, I understand, it is useless for you to make signs at me; I know that you have knives in your pockets; but you won't quite dare to plant them in my stomach in broad daylight. You would prefer sticking them into my back at night . . . when . . ."

Suddenly he uttered a sharp cry, let his musket fall, covered his face with his hands, tottered, and fell at the foot of his sentry box: a stone had hit him on the forehead.

All the soldiers rushed forward, the crowd dispersed and disappeared; the wounded man was carried into the guard-room with his face and chest bleeding; the wound was instantly washed, his head bound up, he was given something to drink, and a bed was prepared for him on the table with the camp blankets of the other soldiers. While they were all gathering around him, and overwhelming him with questions and words of comfort, and the sergeant was scolding him for not having asked assistance at the first insult of those people, an officer

suddenly entered, and behind him the first file of a squad of soldiers. At the same moment, plunged forward by a vigorous push, there dashed into the middle of the room a man with distorted face, hair hanging over his forehead, and clothes in rags. He had been arrested on that same little square by the soldiers of a squad who were passing, and to whom he had offered a violent resistance.

At the first appearance of the prisoner the wounded soldier sprang up from the table, made a dash at him, placed himself face to face with him, looked at him a moment with flashing eyes, uttered a cry, which came broken and hoarse from between his clinched teeth, took a step backward, and resting proudly on his right foot, and raising his left hand, with the first finger pointing to the face of the man, who was watching him with fear : " Ah, you are the one ! " he shrieked in a tone that froze one's blood ; " I recognize you ! You called me hangman in the street and have broken my head with a stone on the square ; now it's your turn ! " Saying which, he sprang at him, seized him by the collar of his jacket and shirt, pinned him with one dash against the wall, raised his clinched and trembling fist, and aimed at his head with angry, bloodshot eyes. . . . All this took place in an instant ; those present interfered, separated them, held the wounded man by the arm, a corporal supported the other, who was ready to drop, and both stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes, panting and gasping ; the one white from fear, his arms hanging and his head bowed ; the other with his face flaming and haughty, his fists clinched, and his whole body shaken by a violent tremor. Meanwhile a crowd of inquisitive people had gathered before the guardroom door.

The officer looked from one to the other, and asked the sergeant the cause of the trouble. The latter related all that he knew. The officer then turned toward the prisoner, who held his chin down on his chest, and in the midst of a profound silence, said in an extraordinarily quiet tone : —

" I can understand that, from a barricade, a man may cast things at a battalion, with some end or aim in view, but this useless and stupid insult to an inoffensive soldier, who has neither the responsibility or right to defend himself, is one of the most disgusting pieces of cowardice that can stain a citizen."

A murmur of approbation was heard among the crowd at the door.

"Take that man away!" added the officer, lighting the end of a cigar in the flame of the lantern.

"And you," he said, turning toward the wounded soldier, while the patrol led the prisoner off, "forgive . . . and forget."

The soldier gave a nod in the affirmative.

"And keep up your spirits," concluded the officer, putting the cigar in his mouth.

"As for me," replied the soldier, closing his teeth on the cigar and taking it between his forefinger and thumb, "I am always in good spirits; but you must understand, lieutenant, that these are things that try one."

So the drama ended with a laugh.



THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

[1825-1878.]

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow:
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer, dumb and gory,
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
 Your truth and valor wearing;
 The bravest are the tenderest,
 The loving are the daring.



THE DEMORALIZATION AFTER WATERLOO.

By MARIE-HENRI BEYLE.

(From "La Chartreuse de Parme": translated by E. P. Robins.)

[MARIE-HENRI BEYLE, "Stendhal": A French novelist, biographer, and art critic; born at Grenoble in 1783. A considerable portion of his life was spent in Italy, from which country he was finally banished for political intrigue. He died in Paris in 1842. He wrote the lives of Haydn, Mozart, Napoleon, and Rossini, and his fiction includes "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "The Red and the Black." He also wrote a "History of Painting in Italy."]

NOTHING had power to wake him—neither the sound of the firing that surrounded them on every side nor the trot of

the little horse, to whom the cantinière applied the lash with vigor. The regiment, which, after firmly believing all day that it was participating in a glorious victory, had been suddenly attacked by swarms of Prussian cavalry, was retiring in disorder toward the French frontier.

The lieutenant colonel, a handsome young man, something of a coxcomb, who had succeeded to the command on Macon's death, had been ridden down and sabered in the charge; the old white-headed major who took his place had halted the regiment. "Hell and fury!" he screamed to his men, "in the time of the Republic we waited to retreat until the enemy forced us to it. Stand your ground, defend every inch, as long as there's a man of you left!" he cried, with many an oath. "It's French soil those bloody Prussians will be invading next!"

The little cart came to a sudden stop, and Fabrice awoke. The sun had set; he was surprised to see that it was nearly dark. The soldiers were running to and fro in a confusion at which our hero wondered. They seemed to have lost all their martial air.

"What is it?" he said to the vivandière.

"Nothing—oh, nothing. We are licked, my poor boy; the Prussian cavalry is sabering us—that's all. The old numskull of a general supposed it was ours. Come, lend a hand here; Cocotte's trace is broken; help me to mend it."

There were reports of musketry not far away. Our hero, feeling bright and well after his nap, said to himself, "Come now, I haven't done a stroke of fighting all day long; all I have done was to scour about the fields in the suite of a general.—I must go and fight," he said to the cantinière.

"Don't worry on that score; you'll have fighting—more than you desire! We are dishd, I tell you.—Aubry, my lad," she shouted to a passing corporal, "keep an eye to the little cart when you have a chance."

"Are you going to fight?" said Fabrice, addressing Aubry.

"No; I am going to put on my dancing pumps to be ready for the ball."

"I am with you."

"Look out for the little hussar, Aubry!" cried the cantinière; "the young bourgeois is a good one." The Corporal stalked away without answering. Eight or ten soldiers came up on a run; he conducted them behind a great oak surrounded

by an undergrowth of brambles, where he posted them in open order, each man at least ten paces from his neighbor.

"Now, you fellows," said the Corporal — and it was the first time he opened his mouth — "mind that you don't fire without orders ; remember you've but three cartridges left."

"I wonder what he is going to do?" Fabrice asked himself. At last, when he and the Corporal were alone together, he said to him : —

"I have no musket."

"Silence ! Out yonder in the plain, fifty paces to the front, you will find plenty of our poor lads who fell under the sabers of the enemy. Take from one of them his musket and cartridge box — but first be certain that he is quite dead — and make haste back, so as not to receive the fire of our party." Fabrice departed running, and quickly returned with a musket and cartridge box.

"Now load your musket and take your post behind this tree, and remember that you are not to fire until I give the order. Mother of God !" said the Corporal, interrupting himself, "he doesn't even know enough to load his gun !" He helped Fabrice, meanwhile continuing his admonitions : "If you see a Prussian cavalryman bearing down on you with his saber, keep the tree between you and him, and when he is within three feet let him have the contents of your barrel ; you shouldn't fire until you can almost touch him with your bayonet.

"Throw away that great clumsy saber !" cried the Corporal ; "*nom de Dieu*, do you want it to trip you up ? Oh, the apologies for soldiers they send us nowadays !" And so saying, he took the saber and hurled it wrathfully into the bushes.

"Now wipe off the flint with your handkerchief. But did you ever fire a gun ?"

"I am a hunter."

"The Lord be praised for that !" replied the Corporal, with a sigh of relief. "Bear in mind that you are not to fire until you get the word." And away he went.

Fabrice was glad at heart. "At last I am going to fight in earnest," he said to himself ; "I am going to shoot to kill ! This morning they were peppering away at us, and all I did was to expose my precious person to be shot — which is a one-sided sort of game." He looked about him on every side with great curiosity. Presently he heard seven or eight shots fired quite near him, but as he had received no order, he remained

tranquil behind his tree. The darkness was descending rapidly; he could almost have believed he was ambushed on la Tramezzina Mountain, over Grianza, hunting bears. An expedient occurred to him that he had often employed in his hunting excursions: he took a cartridge from his box and separated the ball from the charge. "If I see him, I mustn't miss him," he said, and rammed the second ball into the barrel of his gun. He heard two more shots, this time close beside his tree; at the same time he saw a cavalryman in blue uniform gallop past his front from right to left. "He is not within three feet," he said to himself, "but at that distance I can't miss him." He kept him covered for an instant and finally pulled the trigger; horse and rider went down together. Our hero imagined he was at the chase; he dashed forward from his concealment to inspect the game he had brought down. He was bending over the man, who seemed to be at his last gasp, when all at once two Prussian dragoons bore down on him at full tilt, brandishing their sabers. Fabrice ran for the wood with all the speed he was capable of; to assist his flight he threw away his musket. The Prussians were close at his heels, when he dodged into a plantation of young oaks, thick as a man's arm, which adjoined the wood. The cavalymen's pursuit was delayed for a moment, but they pushed their way through the plantation and resumed the chase in a clearing on the other side. Again our hero was in imminent danger of being overtaken, when he took refuge in a clump of trees. At this juncture his hair was almost singed by the fire of half a dozen muskets discharged directly in front of him. He stooped; as he rose he found himself confronted by the Corporal.

"Did you kill your man?" asked Aubry.

"Yes, but I have lost my musket."

"Muskets are plenty enough around here. You are a good b——, for all your simple air; you have earned your day's pay, and these fellows here have just missed the two dragoons who were pursuing you and coming straight for them; I did not see them. It is time for us to be making tracks; the regiment must be half a mile away, and we are liable to be surrounded and cut off."

While speaking thus the Corporal was advancing swiftly at the head of his little party of ten. At a distance of two hundred paces, as they were entering a small field, they met a wounded general, sustained by his aid-de-camp and a servant.

"You will lend me four of your men," said he to the Corporal, "to carry me to the ambulance; my leg is fractured."

"To h—— with you and your broken leg," replied the Corporal, "you and all the other generals! You have betrayed the Emperor to-day among you."

"What!" said the general, in a fury, "do you refuse to obey my orders? I would have you know that I am General B——, commanding your division." He went on in a violent strain. The aid-de-camp drew his sword and threw himself on the soldiers, whereon the Corporal prodded him in the arm with his bayonet and drew off his men at the double-quick.

"May the scoundrels all share his fate and meet with broken legs and arms as well!" shouted the Corporal, seasoning his words with numerous expletives. "A pack of nincompoops! Sold to the Bourbons, body and soul, every mother's son of them, and traitors to the Emperor!"

Fabrice listened with amazement to this frightful accusation.

About ten o'clock at night the little band came up with the regiment at the entrance of a considerable village composed of several narrow streets; but Fabrice noticed that Corporal Aubry seemed to avoid the officers. "We can go no farther," said the Corporal. The streets were blocked with infantry, cavalry, baggage wagons, guns, and caissons. The Corporal presented himself at the issues of three of the streets, but found it impossible to advance more than a dozen paces. Every one was swearing and storming.

"Another traitor in command here!" exclaimed the Corporal. "If the enemy has sense enough to turn the village, we shall all be caught like so many rats in a trap. Follow me, you fellows." Fabrice gave a look; there were but six soldiers remaining with the Corporal. They made their way through a wide gate into a large farmyard; from the farmyard they gained access to a stable, whose back door let them out into a garden. There they were lost for a time, wandering aimlessly from one side to the other; but at last, squeezing through a hedge, they found themselves in a great field of rye. In less than half an hour, guided by the shouts and confused sounds that reached their ears, they were once more on the highroad, beyond the village. The ditches were filled with muskets that had been thrown away; Fabrice was enabled to provide himself with a weapon. But the road, although it was a wide one,

was so crowded with fugitives and vehicles that in a half-hour's time Fabrice and his party had barely advanced five hundred yards. They were told the road led to Charleroi. As eleven was striking from the village clock —

"We'll try it across fields once more," said the Corporal. The band now comprised only Fabrice, the Corporal, and three soldiers. When they had left the road a mile or so behind them —

"I'm knocked up; I can go no farther," said one of the men.

"That's my case, too," said another.

"That's no news — we're all in the same boat," replied the Corporal; "but follow my directions and you'll be all right." He saw five or six trees beside a shallow ditch in the middle of a great field of wheat. "To the trees!" he said to his men. "Lie down there," he added when they had reached them, "and make no noise. But before sleeping, who among you has some bread?"

"I have," said one of the men.

"Give it here," said the Corporal, authoritatively. He divided it in five portions and kept the smallest.

"Before it is daylight," he said, eating his bread the while, "you will have the enemy's cavalry upon you. We mustn't let ourselves be sabered. One man has no show against cavalry in these broad plains, but five can protect themselves. Remain with me, stick close together, don't fire until you can see the white of your man's eyes, and to-morrow night I promise you shall be safe in Charleroi." The Corporal awoke them an hour before dawn and bade them reload their arms. The uproar on the highway went on uninterruptedly; it had lasted all night. It was like the muffled sound of a distant cataract.

"It reminds one of a herd of cattle that has been stampeded," Fabrice innocently remarked to the Corporal.

"Hold your tongue, greenhorn!" the other indignantly replied. And the three soldiers who, together with Fabrice, composed his army looked at the young man angrily, as if he had blasphemed. He had insulted the nation.

"That's queer!" our hero reflected. "I have noticed the same thing at Milan, among the Viceroy's troops; they never run from the enemy, of course not! One is not to speak the truth to these Frenchmen lest he wound their tender suscepti-

bilities. But as for their cross looks, I don't value them a farthing, and I'll let them see I don't." Their route was still parallel to and some five hundred yards distant from the high-road along which the torrent of fugitives was streaming. A league farther the little band came to a path which ran into the main road and was filled with recumbent and sleeping soldiers. Fabrice bought a fairly good horse, for which he paid forty francs, and selected a long, straight, heavy sword from among the piles of weapons with which the ground was strewn. "This will be best," he said to himself, "since I am told to use the point." Thus equipped, he put spurs to his mount and soon rejoined the Corporal, who had pursued his way. He settled himself in his stirrups, laid his hand on the hilt of his good sword, and said to the four Frenchmen : —

"Those fugitives on the highway resemble a herd of cattle — a herd of — stampeded — cattle."

It was in vain that Fabrice emphasized the word "cattle" ; his comrades had quite forgotten that the word had proved offensive to them only an hour before. And therein lies one of the contrasts between the French and Italian temperaments: the Frenchman is quick to forget and does not bear malice, and doubtless is the happier for it.

We shall not attempt to deny that Fabrice thought very well of himself after his discussion on *cattle*. The men whiled away the time on the march with light conversation. When they had covered a couple of leagues, the Corporal, astonished to see nothing of the hostile cavalry, said to Fabrice : —

"You are our cavalry corps — ride over to that farmhouse yonder on the hill and ask the farmer if he will sell us something to eat ; tell him that we are five. If he hesitates, give him five francs on account from your pocket — but you won't be a loser ; we will recover the money after we have breakfasted."

Fabrice looked the Corporal in the face. What he beheld there was an imperturbable gravity and an air of truly moral superiority ; he obeyed. Everything occurred as the commander in chief had predicted, only Fabrice would not allow the rustic to be plundered of the five-franc piece that he had given him.

"The money is mine," he said to his comrades. "I am not paying for you ; I am paying the man for the oats he fed to my horse."

They had been pressing on in silence for two hours, when

the Corporal, looking over at the highway, joyfully exclaimed, "There is the regiment!" They quickly gained the road; but alas! around the eagle there were not two hundred men. Presently Fabrice caught sight of the vivandière. She was on foot; her eyes were red and swollen, and tears fell from them every now and then. Fabrice looked for Cocotte and the little cart in vain.

"Lost, gone, plundered, stolen!" cried the vivandière, in response to our hero's glance. He, without further words, jumped down from his horse, took him by the bridle, and said to the vivandière, "Get up." He had not to tell her twice.

"Shorten the stirrups," she said. . . .

Our hero turned his eyes upon the highway; but now it was crowded with three or four thousand persons, closely packed as peasants at a religious ceremony. Hardly had the cry "Cossacks!" been raised when it was utterly deserted; the ground was strewn with shakoes, muskets, and swords discarded by the fugitives. Fabrice, greatly puzzled, ascended a slight eminence, thirty or forty feet higher than the surrounding country, to the right of the road; he looked to right and left up and down the highway and across the plain in front, but could see no sign of the Cossacks. "Queer people, these Frenchmen!" he said to himself. "Since I am to retreat by the right, I may as well be moving," he reflected; "those folks may have more reasons for running than I know of." He picked up a musket, looked to see that it was loaded, freshened the priming, cleaned the flint, then selected a well-filled cartridge box, and again cast a searching look about him in every direction. There was not a soul save him in the plain but recently so densely populated. In the extreme distance he saw the last of the fugitives disappearing among the trees, still running as if their lives were at stake. "That is mighty strange!" he said to himself. And remembering the Corporal's maneuver of the day before, he went and seated himself in the middle of a wheat field. He did not go away, because he wished to see his friends the cantinière and the Corporal once more.

There he ascertained that he had only eighteen napoleons instead of thirty, as he had supposed; but he still had some small diamonds that he had hidden in the lining of his hussar boots that morning at B——, in the chamber of the jailer's wife. He stowed away his napoleons in the safest place he could think of, puzzling his brains to account for their sudden shrink-

age. "I wonder if that is a portent of evil?" he asked himself. His chief concern was that he had forgotten to ask Corporal Aubry this question: "Have I witnessed a real battle?" It seemed to him that he had, and could he have but been absolutely certain of it he would have been as happy as a lark.

"However," he said to himself, "I was there under the name of a prisoner, I had that prisoner's papers in my pocket, and, what's worse, his coat upon my back. That looks very bad for my future; what would Abbé Blanès have said of it? And that ill-starred Boulot died in prison! The business bodes no good; I fear me I am fated to know more of jails than I desire." Fabrice would have given a great deal to know whether or not Boulot was really guilty; in recalling the circumstances of the case it seemed to him that the jailer's wife had told him that the hussar had been arrested not only for stealing silver spoons, but also for robbing a peasant of his cow and then beating the poor man within an inch of his life. Fabrice did not doubt that he was to be incarcerated some day for a crime bearing some resemblance to that of the hussar Boulot. He thought of his old friend Curé Blanès; what would he not have given for ten minutes' conversation with him! Then he remembered that he had not written to his aunt since he left Paris. "Poor Gina!" he said to himself. And tears stood in his eyes, when all at once he heard a faint rustling sound quite near him. It was a soldier, who had removed the headstalls from three half-starved horses and was treating them to a feed of wheat. He held them by the halter. Fabrice flew up like a partridge from his form; the soldier was half scared to death. Our hero perceived it and yielded to the temptation of playing the bold hussar.

"One of those horses belongs to me, you ——!" he cried; "but I am willing to pay you five francs for your trouble in bringing him here."

"What are you giving me?" said the man. Fabrice immediately covered him with his musket at a distance of six paces.

"Let go the horse or I'll blow your brains out!"

The soldier's musket was flung across his back; he gave a twist to get it in his hands.

"Stir an inch and you are a dead man!" shouted Fabrice, running in on him.

"Give me the five francs, then, and take one of the horses," the man sulkily replied, after he had cast a wistful look up and

down the deserted road. Fabrice, transferring his weapon to his left hand, with the right threw him three five-franc pieces.

"Now dismount. Put the bridle on the black, and move farther off with the other two. Lift a hand and I'll blow a hole in you."

The soldier reluctantly obeyed. Fabrice walked up to the horse and passed the bridle over his left arm, never taking his eyes off the soldier, who moved slowly away. When he was at a safe distance, Fabrice sprang lightly into the saddle. His new acquisition was a splendid animal, but seemed to be weak from want of food. Our hero returned to the highway, where there was still no one to be seen; he crossed it and directed his course toward a little hollow on his left, where he hoped to find the cantinière; but on reaching the summit of a gentle rise all he could see for more than a league's distance was a few straggling soldiers. "It is written that I am never to see her more," he said with a sigh — "the brave, good woman!" Coming to a farmhouse on the right of the road, without stopping to unsaddle he purchased a feed of oats for his poor steed, who was so famished that he endeavored to devour the manger. An hour later Fabrice was trotting along the highway in the vague hope of meeting with the cantinière, or at all events with Aubry. Thus pressing on continually, and peering into every bush, behind every rock, he came at last to a sullen stream over which was a narrow bridge of wood. Before it and on the right of the road was an isolated house, displaying the sign of the White Horse. "There's where I'll eat my dinner," Fabrice mentally observed. A cavalry officer, with his arm in a sling, stood at the end of the bridge; he was mounted and bore a sorrowful countenance; near him were three dismounted cavalymen, engaged in filling their pipes.

"There are some folks," said Fabrice to himself, "who look to me as if they would like to buy my horse for even less than he cost me." The wounded officer and the three dismounted men eyed him as he approached, and seemed to be waiting for him. "I ought to keep to the right bank of the stream instead of crossing the bridge; that is what the cantinière advised me to do. Yes, but if I run away to-day I shall be ashamed of myself to-morrow; besides, my horse has good legs, while the officer's probably is tired; if he tries any of his tricks on me, I'll cut and run." Reasoning thus, Fabrice picked up his horse and came forward at as deliberate a pace as possible.

"Advance, hussar!" exclaimed the officer, in a tone of command.

Fabrice went forward a few steps and stopped.

"Are you thinking of relieving me of my horse?" he said.

"We have not the slightest idea of such a thing; advance."

Fabrice looked at the officer; he had white mustaches, and the most honest, straightforward air conceivable. The handkerchief that sustained his arm was stained with blood, and his right hand also was wrapped in a bloody bandage. "It's the footmen, then, who will grab my horse's bridle," Fabrice muttered to himself; but on looking at them more closely he saw that they too were wounded.

"I charge you on your duty as a soldier," said the officer, who wore a colonel's shoulder straps, "to mount guard at this post and tell every mounted man you see, hussars, dragoons, and chasseurs, that Colonel le Baron is within the inn yonder, where he requires all to join him." The old Colonel seemed utterly heartbroken; the first words he spoke had effected the conquest of our hero, who modestly and sensibly replied:—

"I am so young, sir, perhaps they would not listen to me; would it not be better to give me your instructions in writing?"

"He is right," said the Colonel, looking at him attentively. "You have a right hand, *la Rose*; write out the order."

Without a word *la Rose* drew from his pocket a small memorandum book, wrote a few lines, tore out the leaf and handed it to Fabrice. The Colonel repeated his instructions, adding that at the end of two hours the sentry should be relieved by one of the three wounded cavalymen of his party; with which words he entered the inn with his men. Fabrice looked after them as they retired, standing motionless at his post on the bridge, deeply impressed by their dejection and silent sorrow. "They make one think of enchanted genii," he said to himself. At last he opened the folded paper and read the order, conceived in the following terms:—

Colonel le Baron, Sixth Dragoons, commanding the First Brigade of the Second Division of Cavalry of the Fourteenth Corps, hereby directs all mounted men, dragoons, chasseurs, and hussars, not to pass the bridge, and to join him at the Inn of the White Horse, near the bridge, where his headquarters are established.

For and by order of Colonel le Baron, wounded in the right arm.

LA ROSE, Sergeant Major.

HEADQUARTERS NEAR THE BRIDGE *LA SAINTE*,
July 19, 1815.

Fabrice had occupied his post barely a half-hour when he saw coming toward him nine chasseurs, six mounted and three on foot; he communicated to them the Colonel's instructions. "We will come back again," said four of the mounted men, and away they went across the bridge at a sharp trot. Then Fabrice addressed himself to the two others. Taking advantage of the warm discussion that ensued, the three footmen slipped across the bridge. One of the two mounted chasseurs who remained asked to see the order, and rode off with it, saying :—

"I want to show it to my comrades, who will certainly return; stand fast and wait for them." And off he went at a gallop, his comrade following him. It had all happened in a twinkling.

Fabrice, greatly exasperated, called aloud, and one of the wounded soldiers appeared at a window of the White Horse. The man, who wore a sergeant's chevrons, came down, and as he approached Fabrice, shouted :—

"Draw your sword! you are on sentry." Fabrice obeyed, then said, "They have carried away the order."

"They are sore over the affair of yesterday," the other gloomily replied. "I will give you one of my pistols; if another attempt is made to run the guard, fire it in the air; either the Colonel or I will come to your assistance."

Fabrice had noticed an expression of surprise on the sergeant's face when he told of the theft of the order; he saw that a personal indignity had been offered him, and resolved to submit to no such trifling in the future.

Armed with the sergeant's pistol, Fabrice had proudly resumed his post, when he saw seven mounted hussars bearing down on him. He had placed himself so as to command the entrance of the bridge; he repeated to the new arrivals the Colonel's orders, which did not seem to please them; the most enterprising tried to force a passage. Fabrice, remembering his friend the vivandière's advice to use the point and not the edge, leveled his long, straight sword and made as if he would have transixed his too impetuous adversary.

"Oh, the villain, he wants to murder us!" cried the hussars. "As if we were not murdered enough yesterday!" All drew and fell in a body on Fabrice; he thought he was a dead man, but he remembered the sergeant's contempt, and resolved not to be the object of it a second time. Falling back slowly upon

the bridge, he kept thrusting with the point. He cut such a queer figure struggling with his long, straight cavalry saber, far too heavy for his strength, that the hussars soon saw the kind of enemy they had to deal with : after that they endeavored not to wound him, but to cut the coat off his back. Thus it happened that Fabrice received three or four trifling cuts upon his arms. He, faithful to the precepts of the cantinière, still kept lunging with the point. As luck would have it, one of these thrusts wounded a hussar in the hand ; infuriated at being touched by such a tyro, the man responded with such vigor that Fabrice received the point of the weapon in the upper thigh. The accident was in part attributable to the martial ardor of our hero's charger, who manifested no caution at all, but insisted on carrying the rider into the thickest of the fray. The assailants, when they saw Fabrice's blood flowing, began to think they had carried their sport too far, and crowding their victim up against the rail of the bridge, rode off at a gallop. As soon as Fabrice was at liberty, he discharged his pistol in the air to attract the attention of the Colonel.

Four mounted and two unmounted hussars, of the same regiment as the others, were approaching the bridge, and were two hundred paces distant from it when the pistol shot was fired. They had been close observers of the events upon the bridge, and supposing that Fabrice had fired at their comrades, the four mounted men swooped down on him at a gallop, yelling and brandishing their swords. It was a realistic representation of a charge. Colonel le Baron, notified by the pistol shot that something was amiss, threw open the door of the inn, darted out upon the bridge just as the hussars were coming up, and commanded them to halt.

"Colonels don't go with us any longer !" said one of them, urging his mount forward. The irate Colonel suspended the admonition that was at his tongue's end, and with his bandaged right hand seized the horse by the bridle on the off side.

"You mutinous rascal !" he said to the hussar ; "I know you ! You belong to Captain Henriet's troop."

"Very well ; then I'll take my orders from Captain Henriet. Captain Henriet was killed yesterday," he added with an ugly sneer, "and be d——d to you !"

So saying, he attempted to force a passage and crowded his mount up against the old Colonel, who fell in a sitting posture on the floor of the bridge. Fabrice, who was a few feet away,

but facing the inn, spurred forward and made a vicious drive at the fellow with the point of his saber. Fortunately the Colonel in falling had retained his hold on the off rein of the hussar's horse ; the animal, responding to the pull on his bridle, made a movement to one side, so that Fabrice's long blade, instead of spitting the fellow like a barnyard fowl, only grazed his skin and tore his cavalry jacket. Like a fury the hussar turned and with all his strength delivered a backhanded blow which cut through Fabrice's sleeve and wounded him severely in the arm. Our hero fell to the ground.

One of the dismounted hussars, seeing the two defenders of the bridge disabled, thought it a favorable opportunity to possess himself of Fabrice's horse ; he accordingly leaped to the animal's back and started to cross the bridge.

But the sergeant major had come running from the inn ; he had seen his colonel fall, and believed him to be sorely hurt. He ran after Fabrice's horse and drove the point of his sword into the back of the would-be robber, who dropped like lead. The hussars, having now no one to oppose them save the dismounted non-commissioned officer, clapped spurs to their steeds and were quickly lost to sight.

The sergeant major approached the wounded. Fabrice had already risen to his feet ; he was suffering little pain, but was weak from loss of blood. The Colonel was slower in getting on his legs ; he was stunned by his fall, but had received no hurt.

"The old wound in my hand is all that troubles me," he said to the sergeant.

The hussar that the sergeant had wounded was breathing his last.

"He got his deserts, the devil take him !" said the Colonel. "But look to the little young man whom I exposed so inconsiderately," he said to the sergeant and the two others of his party, who now came running up. "I will remain on the bridge and see what I can do myself to stop those lunatics. Take the little young man into the inn and bind up his arm — use one of my shirts."

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

By RICHARD WHATELY.

[A rejoinder to Hume's "Essay on Miracles."]

[RICHARD WHATELY: An English clergyman and author and Archbishop of Dublin; born in London, February 1, 1787; died in Dublin, October 8, 1863. He prepared for college at Bristol, was graduated from Oriel College, Oxford, B.A. in 1808, and M.A. in 1812; was a Fellow of Oriel, 1811-1812; was ordained a deacon in 1814, and a priest in 1815. He was Bampton lecturer at Oxford in 1822; rector of Halesworth, Suffolk, 1822-1825; principal of St. Alban Hall, Oxford, 1825-1831; professor of political economy, 1830-1832, and was created Archbishop of Dublin in 1831. He founded a professorship of political economy in the University of Dublin in 1832; was bishop of Kildare in 1846, and commissioner of national education, Ireland, 1830-1853. His very numerous works include the following: "The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion" (1822), "Elements of Logic" (1826), "Elements of Rhetoric" (1828), "The Errors of Romanism" (1830), "Encyclopedia of Mental Science" (1851), "The Origin of Civilization" (1855), "The Scripture Doctrine concerning the Sacraments" (1857), and "The Rise, Progress, and Customs of Christianity" (1860).]

LONG as the public attention has been occupied by the extraordinary personage from whose ambition we are supposed to have so narrowly escaped, the subject seems to have lost scarcely anything of its interest. We are still occupied in recounting the exploits, discussing the character, inquiring into the present situation, and even conjecturing as to the future prospects of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Nor is this at all to be wondered at, if we consider the very extraordinary nature of those exploits and of that character, their greatness and extensive importance, as well as the unexampled strangeness of the events, and also that strong additional stimulant, the mysterious uncertainty that hangs over the character of the man. If it be doubtful whether any history (exclusive of such as is avowedly fabulous) ever attributed to its hero such a series of wonderful achievements compressed into so small a space of time, it is certain that to no one were ever assigned so many dissimilar characters. . . .

What would the great Hume, or any of the philosophers of his school, have said, if they had found in the antique records of any nation such a passage as this: "There was a certain man of Corsica, whose name was Napoleon, and he was one of the



NAPOLEON I IN IMPERIAL ROBES

From a painting by François Gérard

chief captains of the host of the French; and he gathered together an army, and went and fought against Egypt; but when the King of Britain heard thereof, he sent ships of war and valiant men to fight against the French in Egypt. So they warred against them, and prevailed, and strengthened the hands of the rulers of the land against the French, and drove away Napoleon from before the city of Acre. Then Napoleon left the captains and the army that were in Egypt, and fled, and returned back to France. So the French people took Napoleon, and made him ruler over them, and he became exceeding great, insomuch that there was none like him of all that had ruled over France before."

What, I say, would Hume have thought of this, especially if he had been told that it was at this day generally credited? Would he not have confessed that he had been mistaken in supposing there was a peculiarly blind credulity and prejudice in favor of everything that is accounted *sacred*; for that, since even professed skeptics swallow implicitly such a story as this, it appears there must be a still blinder prejudice in favor of everything that is *not* accounted sacred?

Suppose again we found in this history such passages as the following: "And it came to pass after these things that Napoleon strengthened himself, and gathered together another host instead of that which he had lost, and went and warred against the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Austrians, and all the rulers of the north country, which were confederate against him. And the ruler of Sweden also, which was a Frenchman, warred against Napoleon. So they went forth, and fought against the French in the plain of Leipsic. And the French were discomfited before their enemies, and fled, and came to the rivers which are behind Leipsic, and essayed to pass over, that they might escape out of the hand of their enemies; but they could not, for Napoleon had broken down the bridges; so the people of the north countries came upon them, and smote them with a very grievous slaughter." . . .

"Then the ruler of Austria and all the rulers of the north countries sent messengers unto Napoleon to speak peaceably unto him, saying, Why should there be war between us any more? Now Napoleon had put away his wife, and taken the daughter of the ruler of Austria to wife. So all the counselors of Napoleon came and stood before him, and said, Behold now these kings are merciful kings; do even as they say unto thee;

knowest thou not yet that France is destroyed? But he spake roughly unto his counselors, and drave them out from his presence, neither would he hearken unto their voice. And when all the kings saw that, they warred against France, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and came near to Paris, which is the royal city, to take it: so the men of Paris went out, and delivered up the city to them. Then those kings spake kindly unto the men of Paris, saying, Be of good cheer, there shall no harm happen unto you. Then were the men of Paris glad, and said, Napoleon is a tyrant; he shall no more rule over us. Also all the princes, the judges, the counselors, and the captains, whom Napoleon had raised up, even from the lowest of the people, sent unto Louis, the brother of King Louis whom they had slain, and made him king over France." . . .

"And when Napoleon saw that the kingdom was departed from him, he said unto the rulers which came against him, Let me, I pray you, give the kingdom unto my son; but they would not hearken unto him. Then he spake yet again, saying, Let me, I pray you, go and live in the island of Elba, which is over against Italy, nigh unto the coast of France; and ye shall give me an allowance for me and my household, and the land of Elba also for a possession. So they made him ruler of Elba." . . .

"In those days the Pope returned unto his own land. Now the French, and divers other nations of Europe, are servants of the Pope, and hold him in reverence; but he is an abomination unto the Britons, and to the Prussians, and to the Russians, and to the Swedes. Howbeit the French had taken away all his lands, and robbed him of all that he had, and carried him away captive into France. But when the Britons, and the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Swedes, and the rest of the nations that were confederate against France, came thither, they caused the French to set the Pope at liberty, and to restore all his goods that they had taken; likewise, they gave him back all his possessions; and he went home in peace, and ruled over his own city as in times past." . . .

"And it came to pass when Napoleon had not yet been a full year in Elba, that he said unto his men of war which clave unto him, Go to, let us go back to France, and fight against King Louis, and thrust him out from being king. So he departed, he and 600 men with him that drew the sword, and warred against King Louis. Then all the men of Belial gath-

ered themselves together, and said, God save Napoleon. And when Louis saw that, he fled, and gat him into the land of Batavia; and Napoleon ruled over France," etc., etc., etc.

Now if a freethinking philosopher—one of those who advocate the cause of unbiased reason, and despise pretended revelations—were to meet with such a tissue of absurdities as this in an old Jewish record, would he not reject it at once as too palpable an imposture to deserve even any inquiry into its evidence? Is that credible then of the civilized Europeans now which could not, if reported of the semi-barbarous Jews 3000 years ago, be established by any testimony? Will it be answered that "there is nothing *supernatural* in all this"? Why is it, then, that you object to what is *supernatural*—that you reject every account of *miracles*—if not *because* they are *improbable*? Surely, then, a story equally or still more improbable is not to be implicitly received, merely on the ground that it is *not* miraculous: though in fact, as I have already shown from Hume's authority, it really *is* miraculous. The opposition to experience has been proved to be as complete in this case as in what are commonly called miracles; and the reasons assigned for that contrariety by the defenders of *them* cannot be pleaded in the present instance. If, then, philosophers, who reject every wonderful story that is maintained by priests, are yet found ready to believe *everything else*, however improbable, they will surely lay themselves open to the accusation brought against them of being unduly prejudiced against whatever relates to religion.

There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvelous tale; and that is, the *nationality* of it.

Buonaparte prevailed over all the hostile States in turn, *except England*; in the zenith of his power his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England*; his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior, number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national to be sure!

It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask, *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem, and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the Iliad and Æneid, in which Achilles and the Greeks, Æneas and the Trojans (the ancestors of the Romans), are so studiously held up to admiration. Buonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles merely to give additional splendor to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather *suspicious* in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities, and induce him to suspend his judgment, till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case) should be produced?

Is it then too much to demand of the wary academic a suspension of judgment as to the "life and adventures of Napoleon Buonaparte"? I do not pretend to *decide* positively that there is not, nor ever was, any such person, but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point, and one the more deserving of careful investigation from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry. Far less would I undertake to decide what is, or has been, the real state of affairs: he who points out the improbability of the current story is not bound to suggest an hypothesis of his own — though it may safely be affirmed that it would be hard to invent any more improbable than the received one. One may surely be allowed to hesitate in admitting the stories which the ancient poets tell, of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions being caused by imprisoned giants, without being called upon satisfactorily to account for those phenomena.

Amidst the defect of valid evidence under which, as I have already shown, we labor in the present instance, it is hardly possible to offer more than here and there a probable conjecture, or to pronounce how much may be true, and how much fictitious, in the accounts presented to us; for it is to be observed that this case is much *more* open to skeptical doubts even than some miraculous histories, for some of them are of such a nature that you cannot consistently admit a part and reject the rest, but are bound, if you are satisfied as to the reality of any one miracle, to embrace the whole system, so

Manuscript of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Letter when in command of the French expedition to Egypt to his brother Joseph Bonaparte at Paris on the condition of Egypt and his intended return, with expressions of disgust with the world and desire for retirement. Written at Cairo, 7 Thermidor (25 July, 1798). Without signature. The letter was intercepted by an English vessel and is endorsed in the hand of Admiral Nelson, "Found on the person of the Courier."

Le Caire, le 7 Thermidor.

Tu vairs dans les papiers publics la relation des batailles et de la conquête de l'Égypte, qui a été assés disputé pour ajouter une feuille à la gloire militaire de cette armée. L'Égypte est le pays le plus riche en blés, ris, légumes, viande qui existe sur la terre. La barbarie est à son comble; il n'y a point d'argent, pas même pour solder la troupe. Je pense être en France dans 2 mois. Je te recommande mes intérêts. J'ai beaucoup, beaucoup de chagrin domestique, car la voile est entièrement levée. Toi seul me reste sur la terre; ton amitié m'est bien chère. Il ne me reste plus pour devenir misanthrope qu'à la perdre et te voir me trahir (sc. trahir). C'est une triste position que d'avoir à la fois tous les sentiments pour une même personne dans (un) seul cœur—tu m'entend!

Fais en sorte que j'aie une campagne à mon arrivée, soit près de Paris ou en Bourgogne; je compte y passer l'hiver et m'y enterrer. Je suis annuié de la nature humaine! J'ai besoin de solitude et d'isolement; la grandeur m'annuie; le sentiment est desséché; la gloire est fade; à 29 ans j'ai tout épuisé; il ne me reste plus qu'à devenir bien vraiment égoïste. Je compte garder ma maison; jamais je ne la donnerai à qui que ce soit. Je n'ai plus que de quoi vivre! Adieu, mon unique ami; je n'ai jamais été injuste envers toi; tu me dois cette justice mal . . . le désir de mon cœur de l'être—tu m'entend!

NAPOLÉON.

ADDRESSED: Au citoyen Joseph Bonaparte, député au Conseil des 500, Paris.

庚子年

庚子年正月
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that it is necessary for the skeptic to impeach the evidence of *all* of them, separately and collectively: whereas *here*, each single point requires to be *established* separately, since no one of them authenticates the rest. Supposing there be a State prisoner at St. Helena (which, by the way, it is acknowledged many of the French disbelieve), how do we know who he is, or why he is confined there? There have been State prisoners before now, who were never guilty of subjugating half Europe, and whose offenses have been very imperfectly ascertained. Admitting that there have been bloody wars going on for several years past, which is highly probable, it does not follow that the events of those wars were such as we have been told—that Buonaparte was the author and conductor of them, or that such a person ever existed. What disturbances may have taken place in the government of the French people, we, and even nineteen twentieths of *them*, have no means of learning but from imperfect hearsay evidence; but that there have been numerous bloody wars with France under the dominion of the *Bourbons* we are well assured: and we are now told that France is governed by a Bourbon king of the name of Louis, who professes to be in the twenty-third year of his reign. Let every one conjecture for himself. I am far from pretending to decide who may have been the governor or governors of the French nation, and the leaders of their armies, for several years past. Certain it is that when men are indulging their inclination for the marvelous, they always show a strong propensity to accumulate upon one individual (real or imaginary) the exploits of many, besides multiplying and exaggerating these exploits a thousandfold. Thus, the expounders of the ancient mythology tell us there were several persons of the name of Hercules (either originally bearing that appellation, or having it applied to them as an honor), whose collective feats, after being dressed up in a sufficiently marvelous garb, were attributed to a single hero. Is it not just possible that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of “Napoleon” (*Ναπολεων*), which signifies “Lion of the Forest,” may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favorite general, distinguished for irresistible valor? Is it not also possible that “Buona parte” may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the “good (*i.e.* the bravest or most patriotic) part” of the French army collectively, and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual? I do not profess

to support this conjecture ; but it is certain that such mistakes may and do occur. Some critics have supposed that the Athenians imagined Anastasis ("Resurrection") to be a new goddess, in whose cause Paul was preaching. Would it have been thought anything incredible if we had been told that the ancient Persians, who had no idea of any but a monarchical government, had supposed Aristocratia to be a Queen of Sparta? But we need not confine ourselves to hypothetical cases : it is positively stated that the Hindus at this day believe "the Honorable East India Company" to be a venerable old lady of high dignity, residing in this country. The Germans of the present day derive their name from a similar mistake. The first tribe of them who invaded Gaul assumed the honorable title of "*Ger-man*," which signifies "warrior" (the words "war" and "guerre," as well as "man," which remains in our language unaltered, are evidently derived from the Teutonic) — and the Gauls applied this as a *name* to the whole *race*.

However, I merely throw out these conjectures without by any means contending that more plausible ones might not be suggested. But whatever supposition we adopt, or whether we adopt any, the objections to the commonly received accounts will remain in their full force, and imperiously demand the attention of the candid skeptic.

I call upon those, therefore, who profess themselves advocates of free inquiry — who disdain to be carried along with the stream of popular opinion, and who will listen to no testimony that runs counter to experience — to follow up their own principles fairly and consistently. Let the same mode of argument be adopted in all cases alike ; and then it can no longer be attributed to hostile prejudice, but to enlarged and philosophical views. If they have already rejected some histories, on the ground of their being strange and marvelous — of their relating facts unprecedented and at variance with the established course of nature — let them not give credit to another history which lies open to the very same objections, the extraordinary and romantic tale we have been just considering. If they have discredited the testimony of witnesses, who are *said* at least to have been disinterested, and to have braved persecutions and death in support of their assertions, can these philosophers consistently listen to and believe the testimony of those who avowedly *get money* by the tales they publish, and who do not even pretend that they incur any serious risk in

case of being detected in a falsehood? If in other cases they have refused to listen to an account which has passed through many intermediate hands before it reaches them, and which is defended by those who have an interest in maintaining it, let them consider through how many and what very suspicious hands *this* story has arrived to them, without the possibility (as I have shown) of tracing it back to any decidedly authentic source, after all; and likewise how strong an interest, in every way, those who have hitherto imposed on them have in keeping up the imposture: let them, in short, show themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians as of priests. But if they are still wedded to the popular belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same evidence in *other* cases which they yield to in *this*. If, after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.



THE STORY OF CLÉMENTINE.

By ANATOLE FRANCE.

(From "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard": translated by Arabella Ward by permission of T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

[JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAUT, better known by his pen name, Anatole France: A French poet and novelist: born at Paris, April 16, 1844. His father a bookseller, the son was reared in an atmosphere of books, and from his early boyhood read eagerly and intelligently. He was an attaché of the Senate Library from 1876, and in 1896 succeeded Ferdinand de Lesseps as a member of the French Academy. His works, which are remarkable for their perfection of style, include the following: "Poems" (1873), "Corinthian Revels" (1876), "Jocaste and the Lean Cat" (1879), "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" (crowned by the Academy) (1881), "The Yule Log" (1881), "The Wishes of Jean Servien" (1881), "Our Children: Scenes in Town and in the Fields" (1886), "Queen Pédanque's Cookshop," "The Garden of Epicures" (1895), "My Friend's Book," "Balthazar," "Thaïs," "Literary Life," and "Poems" (1896).]

April 17.

"THÉRÈSE, give me my new hat, my best coat, and my silver-headed cane."

But Thérèse is as deaf as a coal sack and as slow as justice. Age is the cause of it. The worst of it is that she thinks her hearing good and her steps agile ; moreover, she is proud of her sixty years of honest housekeeping, and she serves her old master with the most watchful despotism.

What did I say — ? . . . Here she is unwilling to give me my silver-headed cane, for fear of my losing it. It is true that I quite frequently leave umbrellas and sticks in the 'buses and bookshops. But I have a good reason to-day for carrying my old cane, the carved silver head of which represents Don Quixote galloping with poised lance against the windmills, while Sancho Panza, his arms raised to heaven, begs him in vain to stop.

This cane is all that I inherited from my uncle, Captain Victor, who in his lifetime resembled Don Quixote rather than Sancho Panza, and who loved blows as naturally as one usually fears them. For thirty years I have carried this cane on every memorable or solemn walk I have taken, and the two figures of the knight and the squire inspire and console me. I can almost hear them. Don Quixote says to me : —

“Think deeply of serious things, and know that thought is the only reality in the world. Lift nature up to your own height, and let the whole world be for you but the reflection of your heroic spirit. Fight for honor — this alone is worthy of a man ; and if you are wounded, spill your blood like generous dew, and smile.”

And Sancho Panza says in turn : —

“Remain what Heaven made you, brother ! Prefer the crust of bread drying in your wallet to the ortolans that are roasting in the duke's kitchen. Obey your master, whether he be wise or foolish, and do not load your brain with too many useless facts. Fear blows ; 'tis tempting God to seek danger.”

But if the incomparable knight and his unparalleled squire exist as merely figures on the head of my cane, they themselves are in my innermost conscience. All of us have a Don Quixote and a Sancho within us, to whom we listen ; and even while Sancho persuades us, it is Don Quixote whom we must admire.

But a truce to this nonsense ! Let us go to Madame de Gabry about a matter which is of more importance than the ordinary affairs of life.

The same day.

I found Madame de Gabry dressed in black, and just buttoning her gloves.

"I am ready," said she.

Ready! I have always found her so, on every occasion for doing good.

After a few pleasant words regarding the good health of her husband, who had gone for a walk, we went downstairs, and stepped into the carriage. I know not what secret spell I feared to break by speaking; but we drove without a word along the wide, deserted boulevard, studying the shops where crosses, gravestones, and funeral wreaths were waiting for their purchaser. The cab stopped at the final bourn of the land of the living, before the gate on which are graven words of hope.

"Follow me," said Madame de Gabry, whose height I now noticed for the first time. We went down a walk bordered by cypress trees, then followed a narrow path between the tombs. Finally we stopped in front of a flat stone.

"It is here," said she; and she knelt down.

In spite of myself I could not help noticing the unconsciously graceful way in which this Christian woman fell on her knees, letting the folds of her gown spread about her as they chanced. With the exception of two Polish exiles one evening in a deserted church of Paris, never had I seen any woman kneel so unaffectedly, and in such utter lack of self-consciousness.

The picture flashed through my mind like lightning; and then I saw nothing but the low slab on which was cut the name—CLÉMENTINE. What I felt was something profound and intangible and inexpressible, unless by the sound of exquisite music.

I heard instruments of a celestial sweetness making melody in my old heart. With the solemn tones of a funeral hymn were mingled the muted notes of a love song, for into the same feeling my soul mingled the solemn sadness of the present and the well-known graces of the past.

I cannot say whether or not we had been before the tomb of Clémentine for long, when Madame de Gabry rose. We crossed the cemetery without speaking, but when we were once more among living men my tongue became unfettered.

"As I followed you," I said to Madame de Gabry, "I was thinking of those legendary angels whom one meets on the

mysterious borders of life and death. The grave to which you have taken me — and I was as ignorant of it as of almost all else concerning her whom it covers — recalled certain unparalleled emotions of existence, comparable in the dullness of this life to a light on a dark road. The farther one goes, the farther away is the gleam. I am almost at the foot of the last slope, and yet I see the light as distinctly as ever every time I look back.

“You, madame, who knew Clémentine as she was, with white hair, a wife and mother, you cannot imagine her as she was when I saw her, a fair-haired young girl, with cheeks like roses and skin so white! Since you have been good enough to be my guide, I think I should tell you, dear madame, what feelings this grave aroused. Recollections are crowding into my heart. I am like an old, gnarled, and moss-grown oak, which sways its branches, and awakens nests of singing birds. Unfortunately the song of my birds is as old as the world, and can amuse no one but myself.”

“Tell me your recollections,” said Madame de Gabry. “I cannot read your books, for they are written for scholars; but I like to listen when you talk, because you make the most ordinary things in life interesting. Speak to me as if I were an old woman. This morning I found three white hairs on my head.”

“Behold them come without regret, madame,” said I. “Time deals gently only with those who take it gently. And when, in a few years, a light silver foam will float on the ripples of your dark hair, you will be clothed in a new beauty, less vivid but more touching than the first, and you will see that your husband will love your white hair just as much as he did the black curl which you gave him when he married you, and which he wears in a locket, as if it were something sacred. These boulevards are wide and but little frequented. We can talk at our ease as we drive along. I will tell you first how I became acquainted with Clémentine’s father. But pray expect nothing extraordinary, nothing remarkable; for if you do you will be greatly disappointed.

“Monsieur de Lessay occupied the second story of an old house on the Avenue de l’Observatoire. The plaster façade, ornamented with antique busts, and the great rambling garden near it, were the first images that stamped themselves on my childish eyes, and in all probability they will be the last which,

when the inevitable day arrives, will fade from under my heavy lids. For in this house I was born. In this garden I played, and learned to feel and know some fragments of this old universe. Happy hours! sacred hours! when the pure soul discovers the world revealing itself by a kindly light and with a mysterious charm. For, madame, the universe is but the reflection of our own soul.

“My mother was a being happily endowed. She rose with the sun, like the birds; and she resembled them by her domestic industry, by her maternal instinct, by the necessity which she felt to be always singing, and by a sort of graceful abruptness, all of which I thoroughly appreciated, though I was only a child. She was the soul of the house, filling it with her well-regulated and happy energy. My father was as slow as she was sprightly. I well recall his placid face, over which now and then would pass an ironical smile. He was weary, and he loved his weariness. Seated near the window in his deep armchair, he used to read from morning till night. From him I inherited my love of books. I have in my library a Mably and a Raynal which he annotated with his own hand from beginning to end. But it was not to be expected that he would trouble himself about practical affairs. When my mother strove by gentle tact to draw him out from his indifference, he shook his head with that inexorable sweetness which is the strength of weak characters. He was the despair of the poor woman, who had no manner of sympathy with this contemplative wisdom, and understood nothing of life but its daily cares and the happy work of each hour. She thought he was ill, and feared that he would grow worse. But his apathy arose from another cause.

“My father entered the navy department under Monsieur Decrès in 1801, and showed marked talent as administrator. There was a great activity at that time in connection with the navy, and in 1805 my father became chief of the second administrative division. That year the emperor, to whom he had been recommended by the minister, ordered him to draw up a report on the organization of the English navy. This work was stamped with a deeply liberal and philosophical spirit, though the writer himself was not aware of the fact. It was not finished until 1807, about eighteen months after the defeat of Admiral Villeneuve at Trafalgar. Napoleon, who after that ill-fated day never again wished to hear a ship men-

tioned, wrathfully glanced over the pages, and then threw the report into the fire, crying, 'Phrases, nothing but phrases. I have already said that I do not like ideologists!' They brought back word to my father that the emperor was so angry that he had ground the manuscript down into the fire with his boot. At all events, it was his habit when he was irritated to poke the fire with his boot until the very sole was scorched.

"My father never recovered from this disgrace, and the failure of all his efforts to do his duty was certainly the cause of the apathy into which he fell later. Nevertheless, Napoleon, on his return from the Island of Elba, sent for him, and ordered him to draw up, in a patriotic and liberal spirit, proclamations and bulletins for the fleet. After Waterloo, my father, more saddened than surprised, went into retirement, and was left unmolested. Only it was generally said of him that he was Jacobin and bloodthirsty, a man to be avoided.

"My mother's elder brother, Victor Maldent, captain of infantry, retired on half pay in 1814 and dismissed in 1815, added, by his wrong attitude, to the difficulties which the fall of the emperor had brought on my father. Captain Victor noised it about in the cafés and in public balls that the Bourbons had sold France to the Cossacks. He showed every one a tricolored cockade that was hidden in his hat lining; he carried with great ostentation a cane, the twisted handle of which had been wrought so that the shadow it made was the silhouette of the emperor.

"Unless, madame, you have seen certain lithographs by Charlet, you can form no idea of my Uncle Victor, and how he looked in his tight-fitting frogged coat, with the cross of honor and some violets on his chest, as he strolled up and down the garden of the Tuileries with that fierce dignity of his. Idleness and intemperance had the worst possible effect on his political passions. He used to insult people whom he saw reading the *Quotidienne* or the *Drapeau blanc*, and force them to fight with him. In this way he had the grief and shame of wounding a lad only sixteen years old in a duel. In short, my Uncle Victor was the opposite of a wise man; and as he used every day to come to our house for his breakfast and dinner, his evil reputation clung to our fireside. My poor father suffered deeply from the eccentricity of his guest; but as he was kind-hearted, he said nothing, and opened his house to the captain, who despised him cordially in return.

“What I am telling you now, madame, I learned later. At that time my uncle filled me with the greatest enthusiasm, and I determined that some day I would be as much like him as possible. One fine morning, in order to begin the desired resemblance, I struck an attitude, my hands on my hips, and swore like an infidel.

“My good mother gave me such a stinging slap on my cheek, that for a moment I stood perfectly stupefied, before bursting into tears. I can still see the armchair, covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, behind which that day I shed countless tears.

“I was at that time a very little fellow. One morning my father raised me in his arms as was his habit, and smiled at me with that touch of irony which gave a piquant look to his gentle expression. While I sat on his knees, playing with his long white hair, he told me things which I did not understand very well, but which interested me deeply, simply because they were mysterious. I think, although I am not positive, that on that morning he was telling me the story of the little King of Yvetot, as we find it in the song. Suddenly we heard a great noise, and the windows rattled. My father let me slip to his feet, and with trembling arms uplifted, he shook his fists. His face was pallid and lifeless looking, his eyes preternaturally large. He strove to speak, but his teeth chattered. At last he muttered, ‘They have shot him!’ I did not know what he meant, and I felt a vague terror. Afterwards I learned that he was speaking of Marshal Ney, killed on the 7th of December, 1815, beneath the wall which inclosed an empty lot adjoining our house.

“About this time I often used to meet on the stairs an old man (he was not so very old, perhaps), whose little black eyes shone with wonderful brightness from his calm, swarthy face. To me he did not seem alive, or at least it did not seem as if he were alive like other men. At Monsieur Denon’s, where my father had taken me, I had seen a mummy, brought from Egypt; and I really thought that Monsieur Denon’s mummy awoke when it was alone, crept out of its gilded case, put on a drab-colored coat and a powdered wig, and that then it became Monsieur de Lessay. And even to-day, my dear madame, although I repel the idea as without foundation, I must confess that Monsieur de Lessay greatly resembled Monsieur Denon’s mummy. This is equivalent to saying that this man

was an object of terror and at the same time of fascination to me.

"In reality, Monsieur de Lessay was a small gentleman and a great philosopher. A disciple of Mably and Rousseau, he flattered himself that he was unprejudiced, and this pretension was in itself a great prejudice. He detested fanaticism, but he possessed that of tolerance. I speak, madame, of a contemporary of a bygone age. I fear that I may not be understood, and I am sure that I do not interest you. It is all so far away from us! But I am abridging as much as possible. Besides, I did not promise you anything interesting, and you could not expect to hear of great adventures in the life of Sylvestre Bonnard."

Madame de Gabry begged me to go on, and I did so in these words:—

"Monsieur de Lessay was curt with men and courteous to women. He used to kiss my mother's hand, though she was not accustomed to such gallantry, the customs of the Republic and the Empire being very different. Through him I touched the age of Louis XVI. Monsieur de Lessay was a geographer; and no one, I believe, was prouder than he to discuss the face of the earth. Under the Ancient Régime he had done something in agriculture from a philosophical standpoint, and in this way consumed his estates to their last acre. No longer having an inch of land left to call his own, he took possession of the whole earth, and made a wonderful number of maps, based on the accounts of travelers.

"But as he had been nourished on the purest marrow of the encyclopedia, he was not satisfied with inclosing human beings within so many degrees, minutes, and seconds of latitude and longitude. He looked after their happiness, alas! It is noticeable, madame, that men who have looked after the happiness of people in general have made their own household very unhappy. Monsieur de Lessay, a greater geometrician than Dalember, a greater philosopher than Jean-Jacques, was yet a greater royalist than Louis XVIII. But his love for the king was nothing in comparison to his hatred for the emperor. He took part in the conspiracy of Georges against the First Consul; but the court, having forgotten him, or thinking him of no consequence, he was not included in the list of the guilty. He never forgave Bonaparte for this insult; and he called him the Ogre of Corsica, to whom, he said, he would never intrust

a regiment, because he found him such a contemptible soldier.

"In 1820 Monsieur de Lessay, who had been a widower for many years, married again, at the age of nearly sixty. His wife was a very young woman, and he set her to work, without mercy, on his maps. After a few years of marriage, she died in giving birth to a daughter. My mother nursed her in her short illness, and saw that the child wanted nothing. This child was named Clémentine.

"The relations of my family with Monsieur de Lessay begin with that birth and that death. As I was just then emerging from the first years of childhood, I was beginning to grow big and stupid. I lost the charming gift of insight and feeling. Things no longer caused me the delightful surprise that is the charm of youth. So I have no remembrance of the years which followed the birth of Clémentine. I know only that within a few months I experienced a grief, the mere thought of which still makes my heart ache. I lost my mother. A great silence, a great coldness, and a great shadow, suddenly filled our home.

"I fell into a sort of stupor. My father sent me to college, but I had great difficulty in rousing myself from my torpor.

"However, I was not altogether an idiot, and my professors taught me almost all they thought necessary; that is, a little Greek, and much Latin. I had no acquaintances except with the ancients. I learned to esteem Miltiades, and to admire Themistocles; became familiar with Quintus Fabius, so far as any one could be familiar with such a great consul. Proud of these lofty relationships, I no longer condescended to look at little Clémentine and her old father; besides, they set out one fine day for Normandy, nor did I give a thought to their return.

"But they did return, madame, they did return! Ye Influences of Heaven, ye Forces of Nature, ye Mysterious Powers that give to man the ability to love, you know how I again saw Clémentine! They entered our sad home. Monsieur de Lessay no longer wore a wig. Bald, with a few grizzled locks on his purple temples, he looked the picture of robust old age. But the beautiful, glowing creature whom I saw on his arm, and whose presence lighted up our old faded drawing-room, was not a vision — no! it was Clémentine! I am telling the truth. Her blue eyes, blue as the flowers of the periwinkle, seemed to me supernatural; and even to-day I cannot believe that those two living gems can have suffered the trials of life and the

decay of death. She was somewhat embarrassed when she met my father, for she did not recognize him. Her cheeks had a soft, becoming color; and her parted lips wore a smile that made one think of the Infinite, probably because it betrayed no particular thought, and expressed only the joy of living and the delight of being beautiful. Her face shone beneath a pink hood like a jewel in an open casket. She wore a cashmere shawl over a white muslin dress, which was plaited at the waist, and which came to the tops of her reddish-brown boots. Do not smile, madame; that was the style then, and I am not sure if our modern fashions have as much simplicity, freshness, and graceful propriety.

"Monsieur de Lessay told us that, as he had begun the publication of an historical atlas, he intended to live in Paris once more, and would be glad to re-occupy his old apartment if it was vacant. My father asked Mademoiselle de Lessay if she was glad to be in the capital. Yes, she was; for she smiled still more radiantly. She smiled at the windows that opened on the shining green garden; she smiled at the bronze Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage on the top of the clock; she smiled on the old yellow velvet chairs, and on the poor student who dared not lift his eyes to her. From that day, how I loved her!

"But here we are in the rue de Sèvres, and soon we shall see your windows. I am a poor story-teller; and if ever I were to try the impossible and undertake a novel, I should never succeed. I have spun out a long introduction for a story which I am going to tell you in a few words; for there is a certain delicacy, a certain feeling of the heart, that would be shocked by an old man calmly enlarging upon the sentiments of even the most innocent love.

"Let us drive for a few moments along this boulevard, with its row of convents, and my story will be finished by the time we reach that little steeple yonder.

"Monsieur de Lessay, learning that I was just finishing my studies at the École des Chartes, thought me capable of working with him on his historical atlas. The point at issue was to determine, on a series of maps, what this philosophic graybeard called 'the vicissitudes of empires' from Noah down to Charlemagne. Monsieur de Lessay had stored away in his head every error of the eighteenth century concerning antiquities.

"As to history, I belonged to the new and advanced school,

and was at an age when one does not know how to pretend. The way in which the old man understood, or rather failed to understand, the barbarous ages, his obstinacy in seeing in remote antiquity ambitious princes, hypocritical and covetous priests, virtuous citizens, poet philosophers and others, who never existed save in the romances of Marmontel, caused me great unhappiness, and inspired me at first to raise every sort of objection, — reasonable, no doubt, but perfectly useless, and at times dangerous. Monsieur de Lessay was very irascible, and Clémentine was very beautiful. Between the two I spent hours of torture and delight. I was in love ; I was a coward ; and soon I conceded to him all that he demanded regarding the historical and political figure that this earth, destined later to bear Clémentine, offered in the time of Abraham, Menes, and Deucalion.

“As we finished drawing the maps, Mademoiselle de Lessay tinted them in water colors. Leaning over the table, she held her brush between two fingers ; a shadow fell from her eyelashes upon her cheeks, and bathed her half-closed eyes in a soft shade. Occasionally she would raise her head, and I saw her parted lips. There was such expression in her beauty that she could not breathe without seeming to sigh, and her most ordinary movements filled my soul with dreamy ecstasy. As I gazed at her, I agreed with Monsieur de Lessay that Jupiter ruled once as a despot over the mountainous regions of Thessaly, and that Orpheus was unwise in intrusting to the clergy the teaching of philosophy. To this day I do not know whether I was a coward or a hero when I yielded these points to the obstinate old man.

“Mademoiselle de Lessay, I must confess, did not pay much attention to me. But her indifference seemed so reasonable and so natural that I did not think of complaining about it. I suffered on account of it, but unconsciously I was full of hope. We were then only at the first Assyrian Empire.

“Monsieur de Lessay came every evening for a cup of coffee with my father. I cannot understand in what way they were congenial, for never were two natures so completely opposed to each other. My father had few admirations and a forgiving soul. As he grew older, he came to hate all exaggeration. He clothed his ideas with a thousand delicate shades, and never stated an opinion save with all sorts of reservations.

“These habits of a gentle mind roused the dry, hard old

gentleman whom moderation in an adversary never disarmed — quite the contrary ! I scented danger ; the danger was Napoleon. My father cherished no affection for him ; but having worked under his orders, he did not like to hear him abused, especially to the advantage of the Bourbons, against whom he had deep grievances.

“ Monsieur de Lessay, more of a Voltairean and a legitimist than ever, credited Bonaparte with being the source of every political, social, and religious evil. In this state of affairs Captain Victor was my greatest anxiety. That dreadful uncle of mine had grown perfectly intolerable since his sister was no longer there to quiet him. The harp of David was broken, and Saul was given over to his madness. The fall of Charles X. augmented the old Bonapartist’s audacity, and he did all sorts of wild things. He seldom came to our house, for it had grown too gloomy for him ; but occasionally at dinner time we saw him come in, covered with flowers, like a mausoleum. Usually he sat down to table swearing in his deep voice, and, as he ate, boasting of the success which, as an old veteran warrior, he had enjoyed with the ladies. Then, when dinner was finished, he would fold up his napkin in the shape of a bishop’s bonnet, swallow half a decanter of brandy, and take his departure as hastily as if he feared to spend, without drinking, even a moment alone with an old philosopher and a young scholar. I knew well enough that if ever he should meet Monsieur de Lessay, all would be lost.

“ The day came, madame !

“ On that occasion the captain was quite hidden by his flowers, and looked so much like a monument erected in memory of the glories of the Empire that any one would have longed to put a wreath of immortelles on each of his arms. He was in unusually good humor ; and the first person who benefited by his happy disposition was the cook, whom he seized about the waist just as she was placing the roast on the table.

“ After dinner he pushed aside the decanter offered him, saying that he would burn the brandy in his coffee. I asked him tremblingly if he would not rather have his coffee at once. My uncle Victor was suspicious and by no means dull. The haste which I displayed seemed to him in poor taste ; for he looked hard at me, and said : —

“ ‘ Patience, nephew. It is not the place of the child of the regiment to sound the retreat. The devil ! You are in

great haste, Master Pedant, to see if I have spurs on my heels.'

"It was evident that the captain had suspected that I wanted him to go. Knowing this, I was certain that he would stay, and he did! The slightest details of that evening are indelibly impressed on my memory. My uncle was perfectly jovial. The mere idea of his being in the way kept him in good humor. He told us in fine barracks' style, *ma foi*, about a monk, a trumpeter, and five bottles of Chambertin—a story that would be greatly enjoyed in a garrison, but which I would not attempt to tell you, madame, even if I had the time to recall it. When we went into the drawing-room, the captain called our attention to the bad condition of our andirons, and discoursed in a knowing way on the use of tripoli for polishing brass. Not a word of politics. He was conducting himself cautiously. Eight o'clock struck from the ruins of Carthage. It was time for Monsieur de Lessay to arrive. A few moments later he entered the room with his daughter. The evening's usual routine began. Clémentine occupied herself with her embroidery near the lamp, the shade of which enveloped her pretty head with soft shadow, and threw a light upon her fingers that made them almost luminous. Monsieur de Lessay spoke of a comet predicted by the astronomers, and advanced some theories which, though they were extravagant, showed some intellectual culture. My father, who knew considerable about astronomy, expressed a few sensible ideas, ending with his eternal, 'But what do I know, after all?'

"In my turn I gave the opinion of our neighbor in the observatory, the well-known Arago. Uncle Victor declared that comets have an influence on the quality of wines, and in order to uphold his theory, cited a rollicking tavern story. I was so pleased with this conversation that, calling to my aid my latest readings, I strove to prolong it by a lengthy exposition of the chemical constitution of the clusters of *nebulæ* which, scattered through celestial space for millions of leagues, could be contained in a bottle. My father, somewhat surprised at my eloquence, looked at me with that calm, ironical expression of his. But we cannot always be in the clouds. Then, while my eyes rested on Clémentine, I spoke of a comet of diamonds that I had admired the night before in a jeweler's showcase. This was a most unfortunate inspiration on my part.

“‘My dear nephew,’ cried Captain Victor, ‘your comet was not equal to that which sparkled on the head of the Empress Josephine when she came to Strasbourg to distribute crosses to the army.’”

“‘That little Josephine was very fond of jewelry,’ said Monsieur de Lessay between two sips of coffee, ‘and I do not blame her. There was some good in her, frivolous as she was. She was a Tascher, and it was a great honor to Buonaparte when she married him. A Tascher is not much, but a Buonaparte is nothing at all.’”

“‘What do you mean by that, Monsieur le Marquis?’ demanded Captain Victor.

“‘I am no marquis,’ dryly replied Monsieur de Lessay; ‘and what I mean is that Buonaparte would have been well matched had he married one of those cannibal women Captain Cook describes in his voyages,—naked, tattooed, a ring in her nose, and in the habit of devouring with ecstasy decayed human bodies.’”

“‘I knew it, thought I to myself, and in my anguish (O poor human heart!) my first thought was to notice the correctness of my predictions. I must say that the captain’s reply had in it a touch of sublimity. Placing his hands on his hips, he measured Monsieur de Lessay scornfully from head to foot and said :—

“‘Napoleon, sir, had another wife besides Josephine and Marie Louise. You are not acquainted with this companion, but I have seen her close at hand. She wears an azure mantle dotted with stars; she is crowned with laurels; the cross of honor sparkles on her breast. Her name is Glory.’”

“‘Monsieur de Lessay put his cup on the mantelpiece and said quietly :—

“‘Your Buonaparte was a scoundrel.’”

“‘My father rose calmly, and slowly raising his hands, said very gently to Monsieur de Lessay :—

“‘Whatever the man may have been who died at Saint Helena, I worked ten years in his government, and my brother-in-law was thrice wounded under his eagles. I beg you, my dear sir, my friend, not to forget this in future.’”

“‘That which the captain’s lofty and burlesque impertinences could not do, my father’s courteous remonstrance accomplished at once,—it made Monsieur de Lessay furiously angry.

“‘I forgot,’ cried he, livid with rage, his teeth clinched, his lips foaming; ‘I was wrong. The herring cask always smells of herring; and when one has been in the service of scoundrels——’

“At this word the captain sprang at his throat. Had it not been for his daughter and me, I think he would have been choked to death. My father, somewhat paler than usual, stood with folded arms, watching the spectacle with an indescribable expression of pity. What followed was sadder still—but of what use is it to dwell on the anger of two old men? At last I succeeded in separating them. Monsieur de Lessay beckoned to his daughter, and went out. She followed him. I ran to the stairs after her.

“‘Mademoiselle,’ I cried, distracted, pressing her hand, ‘I love you! I love you!’

“For an instant she held my hand in hers, her lips half opened. What was she going to say? But all at once, raising her eyes to her father, who was ascending the stairs, she withdrew her hand, and made me a gesture of farewell. I never saw her again. Her father took rooms near the Panthéon, in an apartment which he had rented for the sale of his historical atlas. He died there a few months later from a stroke of apoplexy. His daughter, I was told, went to live at Caen with an aged lady, a relative of hers. There, some years later, she married a bank clerk, the Noël Alexandre who became so rich and died so poor. As for me, madame, I live alone in peace by myself. My life, free from great sorrows as well as from great joys, has been tolerably happy. But for years I could not, without a great pang at heart, see an empty armchair near mine on a winter evening. Last year I heard through you, who knew her, of her old age and death. I met her daughter at your house. I have seen her; but I will not say as yet, as did the aged man of the Scriptures, ‘And now, O Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’ If an old fellow like me can be of use to any one, I should like, with your help, to devote my last years to this orphan girl.”

I uttered these words on the vestibule of Madame de Gabry's home; and I was about to take leave of this kind friend, when she said to me:—

“Dear friend, I cannot aid you in this as much as I could wish. Jeanne is an orphan and a minor. You cannot do anything for her without her guardian's consent.”

"Ah! I never thought for an instant that Jeanne might have a guardian."

Madame de Gabry looked at me with ill-concealed surprise. She had not expected to find the old man quite so simple-minded.

"Jeanne Alexandre's guardian," said she, "is Maître Mouche, a notary at Levallois-Perret. I fear that you will not get on very well with him. He is a serious man."

"Ah! good Heavens!" I cried, "whom do you think I should get on with at my age, if not with serious people?"

She gently smiled, with a mischievous expression in her eyes, just as my father used to do, and replied:—

"With those who, like you, are innocent and generous. Monsieur Mouche is not exactly of that kind. He is artful and light-fingered. Although I find little pleasure in meeting him, we will go together, if you wish, and ask permission to see Jeanne, whom he has put in a boarding school at les Ternes, where she is very unhappy."

We appointed a day. I kissed Madame de Gabry's hand, and we parted.



JACK HAZARD AND THE CHATFORDS.¹

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

(From "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes.")

[JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, American novelist, poet, and editor, was born at Ogden, N.Y., September 18, 1827. After teaching, and working on a farm, he settled in New York in 1846, as a writer for periodicals, and in 1847 removed to Boston, where he has since resided. He has been a prominent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*; was editor of *Our Young Folks*, 1870-1873; and has published many works of adventure, travel, and fiction, principally for young readers. Among them are: "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," "Coupon Bonds," "The Three Scouts," "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," "Jack Hazard," "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide Mill," etc. "The Vagabonds" is his best-known poem.]

THE man who had thus taken Jack into custody was Mr. Philander Pipkin of Peach Hill Farm. Peach Hill Farm was owned by the Chatfords, and "P. Pipkin, Esq." (as his name

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appeared carved by his own jackknife on the stable door) was their hired man.

Early that Sunday morning he had started, milk pail in hand, for the barnyard, but had dropped his pail in consternation as he came in sight of the said stable door. A minute later he was back in the Chatford kitchen, calling loudly, "Mr. Chatford! Mis' Chatford! Boys! Heavens an' airth!"

"Well, Mr. Pipkin! Who's killed now, Mr. Pipkin?" said a sarcastic female voice from the pantry, and a tart female face peered out at him from the pantry door.

"Miss Wansey," replied Mr. Pipkin, sternly, "I've nothin' to say to you, understand!"

"Oh, haven't you! very glad to hear it!" said Miss Wansey. "Then mabby you'll be so good as *not* to make a person deaf screaming out so in a person's kitchen!"

"A person's kitchen!" retorted Mr. Pipkin. "It's as much my kitchen as it is your kitchen, I guess! Where's Mr. Chatford?"

"Mr. Pipkin," replied Miss Wansey, from the depths of the pantry, "I've nothing to say to you!" and she rattled the breakfast knives and forks.

One would naturally infer, from this slight altercation, that these two members of the Chatford household were not on the very best terms with each other. Miss Wansey was to the kitchen what Mr. Pipkin was to the farm; and their mutual functions bringing them into frequent collision, each had grown jealous of the other's dictation,—Miss Wansey accused Mr. Pipkin of assuming too much authority, and Mr. Pipkin charged Miss Wansey with putting on airs. It was now at least a year and a half since they had consequently had "nothing to say" to each other, and had said it severely.

"What is the matter, Philander?" said a mild, motherly woman, hooking her gown as she came into the kitchen.

"Matter, Mis' Chatford! Matter enough!" said Mr. Pipkin. "Deacon up yit?"

"He is getting up," said Mrs. Chatford, her calm voice and serene demeanor in beautiful contrast with Miss Wansey's tartness and Mr. Pipkin's excitement. "Are any of the creatures sick, Philander?"

"Wuss'n that!" said Mr. Pipkin, pressing forward through the door by which she had come in. There was a sitting room beyond, and a bedroom beyond that, in the door of which

appeared Deacon Chatford himself, half dressed, with one boot on and the other in his hand.

"What's woke ye up, Pippy?" he asked, with a half-amused, half-anxious face, as he stooped to pull on the other boot.

"You'll say woke up!" Mr. Pipkin exclaimed. "Jes' come out and see! Stable door wide open, and Old Maje gone!"

Mr. Chatford looked somewhat less amused, and somewhat more anxious; and he began to button his suspenders with awkward haste.

"Gone? Not stolen! He has probably slipped his halter, pushed the door open, and got out. I don't believe you hooked the door last night."

"Yes, I did! No, I didn't! Yes," said Mr. Pipkin, confusedly, — "I either hooked it, or I didn't hook it, I forgit which, but it makes no odds, — you'd gone over to the Basin with Old Maje, and I went to bed 'fore you got home."

Mr. Chatford ran his fingers through his uncombed hair. He paid frequent visits to the Basin, and sometimes rode, and sometimes walked; he now remembered that he rode the night before, and wondered if he had been so careless, when he put up the horse, as to leave the stable door unfastened. "Most likely I did. Thinking of something else, probably." (He was a "terrible absent-minded man," as Miss Wansey said.) "You'll find the old rogue about the place somewhere, Pippy."

"I don't know but what he *might* slip his halter and push the door open," argued Mr. Pipkin; "but how could he git into the harness and hitch himself to the buggy?"

This was certainly a strong point; and Mr. Chatford, his hair tumbled, one trouser leg lodged on the top of his boot, and one suspender hanging, looked to Mr. Pipkin for an explanation.

"Harness an' buggy missin' too," said Mr. Pipkin's front teeth and underlip.

"That alters the case! I'll be right out there! Call the boys, mother!"

Mrs. Chatford stepped quickly to the chamber door and, opening it, called up the stairs, "Moses! Phineas! are you awake?"

Moses and Phineas, enjoying their Sunday morning slumbers, murmured something indistinctly, and turned upon their pillows.

"Wake up!" said their mother. "Old Maje has been stolen, and you must help hunt him up!"

Moses and Phineas bounded to the floor in an instant, leaped into their clothes, and came scampering down the stairs. They reached the stable in a half-buttoned state, and found their father gazing ruefully at the vacant stall and harness pegs.

"Well, boys," said he, "it looks as if we shouldn't do much plowing to-day."

"Plowing? Sunday?" said Mr. Pipkin. "I guess not!"

"I declare, I'm getting more absent-minded than ever!" said Mr. Chatford.

"Now you believe what I told you, don't you?" said Moses, the elder son. "If you had put a lock on the door when I wanted you to, this wouldn't have happened."

"We'll have a lock now," said Phineas, the younger, sarcastically. "That's the way, — after the horse is stolen."

"I meant to have got a lock, but never could think on't, — I'm so plaguy forgetful! Though I never thought before there was any danger from horse thieves hereabouts."

"Padlocks ain't o' no great use, where any one's bent on breakin' in," observed Mr. Pipkin, looking carefully to see if anything else had been taken.

"What we want is a big dog," said Phineas, who had long been teasing for one. "But you are so afraid a dog will kill sheep!"

"Well, I shall have to take it from old and young now, I suppose!" said Mr. Chatford, good-naturedly. "What discoveries, Moses?"

"I can't see any wagon tracks," said Moses, who had been to the street and returned.

"Of course not; it rained till four o'clock this morning. What shall we do, boys? — have a hunt for the thieves?" The boys were eager for the chase. "Well, run to the neighbors and stir them up. Put the old harness on the mare, Pippy, and I'll back out the old wagon. If the scamps had only taken that, I shouldn't care."

While Moses ran one way and Phineas the other, and Mr. Pipkin harnessed the mare, Mr. Chatford walked back to the house, where he ate a hasty breakfast and put on his coat. Then he went out and climbed up into the old, faded, green-striped, one-horse wagon, which had scarcely been on the road

for a year. "Shackling old thing! I hope it won't break down before I get out of the yard. I declare, Pippy! you must dash a few pails of water over these wheels, or the tires will be tumbling off. Lucky the roads are wet this morning; they'll swell the wheels as soon as I get started. Ha! there comes Phin with Jason Welby! Any news, Phineas?"

"Yes, lots! Let me tell, Jase!" said Phin, holding his companion back as they came running.

"Let go, Phineas!" said Mr. Chatford. "If it's good news, no matter which tells it."

"He may tell; I don't care," said Jason, in a manly sort of way.

"Oh, tell if you want to! I won't!" said Phin, sulkily.

"Well," said Jason, stepping forward, "the thief paid us a visit last night, and we saw him."

"Who saw him?"

"Me and Ab. Something has been killing our chickens lately, and last night we thought we'd watch. So we hid in the trough under the shed, and by and by somebody come into the yard and went up to the stable door, and was opening it, when we stirred a little to see what he was up to; then a dog growled at us; then Ab said, 'Show your light!' for we had the old tin lantern under a kag. We rushed out; and there was a boy about as big as Phin or me, and a dog 'most as big as he was."

"A boy!" said Mr. Chatford. "What sort of a boy?" Thereupon followed a pretty correct description of our unhappy friend Jack as he appeared to Jase and Ab.

Meanwhile a neighbor from the other direction arrived on the spot, and stood listening to the boy's story. He was a somewhat grim-looking, stiff old man; and at every pause in the narrative he nodded his grizzled head and compressed his lips and scowled at Jason. He did not speak till Jason had finished; then he said, "Good morning, Neighbor Chatford."

"Good morning, Squire Peternot. You've heard of our misfortune?"

"Yes, Moses stopped at my house. You say," the squire turned to Jason, "that that boy was a driver on the canal, and had been flung into the water, and hadn't got dry when you saw him?"

"That's what he told us."

"Well! that same boy came to my house with the same

dog, but with a very different story. I'd just got into bed, but wife hadn't blowed out the light, when he knocked, and I got up and opened the door." Here followed a circumstantial account of Jack's interview with the squire, — sufficiently accurate, but not flattering to our young friend's character and appearance. "He didn't talk canal to *me*; he told *me* he had come out from the city in the morning and had been looking for work all day. I knowed he was a liar and a thief," said the stern old squire, whose harsh opinion of poor Jack seemed now to be fully confirmed by Jason's story. "Why, the little heathen didn't even think of it's being Saturday night, and that to-day was Sunday!"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Chatford, with a droll twist of his cheek and a humorous glance of the eye towards Mr. Pipkin, "some who I hope are not heathens are liable to forget that fact now and then, — hey, Pippy?"

"That's a fact!" said Mr. Pipkin, with a responsive pucker and twinkle. "There's Elder Corey, — as good a church member as any on ye, — he thrashed oats in his barn all one stormy Sunday, four year' ago, and the women folks, they made quince presarves; and they never knowed their mistake till they was drivin' to meetin' in the big wagon next day, and seen the neighbors a plowin' and puttin' out their washin's. 'What, to work Sunday, Brother Jones!' says the elder, thinkin' he ought to stop and rebuke the inickity. 'Sunday?' says Brother Jones. 'Then the minister and all on us have blundered, for we had reg'lar sarvices yisterday, and wondered how a little rain could keep *you* to hum.' The upshot on't was, the elder wheeled about, and druv hum, and him and his folks kep' Monday, — had prayers, read the Bible, and sung hymns till sundown, by hokey! I could name another sarcumstance, 'thout goin' so fur off, nuther," added Mr. Pipkin, slyly, turning up his eye again at Mr. Chatford in the wagon.

Jack was believed to be a heathen and a thief, for all that, — the untimely telling of the story resulting in no way to his advantage, except perhaps as it delayed for a few moments Mr. Chatford's departure in pursuit of him.

"I swan to man," said Mr. Pipkin, "if there ain't the hoss 'n' buggy!"

Jack and his dog were forgotten in an instant. All ran to the corner of the house to look. There indeed was the buggy

coming up the lane, with Mr. Chatford and Moses riding in it, Old Maje drawing it, and the mare led behind. At sight of so many astonished faces staring at them, Moses and his father began to laugh.

"Where did you find 'em?" cried Phin.

"In the queerest place!" said Moses, choking with merriment.

"We've got the thief here!" said Mr. Pipkin.

"Have ye? I guess not!" said Moses, holding his sides, while tears ran down his face.

Just then Mr. Welby and Abner drove up the lane; and it was observed that they were also laughing. After them came galloping two young horsemen who had likewise been thief hunting, — Bill Burbank and Don Curtis, — both laughing so hard that they seemed ready to tumble from their saddles.

"If we hain't got him, where under heavens is he?" Mr. Pipkin demanded.

"It's the funniest thing!" said Moses, fairly doubling himself over upon the dasher in convulsions of mirth, while his father said, "There! quit your giggling — it's no laughing matter."

"What's become of the old wagon?" Mr. Pipkin inquired.

"O ho!" said Moses, straightening himself, and trying to get the kinks out of his sides. "I'll tell ye in a minute!"

"Come, let's hear!" said Mr. Welby. "We met your husband," — turning to Mrs. Chatford, — "and saw he had found his buggy, and Moses started to tell us about it, but he laughed so he couldn't; then his father whipped up, as if he was ashamed to tell."

"You see," said Mr. Chatford, trying to keep a grave countenance, — "(Do stop snickering, boy! it's Sunday!) — mistakes will happen," giving way to a very broad smile.

Moses had by this time alighted from the buggy, and wiped his tearful countenance, and got some control over his risible muscles; then, supporting himself by holding on to one of the wheels, he let out the secret.

"We drove first to the Basin, where we couldn't hear anything of the thief; then we started up the canal road, but we hadn't got far when the old wagon began to come to pieces. First, one of the forward tires slipped almost off, and I had to pound it on with a stone. Then when we started up I noticed that the nigh hind wheel was beginning to wobble. I got out

again, and found the spokes on one side loosening in the hub, and springing out of the rim on the other. We pounded 'em in as well as we could, and then turned around to go back to the Basin for another wagon ; but the twist on that wheel was too much for it, and we hadn't gone ten rods before it went down, all sprawling, like a daddy longlegs. Then we picked up the pieces, and hooked a rail from a fence, and tied it under the wagon with the halter, and dragged it back to the Basin with the end of the hind axletree riding it. But just as we were going round the corner, to turn down to the tavern, Duffer's dog came out at us, and I thought he'd tear us to pieces, — he was so excited by that rail ! ”

“ I should think that dog would get killed some day,” said Abner Welby. “ He comes out at everything and everybody, — a great, savage bulldog ! and Duffer only laughs if you complain of him.”

“ Well, we finally got to the tavern,” said Moses ; “ but no one-horse wagon was to be had there. Just then old Tom Ball, the shoemaker, came along. ‘ There's a buggy standing under the store shed,’ says he, — ‘ I noticed it there the first thing this morning ; — maybe you can take that.’ So we went round to the shed, with a pretty large crowd following us, for a Sunday morning. Sure enough, there was a buggy.” Here Moses showed alarming symptoms of going into convulsions again. “ I said, 'twas just such a buggy as ours ! We went a little farther, and father said, ‘ But there's a horse hitched to it !’ Then the crowd of fellows — O ho ! ” And Moses leaned for support on the buggy wheel.

“ Was it Old Maje ? ” cried Mr. Pipkin.

“ Yes, yes ! ” said the deacon, impatiently, looking rather foolish.

“ And a sorry beast he was ! ” said Moses. “ He had had nothing to gnaw but the dry manger, all night ; and he was about as glad to see us as we were to see him ! ”

“ All right ? ” echoed Mr. Pipkin. “ How could that be ? ”

“ The thief got sick of his job and left him there, I suppose,” said Mr. Chatford, with a humorous drawing down of the facial muscles.

“ That's what we thought at first,” said Moses. “ But I noticed all at once that father began to look queer. ‘ I declare,’ says he, ‘ the rogue has hitched him exactly as I always

hitch a horse ! ' Then I looked, and 'twas his halter knot, for all the world ! "

" Fact is," said the deacon, "'twas one of my unaccountable oversights. I suppose I shall never hear the last on't, — though what there is so dreadfully funny about it I can't see."

" I swan to man ! " said Mr. Pipkin, his narrow mouth stretching into an unusually open grin about his frontal ivory, " it jest begins to git through my wool ! Deacon forgot he rode over to the Basin last night, and left the hoss hitched under the shed, and walked hum ! "

" And we've had the whole neighborhood out hunting the thief, when there wasn't any thief ! " said Moses. " Some are hunting him yet ! "

" Never mind," said Mr. Welby ; " they'll think they're paid for their trouble when they hear of the joke."

" Well, well ! I'm willing you should make merry over my blunder," said the deacon. " For my part, I'm thankful the affair was no worse ; — we've got the horse and buggy again, and there's nobody to blame but me. Though I thought I heard somebody say the thief had been caught."

" That's the best of it ! " cried the sarcastic Miss Wansey. " Mr. Pipkin has been and done the bravest exploit ! It took *him* to catch the thief ! He has been off in the fields and picked up this poor little fellow, and brought him home, choking him half to death, as if he was some terrible robber ! "

" Miss Wansey," said Mr. Pipkin, bringing the front teeth down upon the nether lip in his severest manner, " I've nothin' to say to *you* ! "

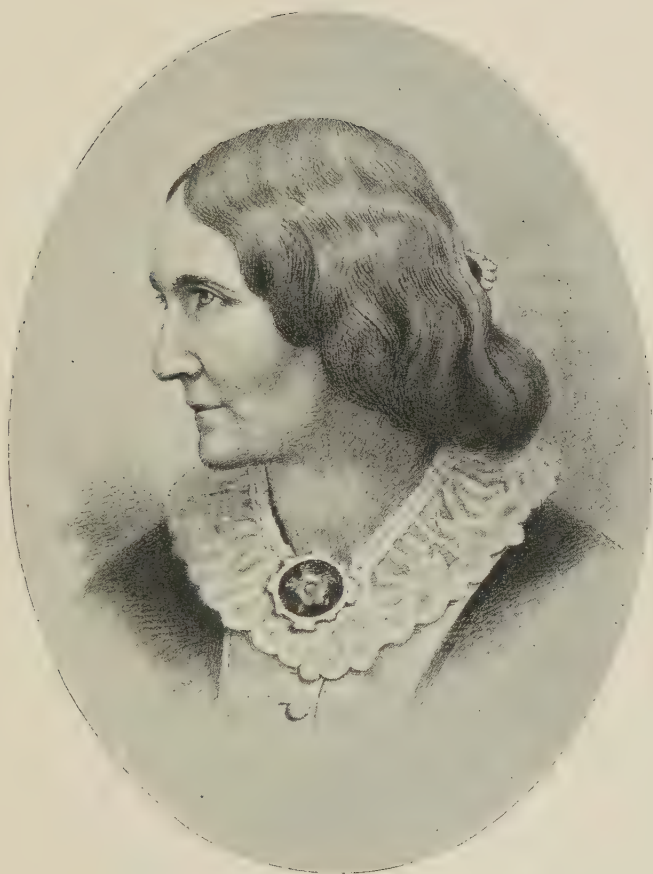


AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

By ALICE CARY

[1820-1871.]

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw ?
Ay ? Well, here is an order for you.



ALICE CARY

Woods and cornfields a little brown, —
 The picture must not be overbright, —
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sere,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
 When the wind can hardly find breathing room
 Under their tassels, — cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around, —
 Ah! good painter, you can't paint sound!

These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little, and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide,
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush:
 Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding, the selfsame way,
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
 Oh! if I could only make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face
 That are beaming on me all the while,
 I need not speak these foolish words;
 Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
 She is my mother: you will agree,
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins, at her knee,
 You must paint, sir; one like me,
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise:

At ten years old he went to sea,—
 God knoweth if he be living now!
 He sailed in the good ship "Commodore";
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came back.
 Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way.
 Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee;
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night,
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
 Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
 Loitering till after the low, little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door,
 And over the haystack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
 The first half-hour, the great yellow star
 That we, with our staring, ignorant eyes,
 Had often and often watched to see
 Propped and held in its place in the skies
 By the fork of a tall, red mulberry tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax field grew,—
 Dead at the top—just one branch full
 Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool
 From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our heads, when we came to play
 In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
 Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
 The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat;
 The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
 But cried and cried till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
 Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

If you can, pray, have the grace
 To put it solely in the face
 Of the urchin that is likest me:
 I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;
 But that's no matter — paint it so:
 The eyes of our mother, take good heed,
 Looking not on the nest full of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
 But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
 And, oh! with such injured, reproachful surprise!
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
 A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know
 That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —
 Woods, and cornfields, and mulberry tree,
 The mother — her lads, with their bird, at her knee;
 But, oh! that look of reproachful woe!
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you'll paint me the picture and leave that out!



THE LITTLE WOMEN'S EXPERIMENT IN HOUSE-KEEPING.¹

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

(From "Little Women.")

[LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, American writer, daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, was born in Germantown, Pa., November 29, 1832. Most of her life was spent in Concord, Mass. She wrote newspaper stories, "Flower Fables" (1855), and a novel, "Moods" (1865), but first came into prominence by "Hospital Sketches," based on her experiences as a nurse during the Civil War. Her fame rests on "Little Women" (1868), but "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Jo's Boys," "Work," "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag," etc., have been very popular. She also wrote juveniles, as "Eight Cousins," "Jack and Jill," etc. She died March 6, 1888.]

"THE first of June! The Kings are off to the seashore to-morrow, and I'm free. Three months' vacation,—how I shall enjoy it!" exclaimed Meg, coming home one warm day to find

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Jo laid upon a sofa in an unusual state of exhaustion, while Beth took off her dusty boots, and Amy made lemonade for the refreshment of the whole party.

"Aunt March went to-day, for which, oh, be joyful!" said Jo. "I was mortally afraid she'd ask me to go with her; if she had, I should have felt as if I ought to do it; but Plumfield is about as gay as a churchyard, you know, and I'd rather be excused. We had a flurry getting the old lady off, and I had a fright every time she spoke to me, for I was in such a hurry to be through that I was uncommonly helpful and sweet, and feared she'd find it impossible to part from me. I quaked till she was fairly in the carriage, and had a final fright, for, as it drove off, she popped out her head, saying, 'Josyphine, won't you ——?' I didn't hear any more, for I basely turned and fled; I did actually run, and whisked round the corner, where I felt safe."

"Poor old Jo! she came in looking as if bears were after her," said Beth, as she cuddled her sister's feet with a motherly air.

"Aunt March is a regular samphire, is she not?" observed Amy, tasting her mixture critically.

"She means *vampire*, not seaweed; but it doesn't matter; it's too warm to be particular about one's parts of speech," murmured Jo.

"What shall you do all your vacation?" asked Amy, changing the subject, with tact.

"I shall lie abed late, and do nothing," replied Meg, from the depths of the rocking chair. "I've been routed up early all winter, and had to spend my days working for other people; so now I'm going to rest and revel to my heart's content."

"No," said Jo; "that dozy way wouldn't suit me. I've laid in a heap of books, and I'm going to improve my shining hours reading on my perch in the old apple tree, when I'm not having l——"

"Don't say 'larks'!" implored Amy, as a return snub for the "samphire" correction.

"I'll say 'nightingales,' then, with Laurie; that's proper and appropriate, since he's a warbler."

"Don't let us do any lessons, Beth, for a while, but play all the time, and rest, as the girls mean to," proposed Amy.

"Well, I will, if mother doesn't mind. I want to learn some new songs, and my children need fitting up for the

summer ; they are dreadfully out of order, and really suffering for clothes."

"May we, mother?" asked Meg, turning to Mrs. March, who sat sewing, in what they called "Marmee's corner."

"You may try your experiment for a week, and see how you like it. I think by Saturday night you will find that all play and no work is as bad as all work and no play."

"Oh, dear, no! it will be delicious, I'm sure," said Meg, complacently.

"I now propose a toast, as my 'friend and pardner, Sairy Gamp,' says. Fun forever and no grubbing!" cried Jo, rising, glass in hand, as the lemonade went round.

They all drank it merrily, and began the experiment by lounging for the rest of the day. Next morning, Meg did not appear till ten o'clock ; her solitary breakfast did not taste nice, and the room seemed lonely and untidy ; for Jo had not filled the vases, Beth had not dusted, and Amy's books lay scattered about. Nothing was neat and pleasant but "Marmee's corner," which looked as usual ; and there Meg sat, to "rest and read," which meant yawn and imagine what pretty summer dresses she would get with her salary. Jo spent the morning on the river, with Laurie, and the afternoon reading and crying over "The Wide, Wide World," up in the apple tree. Beth began by rummaging everything out of the big closet, where her family resided ; but, getting tired before half done, she left her establishment topsy-turvy, and went to her music, rejoicing that she had no dishes to wash. Amy arranged her bower, put on her best white frock, smoothed her curls, and sat down to draw, under the honeysuckles, hoping some one would see and inquire who the young artist was. As no one appeared but an inquisitive daddy longlegs, who examined her work with interest, she went to walk, got caught in a shower, and came home dripping.

At tea time they compared notes, and all agreed that it had been a delightful, though unusually long, day. Meg, who went shopping in the afternoon and got a "sweet blue muslin," had discovered, after she had cut the breadths off, that it wouldn't wash, which mishap made her slightly cross. Jo had burnt the skin off her nose boating, and got a raging headache by reading too long. Beth was worried by the confusion of her closet, and the difficulty of learning three or four songs at once ; and Amy deeply regretted the damage done her frock, for Katy

Brown's party was to be the next day ; and now, like Flora McFlimsey, she had "nothing to wear." But these were mere trifles ; and they assured their mother that the experiment was working finely. She smiled, said nothing, and, with Hannah's help, did their neglected work, keeping home pleasant, and the domestic machinery running smoothly. It was astonishing what a peculiar and uncomfortable state of things was produced by the "resting and reveling" process. The days kept getting longer and longer ; the weather was unusually variable, and so were tempers ; an unsettled feeling possessed every one, and Satan found plenty of mischief for the idle hands to do. As the height of luxury, Meg put out some of her sewing, and then found time hang so heavily that she fell to snipping and spoiling her clothes, in her attempts to furbish them up à la Moffat. Jo read till her eyes gave out, and she was sick of books ; got so fidgety that even good-natured Laurie had a quarrel with her, and so reduced in spirits that she desperately wished she had gone with Aunt March. Beth got on pretty well, for she was constantly forgetting that it was to be *all play and no work*, and fell back into her old ways now and then ; but something in the air affected her, and, more than once, her tranquillity was much disturbed ; so much so, that, on one occasion, she actually shook poor dear Joanna, and told her she was "a fright." Amy fared worst of all, for her resources were small ; and when her sisters left her to amuse and care for herself, she soon found that accomplished and important little self a great burden. She didn't like dolls, fairy tales were childish, and one couldn't draw all the time ; tea parties didn't amount to much, neither did picnics, unless very well conducted. "If one could have a fine house, full of nice girls, or go traveling, the summer would be delightful ; but to stay at home with three selfish sisters and a grown-up boy was enough to try the patience of a Boaz," complained Miss Malaprop, after several days devoted to pleasure, fretting, and *ennui*.

No one would own that they were tired of the experiment ; but, by Friday night, each acknowledged to herself that she was glad the week was nearly done. Hoping to impress the lesson more deeply, Mrs. March, who had a good deal of humor, resolved to finish off the trial in an appropriate manner ; so she gave Hannah a holiday, and let the girls enjoy the full effect of the play system.

When they got up on Saturday morning, there was no fire in the kitchen, no breakfast in the dining room, and no mother anywhere to be seen.

"Mercy on us! what *has* happened?" cried Jo, staring about her in dismay.

Meg ran upstairs, and soon came back again, looking relieved, but rather bewildered, and a little ashamed.

"Mother isn't sick, only very tired, and she says she is going to stay quietly in her room all day, and let us do the best we can. It's a very queer thing for her to do, she doesn't act a bit like herself; but she says it has been a hard week for her, so we mustn't grumble, but take care of ourselves."

"That's easy enough, and I like the idea; I'm aching for something to do—that is, some new amusement, you know," added Jo, quickly.

In fact it *was* an immense relief to them all to have a little work, and they took hold with a will, but soon realized the truth of Hannah's saying, "Housekeeping ain't no joke." There was plenty of food in the larder, and, while Beth and Amy set the table, Meg and Jo got breakfast, wondering, as they did so, why servants ever talked about hard work.

"I shall take some up to mother, though she said we were not to think of her, for she'd take care of herself," said Meg, who presided, and felt quite matronly behind the teapot.

So a tray was fitted out before any one began, and taken up, with the cook's compliments. The boiled tea was very bitter, the omelette scorched, and the biscuits speckled with *saleratus*; but Mrs. March received her repast with thanks, and laughed heartily over it after Jo was gone.

"Poor little souls, they will have a hard time, I'm afraid; but they won't suffer, and it will do them good," she said, producing the more palatable viands with which she had provided herself, and disposing of the bad breakfast, so that their feelings might not be hurt,—a motherly little deception, for which they were grateful.

Many were the complaints below, and great the chagrin of the head cook at her failures. "Never mind, I'll get the dinner, and be servant; you be mistress, keep your hands nice, see company, and give orders," said Jo, who knew still less than Meg about culinary affairs.

This obliging offer was gladly accepted; and Margaret retired to the parlor, which she hastily put in order by whisk-

ing the litter under the sofa, and shutting the blinds, to save the trouble of dusting. Jo, with perfect faith in her own powers, and a friendly desire to make up the quarrel, immediately put a note in the office, inviting Laurie to dinner.

"You'd better see what you have got before you think of having company," said Meg, when informed of the hospitable but rash act.

"Oh, there's corned beef and plenty of potatoes; and I shall get some asparagus and a lobster 'for a relish,' as Hannah says. We'll have lettuce and make a salad. I don't know how, but the book tells. I'll have blanchmange and strawberries for dessert; and coffee, too, if you want to be elegant."

"Don't try too many messes, Jo, for you can't make anything but gingerbread and molasses candy fit to eat. I wash my hands of the dinner party; and, since you have asked Laurie on your own responsibility, you may just take care of him."

"I don't want you to do anything but be civil to him, and help to the pudding. You'll give me your advice if I get in a muddle, won't you?" asked Jo, rather hurt.

"Yes; but I don't know much, except about bread, and a few trifles. You had better ask mother's leave before you order anything," returned Meg, prudently.

"Of course I shall; I'm not a fool," and Jo went off in a huff at the doubts expressed of her powers.

"Get what you like, and don't disturb me; I'm going out to dinner, and can't worry about things at home," said Mrs. March, when Jo spoke to her. "I never enjoyed housekeeping, and I'm going to take a vacation to-day, and read, write, go visiting, and amuse myself."

The unusual spectacle of her busy mother rocking comfortably and reading early in the morning made Jo feel as if some natural phenomenon had occurred; for an eclipse, an earthquake, or a volcanic eruption would hardly have seemed stranger.

"Everything is out of sorts, somehow," she said to herself, going downstairs. "There's Beth crying: that's a sure sign that something is wrong with this family. If Amy is bothering, I'll shake her."

Feeling very much out of sorts herself, Jo hurried into the parlor to find Beth sobbing over Pip, the canary, who lay dead

in the cage, with his little claws pathetically extended, as if imploring the food for want of which he had died.

"It's all my fault, — I forgot him, — there isn't a seed or a drop left. O Pip! O Pip! how could I be so cruel to you?" cried Beth, taking the poor thing in her hands, and trying to restore him.

Jo peeped into his half-open eye, felt his little heart, and finding him stiff and cold, shook her head, and offered her domino box for a coffin.

"Put him in the oven, and maybe he will get warm and revive," said Amy, hopefully.

"He's been starved, and he sha'n't be baked, now he's dead. I'll make him a shroud, and he shall be buried in the garden; and I'll never have another bird, never, my Pip! for I am too bad to own one," murmured Beth, sitting on the floor with her pet folded in her hands.

"The funeral shall be this afternoon, and we will all go. Now, don't cry, Bethy; it's a pity, but nothing goes right this week, and Pip has had the worst of the experiment. Make the shroud, and lay him in my box; and, after the dinner party, we'll have a nice little funeral," said Jo, beginning to feel as if she had undertaken a good deal.

Leaving the others to console Beth, she departed to the kitchen, which was in a most discouraging state of confusion. Putting on a big apron, she fell to work, and got the dishes piled up ready for washing, when she discovered that the fire was out.

"Here's a sweet prospect!" muttered Jo, slamming the stove door open and poking vigorously among the cinders.

Having rekindled the fire, she thought she would go to market while the water heated. The walk revived her spirits; and, flattering herself that she had made good bargains, she trudged home again, after buying a very young lobster, some very old asparagus, and two boxes of acid strawberries. By the time she got cleared up, the dinner arrived, and the stove was red hot. Hannah had left a pan of bread to rise, Meg had worked it up early, set it on the hearth for a second rising, and forgotten it. Meg was entertaining Sallie Gardiner in the parlor, when the door flew open, and a floury, croaky, flushed, and disheveled figure appeared, demanding tartly, —

"I say, isn't bread 'riz' enough when it runs over the pans?"

Sallie began to laugh ; but Meg nodded and lifted her eyebrows as high as they would go, which caused the apparition to vanish and put the sour bread into the oven without further delay. Mrs. March went out, after peeping here and there to see how matters went, also saying a word of comfort to Beth, who sat making a winding sheet, while the dear departed lay in state in the domino box. A strange sense of helplessness fell upon the girls as the gray bonnet vanished round the corner ; and despair seized them when, a few minutes later, Miss Crocker appeared, and said she'd come to dinner. Now this lady was a thin, yellow spinster, with a sharp nose and inquisitive eyes, who saw everything, and gossiped about all she saw. They disliked her, but had been taught to be kind to her, simply because she was old and poor, and had few friends. So Meg gave her the easy-chair, and tried to entertain her, while she asked questions, criticised everything, and told stories of the people whom she knew.

Language cannot describe the anxieties, experiences, and exertions which Jo underwent that morning ; and the dinner she served up became a standing joke. Fearing to ask any more advice, she did her best alone, and discovered that something more than energy and good will is necessary to make a cook. She boiled the asparagus for an hour, and was grieved to find the heads cooked off and the stalks harder than ever. The bread burnt black ; for the salad dressing so aggravated her that she let everything else go till she had convinced herself that she could not make it fit to eat. The lobster was a scarlet mystery to her, but she hammered and poked till it was unshelled and its meager proportions concealed in a grove of lettuce leaves. The potatoes had to be hurried, not to keep the asparagus waiting, and were not done at last. The blancmange was lumpy, and the strawberries not as ripe as they looked, having been skillfully "deaconed."

"Well, they can eat beef and bread and butter, if they are hungry ; only it's mortifying to have to spend your whole morning for nothing," thought Jo, as she rang the bell half an hour later than usual, and stood, hot, tired, and dispirited, surveying the feast spread for Laurie, accustomed to all sorts of elegance, and Miss Crocker, whose curious eyes would mark all failures, and whose tattling tongue would report them far and wide.

Poor Jo would gladly have gone under the table, as one thing after another was tasted and left ; while Amy giggled,

Meg looked distressed, Miss Crocker pursed up her lips, and Laurie talked and laughed with all his might, to give a cheerful tone to the festive scene. Jo's one strong point was the fruit, for she had sugared it well, and had a pitcher of rich cream to eat with it. Her hot cheeks cooled a trifle, and she drew a long breath as the pretty glass plates went round, and every one looked graciously at the little rosy islands floating in a sea of cream. Miss Crocker tasted first, made a wry face, and drank some water hastily. Jo, who had refused, thinking there might not be enough, for they dwindled sadly after the picking over, glanced at Laurie, but he was eating away manfully, though there was a slight pucker about his mouth, and he kept his eye fixed on his plate. Amy, who was fond of delicate fare, took a heaping spoonful, choked, hid her face in her napkin, and left the table precipitately.

"Oh, what is it?" exclaimed Jo, trembling.

"Salt instead of sugar, and the cream is sour," replied Meg, with a tragic gesture.

Jo uttered a groan, and fell back in her chair, remembering that she had given a last hasty powdering to the berries out of one of the two boxes on the kitchen table, and had neglected to put the milk in the refrigerator. She turned scarlet, and was on the verge of crying, when she met Laurie's eyes, which *would* look merry in spite of his heroic efforts; the comical side of the affair suddenly struck her, and she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. So did every one else, even "Croaker," as the girls called the old lady; and the unfortunate dinner ended gayly, with bread and butter, olives and fun.

"I haven't strength of mind enough to clear up now, so we will sober ourselves with a funeral," said Jo, as they rose; and Miss Crocker made ready to go, being eager to tell the new story at another friend's dinner table.

They did sober themselves, for Beth's sake; Laurie dug a grave under the ferns in the grove, little Pip was laid in, with many tears, by his tender-hearted mistress, and covered with moss, while a wreath of violets and chickweed was hung on the stone which bore his epitaph, composed by Jo, while she struggled with the dinner:—

Here lies Pip March,
Who died the 7th of June;
Loved and lamented sore,
And not forgotten soon.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Beth retired to her room, overcome with emotion and lobster ; but there was no place of repose, for the beds were not made, and she found her grief much assuaged by beating up pillows and putting things in order. Meg helped Jo clear away the remains of the feast, which took half the afternoon, and left them so tired that they agreed to be contented with tea and toast for supper. Laurie took Amy to drive, which was a deed of charity, for the sour cream seemed to have had a bad effect upon her temper. Mrs. March came home to find the three older girls hard at work in the middle of the afternoon ; and a glance at the closet gave her an idea of the success of one part of the experiment.

Before the housewives could rest, several people called, and there was a scramble to get ready to see them ; then tea must be got, errands done, and one or two necessary bits of sewing neglected till the last minute. As twilight fell, dewy and still, one by one they gathered in the porch, where the June roses were budding beautifully, and each groaned or sighed as she sat down, as if tired or troubled.

"What a dreadful day this has been !" began Jo, usually the first to speak.

"It has seemed shorter than usual, but so uncomfortable," said Meg.

"Not a bit like home," added Amy.

"It can't seem so without Marmee and little Pip," sighed Beth, glancing, with full eyes, at the empty cage above her head.

"Here's mother, dear, and you shall have another bird to-morrow, if you want it."

As she spoke, Mrs. March came and took her place among them, looking as if her holiday had not been much pleasanter than theirs.

"Are you satisfied with your experiment, girls, or do you want another week of it ?" she asked, as Beth nestled up to her, and the rest turned toward her with brightening faces, as flowers turn toward the sun.

"I don't !" cried Jo, decidedly.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

"You think, then, that it is better to have a few duties, and live a little for others, do you ?"

"Lounging and larking doesn't pay," observed Jo, shaking her head. "I'm tired of it, and mean to go to work at something right off."

"Suppose you learn plain cooking ; that's a useful accomplishment, which no woman should be without," said Mrs. March, laughing inaudibly at the recollection of Jo's dinner party ; for she had met Miss Crocker, and heard her account of it.

"Mother, did you go away and let everything be, just to see how we'd get on ?" cried Meg, who had had suspicions all day.

"Yes ; I wanted you to see how the comfort of all depends on each doing her share faithfully. While Hannah and I did your work, you got on pretty well, though I don't think you were very happy or amiable ; so I thought, as a little lesson, I would show you what happens when every one thinks only of herself. Don't you feel that it is pleasanter to help one another, to have daily duties which make leisure sweet when it comes, and to bear and forbear, that home may be comfortable and lovely to us all ?"

"We do, mother, we do !" cried the girls.

"Then let me advise you to take up your little burdens again ; for though they seem heavy sometimes, they are good for us, and lighten as we learn to carry them. Work is wholesome, and there is plenty for every one ; it keeps us from *ennui* and mischief, is good for health and spirits, and gives us a sense of power and independence better than money or fashion."



BEN BOLT.

By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

[1819-.]

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown ;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown ?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Don't you remember the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,

Where together we've lain in the noonday shade
 And listened to Appleton's mill?
 The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt;
 The rafters have tumbled in,
 And the quiet which crawls 'round the walls as you gaze
 Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
 At the edge of the pathless wood,
 And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs
 Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
 The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
 The tree you would seek for in vain,
 And where once the lords of the forest waved
 Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 With the master so cruel and grim,
 And the shaded nook in the running brook
 Where the children went to swim?
 Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
 The spring of the brook is dry,
 And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
 There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt;
 They have changed from the old to the new;
 But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
 There never was change in you.
 Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
 Since first we were friends, — yet I hail
 Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
 Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.



A RECRUIT AT CHRISTMAS.¹

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

(From "Van Bibber and Others.")

[RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: An American author; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, 1864; the son of Rebecca Harding Davis, the author. He was educated at Lehigh and Johns Hopkins universities, and engaged in journalism in

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Philadelphia and New York city, becoming managing editor of *Harper's Weekly* in 1890. Besides numerous contributions to current periodicals he has published: "Gallegher and Other Stories" (1891), "Stories for Boys" (1891), "The West from a Car Window" (1892), "Van Bibber and Others" (1892), "Our English Cousins" (1894), "The Rulers of the Mediterranean" (1894), "The Exiles and Other Stories" (1894), "The Princess Aline" (1895), "About Paris" (1895), "Cinderella and Other Stories" (1896), "Soldiers of Fortune" (1897), "A Year from a Reporter's Notebook" (1898), and "The King's Jackal" (1898).]

YOUNG Lieutenant Claflin left the Brooklyn Navy Yard at an early hour, and arrived at the recruiting office at ten o'clock. It was the day before Christmas, and even the Bowery, "the thieves' highway," had taken on the emblems and spirit of the season, and the young officer smiled grimly as he saw a hard-faced proprietor of a saloon directing the hanging of wreaths and crosses over the door of his palace and telling the assistant barkeeper to make the red holly berries "show up" better.

The cheap lodging houses had trailed the green over their illuminated transoms, and even on Mott Street the Chinamen had hung up strings of evergreen over the doors of the joss house and the gambling house next door. And the tramps and good for nothings, just back from the Island, had an animated, expectant look, as though something certainly was going to happen.

Lieutenant Claflin nodded to Corporal Goddard at the door of the recruiting office, and startled that veteran's rigidity, and kept his cotton-gloved hand at his visor longer than the Regulations required, by saying, "Wish you merry Christmas," as he jumped up the stairs.

The recruiting office was a dull, blank-looking place, the view from the windows was not inspiring, and the sight of the plump and black-eyed Jewess in front of the pawn shop across the street, who was a vision of delight to Corporal Goddard, had no attractions to the officer upstairs. He put on his blue jacket, with the black braid down the front, lighted a cigar, and wrote letters on every other than official matters, and forgot about recruits. He was to have leave of absence on Christmas, and though the others had denounced him for leaving the mess table on that day, they had forgiven him when he explained that he was going to spend it with his people at home. The others had homes as far away as San Francisco and as far inland as Milwaukee, and some called the big ship of war home; but Claflin's people lived up in Connecticut, and he could reach

them in a few hours. He was a very lucky man, the others said, and he felt very cheerful over it, and forgot the blank-looking office with its Rules and Regulations, and colored prints of uniforms, and models of old warships, and tin boxes of official documents which were to be filled out and sent to "the Honorable, the Secretary of the Navy."

Corporal Goddard on the stoop below shifted from one foot to the other, and chafed his gloved hands softly together to keep them warm. He had no time to write letters on unofficial writing paper, nor to smoke cigars or read novels with his feet on a chair, with the choice of looking out at the queer stream of human life moving by below the window on the opposite side of the Bowery. He had to stand straight, which came easily to him now, and to answer questions and urge doubtful minds to join the ranks of the government's marines.

A drunken man gazed at Ogden's colored pictures of the American infantry, cavalry, and marine uniforms that hung before the door, and placed an unsteady finger on the cavalryman's picture, and said he chose to be one of those. Corporal Goddard told him severely to be off and get sober and grow six inches before he thought of such a thing, and frowned him off the stoop.

Then two boys from the country asked about the service, and went off very quickly when they found they would have to remain in it for three years at least. A great many more stopped in front of the gay pictures and gazed admiringly at Corporal Goddard's bright brass buttons and brilliant complexion, which they innocently attributed to exposure to the sun on long, weary marches. But no one came to offer himself in earnest. At one o'clock Lieutenant Claflin changed his coat and went down town to luncheon, and came back still more content and in feeling with the season, and lighted another cigar.

But just as he had settled himself comfortably, he heard Corporal Goddard's step on the stairs and a less determined step behind him. He took his feet down from the rung of the other chair, pulled his undress jacket into place, and took up a pen.

Corporal Goddard saluted at the door and introduced with a wave of his hand the latest applicant for Uncle Sam's service. The applicant was as young as Lieutenant Claflin, and as good-looking; but he was dirty and unshaven, and his eyes

were set back in the sockets, and his fingers twitched at his side. Lieutenant Claflin had seen many applicants in this stage. He called it the remorseful stage, and was used to it.

"Name?" said Lieutenant Claflin, as he pulled a printed sheet of paper towards him.

The applicant hesitated, then he said, —

"Walker — John Walker."

The lieutenant noticed the hesitation, but he merely remarked to himself, "It's none of my business," and added, aloud, "Nationality?" and wrote United States before the applicant answered.

The applicant said he was unmarried, was twenty-three years old, and had been born in New York city. Even Corporal Goddard knew this last was not so, but it was none of his business, either. He moved the applicant up against the wall under the measuring rod, and brought it down on his head.

So he measured and weighed the applicant, and tested his eyesight with printed letters and bits of colored yarn, and the lieutenant kept tally on the sheet, and bit the end of his pen and watched the applicant's face. There were a great many applicants, and few were chosen; but none of them had quite the air about him which this one had. Lieutenant Claflin thought Corporal Goddard was just a bit too callous in the way he handled the applicant, and too peremptory in his questions; but he could not tell why Corporal Goddard treated them all in that way. Then the young officer noticed that the applicant's white face was flushing, and that he bit his lips when Corporal Goddard pushed him towards the weighing machine as he would have moved a barrel of flour.

"You'll answer," said Lieutenant Claflin, glancing at the sheet. "Your average is very good. All you've got to do now is to sign this, and then it will be over." But he did not let go of the sheet in his hand, as he would have done had he wanted it over. Neither did the applicant move forward to sign.

"After you have signed this," said the young officer, keeping his eyes down on the paper before him, "you will have become a servant of the United States; you will sit in that other room until the office is closed for to-day, and then you will be led over to the Navy Yard and put into a uniform, and from that time on for three years you will have a number, the

same number as the one on your musket. You and the musket will both belong to the government. You will clean and load the musket, and fight with it if God ever gives us the chance; and the government will feed you and keep you clean, and fight with you if needful."

The lieutenant looked up at the corporal and said, "You can go, Goddard," and the corporal turned on his heel and walked downstairs, wondering.

"You may spend the three years," continued the officer, still without looking at the applicant, "which are the best years of a young man's life, on the sea, visiting foreign ports, or you may spend it marching up and down the Brooklyn Navy Yard and cleaning brass work. There are some men who are meant to clean brass work and to march up and down in front of a stone arsenal, and who are fitted for nothing else. But to every man is given something which should tell him that he is put here to make the best of himself. Every man has that, even the men who are only fit to clean brass rods; but some men kill it, or try to kill it, in different ways, generally by rum. And they are as generally successful, if they keep the process up long enough. The government, of which I am a very humble representative, is always glad to get good men to serve her, but it seems to me (and I may be wrong, and I'm quite sure that I am speaking contrary to Regulations) that some of her men can serve her better in other ways than swabbing down decks. Now, you know yourself best. It may be that you are just the sort of man to stand up and salute the ladies when they come on board to see the ship, and to watch them from for'ard as they walk about with the officers. You won't be allowed to speak to them; you will be Number 329 or 328, and whatever benefits a good woman can give a man will be shut off from you, more or less, for three years.

"And, on the other hand, it may be that there are some good women who could keep you on shore, and help you to do something more with yourself than to carry a musket. And, again, it may be that if you stayed on shore you would drink yourself more or less comfortably to death, and break somebody's heart. I can't tell. But if I were not a commissioned officer of the United States, and a thing of Rules and Regulations who can dance and wear a uniform, and a youth generally unfit to pose as an example, I would advise you not to sign this, but to go home and brace up and leave whisky alone.

"Now, what shall we do?" said the young lieutenant, smiling; "shall we tear this up, or will you sign it?"

The applicant's lips were twitching as well as his hands now, and he rubbed his cuff over his face and smiled back.

"I'm much obliged to you," he said nervously. "That sounds a rather flat thing to say, I know, but if you knew all I meant by it, though, it would mean enough. I've made a damned fool of myself in this city, but nothing worse. And it was a choice of the navy, where they'd keep me straight, or going to the devil my own way. But it won't be my own way now, thanks to you. I don't know how you saw how it was so quickly; but, you see, I have got a home back in Connecticut, and women that can help me there, and I'll go back to them and ask them to let me start in again where I was when I went away."

"That's good," said the young officer, cheerfully; "that's the way to talk. Tell me where you live in Connecticut, and I'll lend you the car fare to get there. I'll expect it back with interest, you know," he said, laughing.

"Thank you," said the rejected applicant. "It's not so far but that I can walk, and I don't think you'd believe in me if I took money."

"Oh, yes, I would," said the lieutenant. "How much do you want?"

"Thank you, but I'd rather walk," said the other. "I can get there easily enough by to-morrow. I'll be a nice Christmas present, won't I?" he added grimly.

"You'll do," said the young officer. "I fancy you'll be about as welcome a one as they'll get." He held out his hand and the other shook it, and walked out with his shoulders as stiff as those of Corporal Goddard.

Then he came back and looked into the room shyly. "I say," he said hesitatingly. The lieutenant ran his hand down into his pocket. "You've changed your mind?" he asked eagerly. "That's good. How much will you want?"

The rejected applicant flushed. "No, not that," he said. "I just came back to say — wish you a merry Christmas."

THE WHITE ROSE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

[1844-1890.]

THE red rose whispers of passion,
 And the white rose breathes of love;
 Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
 And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud,
 With a flush on its petal tips;
 For the love that is purest and sweetest
 Has a kiss of desire on the lips.



WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

O BEAUTEOUS Southland, land of yellow air,
 That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
 The moveless foliage of thy valleys fair,
 And wooded hills like aureole of gold.

Oh land! God made thee wondrous to the eye,
 But His sweet singers thou hast never heard,
 He left thee, meaning to come by-and-by,
 And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood,
 But midst them all, blooms not one tree of fruit;
 He looked, but said not that His work was good
 When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

Oh strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
 Than fig tree barren! would that I could paint
 For others' eyes, the glory of thy shore
 Where last I saw thee; but the senses faint

In soft, delicious dreaming, when they drain
 Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
 All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
 The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.









